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MOTION PICTURE.

AUGUST

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

BREWSTER PUBLICATION

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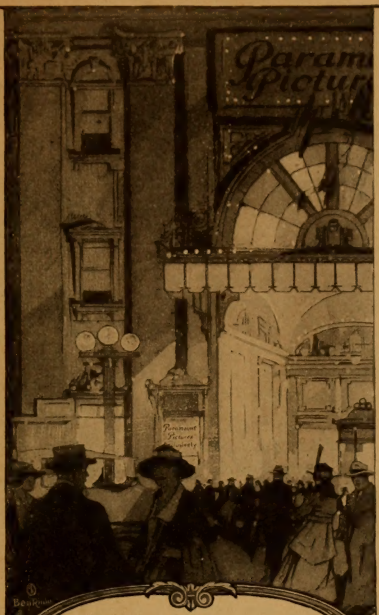

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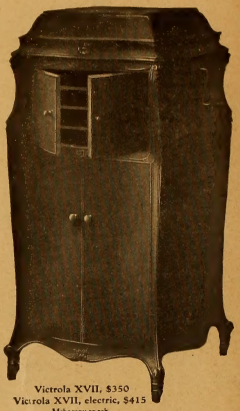

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XX AUGUST, 1920 No. 7

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Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike in homes of the rich and poor!

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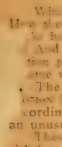
Mary Pickford	Theda Bara	Clara Kimball Young
Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore



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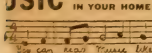

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric, George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early 70's. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Casino.—"Betty, Be Good." Lively summer musical show with a tuneful score by Hugo Riesenfeld, the director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion screen theaters. Josephine Whittell is the life of the entertainment, Frank Crumit scores and Worthington Romaine makes his role stand out.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Eltinge.—"Martinique." A colorful romantic tragedy of the French West Indies, revolving around the exotic *belles affranchies*—mulatto belles—of a certain part of the tropics, the women poetized by Lafcadio Hearn. The cast includes Josephine Victor, Vincent Coleman, Arthur Hohl and Emmett Corrigan.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Greenwich Village.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Akins' well-done modern

zation of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult role.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinees and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Cyril Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant tho conventional.

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent foothight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

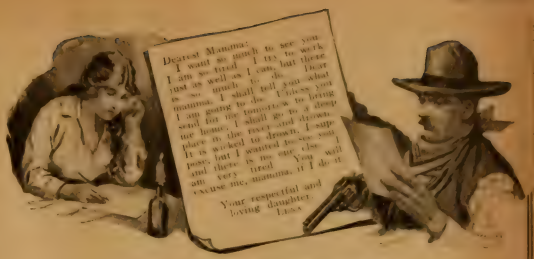
ON TOUR

"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Ouija Board."—Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

(*Continued on page* 12)


Dearest Mamma,
I want so much to see you
I am so tired I can, but there
I am as well as I do.
is no
much to tell you what
I shall tell you when
mamma. Unless you
I am going to do. Unless you
send me the money
me home, I shall go to a deep
place in the river and drown
It is wicked to drown
pure, but I cannot live
and there is no other
am very tired
excuse me, mamma,
Your respectful and
loving daughter,
Lizzie.

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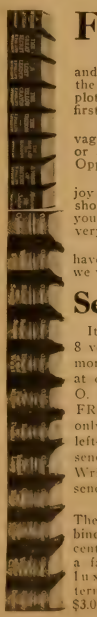

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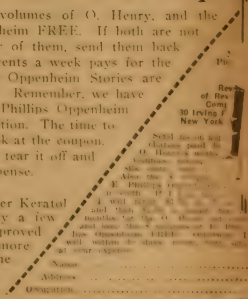

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When the London daylight dying
Wraps the wharves in pallid light,
Then, hark to a murmur sighing
Thru the swirling mists of the night;
On the sorrowful wind it hovers
And whispers of bygone years,
A story of love and lovers,
A tale of tears.

Then the Chinese poet in anguish
Waits the drooping lily-white child,
His sad eyes burn and languish,
His heart with love is wild
For the fragrant, black-bruised bosom,
For the face grown old with fears,
White as the white moon blossom,
And stained with tears.

She knows not that his glances
Pursue her stumbling feet,
Nor that her hair entrances
As with the opium sweet;
Her way has ever drifted
Where death in life appears,
No hand has yet been lifted
To dry her tears.

He stands aghast and broken
At sordid life's decrees,
Nor may his love be spoken
In lyric melodies;
He asks but for dream caresses,
To swoon when her footstep nears,
To drink of the light of her tresses,
To drink her tears.

Thru lanterns swinging lightly,
Cheng Huan is shuffling home;
Dark the night is now, but whitely
Glistening as the white sea foam.
On his threshold—what is gleaming?
She! His heart in frenzy rears!
It is she—her face is streaming
With blood and tears.

Gently, so gently, he raises
The broken flower to his breast,
She clings with soft embraces,
He cradles her in a nest
Of love whose lust is ended,
Of love that stills her fears,
Her breath with his is blended,
He dries her tears.

With hands that shake and blunder,
With madness of rapture born
He rends rich veils asunder
Her white limbs to adorn;
Folded in blue and amber,
A robe of the olden years,
She breathes of his perfumed chamber,
Forgets her tears.

And all night long he watches,
And all night long he dreams;
To crown her hair he catches
The moon's celestial beams;
He pours impassioned numbers
In sweet unheeding ears,
For all night long she slumbers
Away her tears.

O fountain of rainbow splendor!
O star of the golden dawn!
O humming bird, gay and tender!
More pure than the breast of the fawn
Are thy alabaster bosoms!
O gem that thy lover wears!
O whitest of white plum blossoms,
Bedewed with tears!

But now the dawn is grey, love,
And now the dawn is red,
The flowers of yesterday, love,
Have all their fragrance shed.
I seek fresh wreaths ere the cruel
Bright sun in his strength appears,
That the dew may flaunt its jewel
To match your tears.

He brings the blossoms of amber,
With haste his footsteps burn—
Return not, O poet, to that chamber!
Oh, never more return!
Thy love no more hereafter
Shall count the fleeting years,
Her eyes are dead to laughter,
Are dead to tears.

He crushes the cold white body;
His frenzied kisses rain
On the piteous wounds and the bloody
Long stripes where the whip has lain,
And prostrate he whispers his passion
In sweet unheeding ears,
Lo! Death in his grim blind fashion
Has dried her tears.

Then fare thee well, Sweet Blossom,
He swings the dagger high,
O welcome me to thy bosom,
And then—a long good-bye . . .
Above them inscrutable Buddha
Smiles at all human fears,
And the waxen candles splutter
And drop their tears.

When the London night is falling,
And the docks grow dim and grey,
Then, hark to a voice calling
Out of the river's spray;
On the sorrowful wind it hovers
And whispers of bygone years,
This story of love and lovers,
This tale of tears.

The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest

THE LAST ROLL-CALL FOR SUCCESS

This is the last notice you will receive from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to submit your photograph for the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest being held under the auspices of the world's three largest motion picture publications,—THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND.

The Grand Finale of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest

is drawing near, and only photographs mailed up to and including the date of August 1st, 1920, will be eligible.

If you have any screen ambition, if you desire an opportunity for screen success, send in your photograph at once, without further delay.

Remember That to the Victor Belong the Spoils!

For the purpose of giving the contest winners and final honor roll members a fair and immediate opportunity to prove their histrionic ability for screen work, we are going to produce a strong five-reel feature entitled "LOVE'S REDEMPTION." The cast includes Edwin Markham, the famous poet, and Hudson Maxim, the great inventor. Also Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, two of the winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, Dorian Romero, Edward Chalmers, Erminie Gagnon, William Castro, Seymoure Panish, Alfred Rigali, The Schwinn Twins, Mrs. F. Mayer, Titus Cello, Clarence W. Linton, Lynne Berry, Dorothy Taylor, Arthur Tuthill, Joseph F. Murtaugh, Wm. R. Talmadge and Ruth Higgins.

Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

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Address..... (street)

..... (city)..... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

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When born..... Birthplace.....

Eyes (color)..... Hair (color).....

Complexion..... Height.....

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$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 562 Marion Bldg., Chicago.

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Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis, Mo.

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How to Write Photoplays. Our book tells how to write them, how to sell, "Complete" scenario, new list of 50 buyers, and all information necessary; price 25c. Photoplay Book Company, 175 Champlain Ave., Chicago.

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Salesmen City or travelling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered Members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 1298K, Chicago, Ill.

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HELENE CHADWICK · CLARA WILLIAMS · LOUISE FAZENDA · RUTH ROLAND · RUTH STONEHOUSE · MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it."—MARY WATSON, Fairmont, W. Va.

"It is worth its weight in gold."—C. MOSKOWITZ, New Castle, Wash.

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"I can safely say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of writing so clearly and encourage without discouraging."—GORDON MATHEWS, Montreal, Can.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing appear simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—HAZEL HARRISON NAYLOR, Literary Editor, Sunday Picture Magazine.

"With this volume before him, the writer's success is more than half attained. Any or all principles that I have learned in my 20 years' experience as a literary critic are encountered in 24 years of newspaper and editorial work."—H. PHELPS WHITMORE, Managing Editor, The Sheridan Post.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for $30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money writing, but finally decided to take a chance. I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for $500, the other for $350. I unhesitatingly say that I owe my success entirely to your System."—HELEN BENDON, Atlantic City, N. J.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers — there will be countless thousands of playrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers — they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them — young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you want to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

Listen! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "*The Wonder Book for Writers*," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

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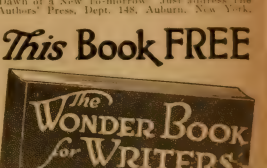

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 7*)

"*My Golden Girl.*"—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"*Shavings.*"—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

"*Mamma's Affair.*"—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human specie, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"*The Little Whopper.*"—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"*Wedding Bells.*"—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"*The Royal Vagabond.*"—A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor.

"*The Girl in the Limousine.*"—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"*Nightie Night.*"—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce." "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

"*The Magic Melody.*"—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Elsie Janis and "her gang."—Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire.—These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

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From the play by Daniel G. Carter
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The strange and mysterious story of a man who possessed psychic powers and could bend men and women to his will. Ruthless, terrible in his cunning, he spends years building up a plot for revenge, and with vengeance in his grasp, he is moved to sudden pity by the winsome and trustful smile of a girl. How you will thrill to this picture!

Watch for it!

A First National Attraction

His revenge was complete, but he had lost the girl he loved.

She smiled trustfully, and his desire for vengeance died.

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Sugar Wafers
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Letters to the Editor

With the majority of the men in the audience ex-doughboys or at least familiar with the doughboy garb, lack of detail may spoil the entire results of a picture. Here is a reader who protests against the lack of regulation uniform worn by Charles Ray in "Paris Green":

DEAR EDITOR—I had just settled down, intent on absorbing the April-May issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, when I ran across the last picture starring Charles Ray—"Paris Green."

I do enjoy good pictures and I do pass the good word along when I see a Charles Ray picture, but why let another good man go wrong in that toggery and clutter that C. R. wears in the picture "Paris Green"? It's all wrong.

Why didn't they call in some doughboy who was over there, and who had a chance to get acquainted with hobnails and all the rest of the things. He would surely have been able to make some worthwhile corrections which would have made things more soothing to the nerves of the observers who were also "over there" and had the opportunity of getting into a pair of hobnails and under a pack.

Respectfully,
A THREE STRIPER—3RD CORPS.
San Francisco.

Characters in cinema stories have always been particularly efficient in bridging all sorts of difficult gaps; have always been able to adapt themselves to circumstances with very little difficulty. Recently, however, these flaws in the story have become less and less. Nevertheless, the letter below from an Australian reader is very interesting:

DEAR EDITOR—To the average person, it would seem incredible that a country girl, living on a farm, and "dreaming of the world beyond," should be able to take a place as stenographer in a large bank and become private secretary and adviser (in three months) to the head of the firm and, at the same time, who was an elderly banker born and bred in the business. Yet we are to believe this and many other strange things in "Her Kingdom of Dreams."

That the photoplay was interesting, there is no doubt. Also it was beautifully produced and acted, but it did seem a pity to have such a wonderful cast just to "come and go" much as a manikin parade might do. For instance, Spottiswoode Aitken is represented as Anita Stewart's father, but after she leaves the farm he drops out of the scenery altogether. We are not even informed what happens to him. The next is Thomas Holding as James Warren, Jr., who dies before the story really starts. Then Tully Marshall—is it not a pity these splendid and worthwhile players should be cast for such small parts? Every player made his or her character very real, but the play was not convincing, and we all hope Miss Stewart will give us more plausible stories in the future, as "Her Kingdom of Dreams" was not quite what it should have been.

On the same program was Sessue Hayakawa in "His Debt." In Australia we all greatly admire Mr. Hayakawa as he is not only a thoro artist, but also unique as Mary Pickford, Griffith, Chaplin, Nazimova and a few others are unique.

I take exception to some who think that

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will show reduction taking place in 14 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electricity) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only rids you of fat but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton reduced from 211 to 155 pounds. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is $5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 10-4 daily.

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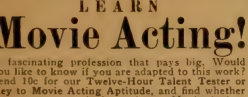
FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

GET WELL BE YOUNG—GROW TALL



This Universality discovery is the most important health invention of the century. It revolutionizes and regenerates the Human Body. It positives normal spines. It overcomes rheumatism and all nerve, stomach centered troubles. It restores lost vitality and makes you grow. It is a wonderful combination and treatment of the body. **It will increase the body's length.**

THE PANDICULATOR CO., 1516 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.

PURITY CROSS FOR SUMMERING

Deviled Ham & Deviled Ham with Chopped Olives Boned Chicken & Chicken in Jelly in Glass Chicken a la King Welsh Rarebit Ox Tongue, etc.

Handy Tins at Quality Stores

Aside from its deliciousness, each Purity Cross Delicacy provides greater economy, in terms of net trimmed meat.

Made by a Master Chef in a Model Kitchen

THE PURITY CROSS MODEL KITCHEN, ORANGE, N. J.

movie players are all cut from the same pattern—like ready-to-wear suits. Of course there are many who are not original, but then is not that true everywhere; in every art, or, for that matter, in every walk of life?

With every good wish to the best magazines ever,

Yours very sincerely,
ALMA PATRICIA THOMPSON.
197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, Australia.

There is so much talk of extensive production abroad these days—of the fact that other countries will compete, to the best of their ability, with America, which has for so long excelled in motion picture production, that it is interesting to learn of conditions—cinematically speaking—first-hand:

DEAR EDITOR—I have, at last, reached this famed town (in England we are not so crude as to call it a city) and verily, I like it muchly. Of course, it isn't as beautiful as Paris, but still it has a delightful charm all its own. For beauty and gaiety give me Paris. But then, at other times, let me have London.

It is very pleasing to note that our picture "palaces" (why so called I am at a loss to state) differ from those of France, Belgium and the continent in general. As in Germany, we call it the Kinema, with a slightly different pronunciation, and isn't it true that the Japanese also spell it the selfsame way?

I really had intended writing sooner, but the best of intentions can be easily shattered and so mine were. Result, a delayed missive.

Pearl White was in France recently, spending a few weeks there, and I understand that one or two producers of note have been in England looking over the ground and investigating the general advisability of establishing studios—so that they may give the poor, hungry Americans some really French and English pictures. What a calamity!

I find a French production wholly impossible, and the English just a trifle better. Young France is great on "show" (pomp, etc.) while young Brittania positively gives us Arizona scenes along the beautiful Thames. Not a bit convincing. The former also emote to 1,000 feet, while the latter overdo a very clever and witty situation.

Adios,
JAMES STANWAY.
Westminster, London, Eng.

Superlatives are quite all right, of course. But now and then producers are apt to exhibit symptoms of what might be called superlativitis—people's opinion differs and it is not fair to public opinion to call any certain star, for instance, "the sweetest girl pictures"—that is simply a matter of opinion. Thus:

DEAR EDITOR—I want to file a complaint against some producers for their absurd superlative advertising. There is William Fox, for instance, who is advertising Shirley Mason as "the sweetest girl in pictures." Someone else has just conferred that title upon Ruth Clifford. And when June Caprice visited St. Louis a few months ago, she was introduced as "America's sweetest, most charming and most winsome star." I cannot understand why Miss Caprice allowed this introduction, for she was introduced that way every day of the week in which she appeared.

Why haven't you clipped this coupon?

IT takes but a moment—to mark the career of your choice, sign your name, clip out and mail.

Yet that simple act has started more than two million men and women toward success.

In city, town and country all over the world men are living contented lives in happy, prosperous homes—because they clipped this coupon.

In every line of business and industry, in shops, stores, offices, factories, in mines and on railroads, men are holding important positions and receiving splendid salaries—because they clipped this coupon.

You too can have the position you want in the work you like best, a salary that will give you and your family the home, the comforts, the little luxuries you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

All we want is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. It's a little thing that takes but a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for a position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X:

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Telephone Work	Sign Painter
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	Railroad Trainman
Mechanical Draftsman	ILLUSTRATING
Machine Shop Practice	Cartooning
Toolmaker	BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Gas Engine Operating	Private Secretary
CIVIL ENGINEER	BOOKKEEPER
Surveying and Mapping	Stenographer and Typist
MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	Cert. Pub. Accountant
STATIONARY ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Marine Engineer	Railway Accountant
Ship Draftsman	Commercial Law
ARCHITECT	GOOD ENGLISH
Contractor and Builder	Teacher
Architectural Draftsman	Common School Subjects
Concrete Builder	Mathematics
Structural Engineer	CIVIL SERVICE
PLUMBING and HEATING	Railway Mail Clerk
Sheet Metal Worker	AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
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7-20-19

You Can Be Beautiful Too

A perfect bust is the desire of every woman. No other feminine charm is so much coveted by women who have it not. Although it is true that some individuals are more favored than others in this respect, it is a simple matter for any woman to develop a perfect bust by following the instructions in the booklet mentioned below.

The Wonderful
Dahlia Development

THE DAHLIA CO., Inc.
200 E. 61st Street, Chicago

The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water

In Quaker Oats	7%	In hen's eggs	65%
In round steak	60%	In oysters	88%
In veal cutlets	68%	In tomatoes	94%
In fish	60%	In potatoes	62%

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost per serving

Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
Serving of fish	8c
Lamb chop	12c
Two eggs	10c

In cost per serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

* * * *

Quaker Oats is the greatest food that you can serve at breakfast. It is nearly the ideal food—almost a complete food.

Young folks need it as food for growth—older folks for vim-food.

Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

World-famed for its flavor

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3365

And while on the subject of superlatives, have you noticed that practically every serial now being produced is advertised as "the greatest serial ever produced"?

And before I close, I would like to know, Mr. Editor, why the following incident happens so many times. The heroine is pouring coffee and sees the hero for the first time. She forgets what she is doing, and allows the coffee to run over the cup and fall on the table. I may not have made this very clear, but I think you will understand what I mean. The latest case of this hackneyed incident, to the best of my knowledge, occurs in "The Hushed Hour," where Mary Anderson and Milton Sills look into one another's eyes and Mary spills the coffee.

Yours truly,
A Constant Reader.

It has been said—and very truly—that it is differences of opinion which tend to make everything—of every nature—more interesting.

In answer to a letter recently published in this department anent screen heroines wearing hair-ribbons even long after their hair should be pinned to the top of their head, the letter below is written.

Too, it is interesting to know that Bill Hart did not err in everyone's eyes by his characterization in "John Petticoats," in which he portrays the native of the Middlewest who wears queer clothes and becomes terrified at the sight of an elevator upon his arrival in the Big City:

Dear Editor—I am an old and ardent reader of both the Magazine and Classic, and almost always read "Letters to the Editor" first.

In the March issue I read a letter of Miss Avery Wingate, criticising Constance Talmadge for wearing a hair-ribbon in a recent picture, "Who Cares?" Miss Wingate writes that she is seventeen and has not worn a ribbon for several years. I am eighteen, exceeding Miss Wingate by a year, and even yet wear a ribbon to school sometimes, as do a number of my friends, and as yet no one has remarked that we looked freaky.

In the same magazine, in "Across the Silversheet," William S. Hart is criticised for his apparent timidity of the city in "John Petticoats," in which the writer says she has just visited the Northwest, and, to her knowledge, not even the most uncouth person there would be afraid of an elevator.

I always enjoy this department, but unfortunately I have always lived in the Northwest, and, altho all of us are not that way, there are some who act quite as badly, if not worse, than Mr. Hart, and who dress equally as queerly. One old farmer I know, traded his daughter to a man for a fine cow. I think, too, that if the reviewer would see the picture again she would see that its geographical background was not set so much in the Northwest as in central Canada, and this makes a radical difference.

Before closing let me give three cheers for the Motion Picture Magazine. Its only fault is that it never lasts long enough.

Success to it always.

Sincerely,
Gladys Close.

No. 1218 Madelia St.,
Spokane, Washington.

Be a kid again!

Fill your pockets with doughnuts—whistle for your dog—and beat it over the back-yard fence with Edgar.

Don't miss Booth Tarkington's new Motion Picture series.

WERE you ever twelve years old? Did you ever *hate* your brother, *de-spize* your father and wish your teacher would be scalped by Indians?

The funniest, loneliest little boy in the world is the twelve year Edgar. Loved by everyone but understood by no one. Alone with his dog he faces an unfriendly world.

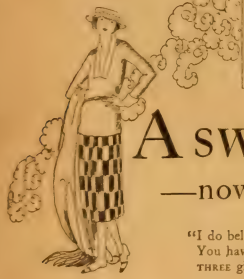
Edgar didn't really mean to be bad, but of course he'd get in wrong when Freddie was teacher's pet. And Alice the golden haired who made his heart go pit-a-pat only stuck out her tongue—

Booth Tarkington knows the American boy as no author who has ever lived.

And Goldwyn has made this picture just as Booth Tarkington planned it. No printed story could make boyhood so real. Only on the screen can you read a boy's soul. His fantastic notions — his dreams — his ambitions are right before your eyes—

Go and take the whole family. Let the youngsters see you can laugh as hard as they! Don't miss a single one of Goldwyn's new Booth Tarkington "Edgar" pictures.

GOLDWYN MOTION PICTURES



A sweater for every frock

—now that you can wash them yourself

"I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other THREE girls I know."

"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear, it isn't a new one—it's just washed."

"That fuzzy, woolly sweater washed? I simply don't believe it!"

"Of course it's washed, goosey. In Lux suds just the same as your blouses. It does look new, doesn't it?"

Lux whisks into the most wonderful suds. You just swish your sweater around in them and squeeze the rich lather again and again through the soiled spots. There's not the least bit of rubbing.

Rubbing hard cake soap on wool is simply fatal, you know. Either you get the tiny fibres all mixed up and matted, or else you pull them so far apart they never can go back. And of course when you scrub the soap out again, you're scrubbing the pretty colors out, too!

The Lux way is so different. It's so careful and so gentle with the delicate wool fibres. You can trust the brightest Shetland, the fuzziest Angora to these pure suds.

Your newest gay golf sweater with its short sleeves and big checked scarf that tucks through the belt and floats away—don't let it grow loose and baggy, nor get ridiculously small and tight. Launder it the Lux way. It will come out soft and shapely, fit just as perfectly as the day you bought it.

Lux is so easy to use, so wonderfully quick. And it can't possibly hurt any fabric or color that can be trusted to water alone. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO WASH SWEATERS

Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water and then add cold water until lukewarm. Work your sweater up and down in the suds—*do not rub.* Squeeze the suds out and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze the water out—*do not wring.* Spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

LUX

Copyrighted 1920, Lever Bros. Co.

Gallery of Players

MAE MURRAY

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photo © Evans, L. A.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

In her last picture with "Doug," "When the Clouds Roll By," Kathleen forsook the dapper male attire and wore feminine frills—the well-cut suit, regulation hat and swinging cane were conspicuous by their absence. And here's hoping Kathleen will return to them only now and then.

Photo © Evans, L. A.

RUTH ROLAND

Perhaps shadowland knows no greater or more efficient contributor of thrills than Ruth. However, the dangerous feats and hair-breadth escapes are all a part of the day's work and, in reality, she is "even as you and I."

Photo © Evans, L. A.

CLEO MADISON

The silversheet will again reflect the image of Cleo who is returning to the films after months of work behind the footlights and a period of rest. But even tho her first work was done on the stage, Cleo found herself ahungering for the Kleig lights again and she has come back.

Photo Wells and Vincent

HELEN EDDY

Everybody knows someone who is just like Helen Eddy: she's like a girl you used to know at school or the chum who lives down the street—yet she shines forth with a distinct individuality and every new picture in which she appears finds her adding laurels to her name.

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

BETTY COMPSON

Not so long ago Betty was one of the screen's farceurs and today after scoring a great triumph in "The Miracle Man," we find her quite the cinematic vogue—and, by the same token, heading her own company, with her first picture soon to be released.

Photo © Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHIRLEY MASON

To Shirley fell the honor of bringing one of the most beloved characters of American literature to life—in "Treasure Island," she endows the adventuresome "Jim Hawkins" with a delicate whimsy. Now, however, she is an honest-to-goodness star, shining under the Fox banner.

Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

IS your skin especially hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure; do they constantly irritate and roughen its delicate texture?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. Every night use the following treatment:

> Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse first with warm, then with clear cool water and dry carefully.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in the famous booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week." A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week*

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; and samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Facial Powder and Cold Cream.

Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1308 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1308 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Conspicuous nose pores can be corrected. Read the special treatment for this condition given in the famous booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A booklet of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

You will find complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1920

The Psychology of Sound

MOTION picture palaces are primarily meant for relaxation, for pleasure. Consequently, most of us enter a picture show in a receptive mood.

Our minds are not set in any one channel. We are not mentally prepared to breast the waves of passion, fear, hatred, laughter, love, sorrow, or gladness.

We take our place in the darkened theater.

Someone coughs.

Another similar sound comes from a far corner . . . another and another, until it seems to the careful observer that the whole audience is suddenly stricken with influenza.

Such is the psychology of sound, or carried one step further, of suggestion.

Should the organ play "Home Sweet Home" in these days of advanced rentals, sniffles—nay downright weeping—might be the sound suggested to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand people.

But not only in the theater is this sheeplike psychology noticeable, it is daily apparent in the lives of all of us. We follow the leader just as faithfully as any herd of animals. We think as our neighbors think; we do as our friends do. Because everyone else is extravagant, we are extravagant. We have no individuality, we live in a rutlike age.

And this very age is the golden mine of opportunity for those who will break away from this psychology of sound, from this sheeplike attitude and allow their inventive faculties full sway.

Assert your individuality.

Prove your power.

Today is the day to begin saving your high wages, contrary to all the laws of the crowd.

Today is the day to stop coughing and get to work, to discontinue growling with the mob about civic conditions and get busy and invent better ones.

Opportunity is ripe for the plucking by the man who can tear himself away from habit.

How many of you can resist the psychology of sound?

As Others See Him

Photo by Apeda

Photos by Monroe Finch, L. A.

One could not conceive of Thomas Meighan seriously complaining about his morning coffee or the three minutes of his egg. He is invincibly good-humored, I believe. Ten peaceful years of married life ought to be some testimonial to my hazard

Above, a new portrait study; center, in his home and right, at breakfast with Mrs. Meighan

THOMAS MEIGHAN and I lunched together the other day over a bare deal table in a small Italian eating resort known as Mario's. We had coffee served in tall glasses, once, no doubt, the receptacles of other dear, dead beverages, and stew with, so Thomas wistfully observed, "no stew in it." Nevertheless, he ate it with gusto. One could not conceive of Thomas Meighan seriously complaining about his morning coffee or the three minutes of his egg. He is invincibly good-humored, I believe. Ten peaceful years of married life ought to be some testimonial to my hazard.

He was about to depart for Cuba two days after my talk with him and was working at top speed to finish his new picture, or the scenes laid here, in which he was, once again, taking the rôle of butler.

"When my fans go back on me," he said, "I can still buttle proficiently, world without end, amen."

There is always a great deal to talk about with Thomas Meighan. He and the world move apace. He is one of the persons to whom all other persons are interesting, in some measure worth while, and all other things.

He is essentially a human being, too, in no wise dictatorial.

He is neither radical nor reactionary, but a nice admixture of the two.

He is as good a listener as he is a conversationalist. He feels that he has more to learn than to impart.

We ranged, rapidly, over a variety of subjects, catholic in topic and taste . . . Leonard Merrick's books for picture purposes; jealous wives; directors and their place in the scheme of things; what is required of an artist, etc., etc., *ad finitum*.

Anent Mr. Merrick's books, I was pleased to learn that Mr. Meighan's next picture is to be "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Ever since my first dip into those whimsical, delightful pages I had thought of it for the screen.

"I dont quite see myself as Conrad, tho," mused Thomas; "I always thought of Conrad as a sort of ultra type, the ultra type of Englishman. You know the kind. Bored to death with everything and everybody. About at the end of his rope, and turning to an attempted revival of his youth as a sort of desperate last chance. dont see myself doing that sort of thing."

"There would be something ingenuous, I think," I said, "in a man, however far at the end of his rope, who would turn to that particular form of last chance.

By
GLADYS HALL

Only some one of simplicity and naivete and perpetual boyishness could do that."

"I suppose that's true. And there's another angle. I am very much against *obvious casting*. I mean to say, I think it's absurd to think that a villain must, necessarily, have fierce mustachios and a wicked eye. Or a hero the look of a Madonna and six feet in height. Human nature doesn't go that way. We will have taken a real step in humanizing the art when that becomes accepted."

I wondered, aloud, whether he thought it necessary for an artist to be a man, or a woman, of wide personal experience, or whether they are just "born that way."

"I dont believe it's experience that's necessary," he said; "it's *observation*.

"A man doesn't have to be a murderer to do a murder scene realistically. He doesn't have to be a thief to commit theft with conviction. He doesn't have to be a confirmed Lothario to portray a debonair heart-breaker. But he does have to be an observer. He has to have perceptions. He has to play on perception with imagination. He has to mix in and have contacts."

"That's an interesting view-point," I observed.

I asked him what he thought of the infrequently advanced theory that the director is superfluous in the case of a great artist. He was scornful.

"That is absurd," he said; "a director, like a play, is the thing. No man can see himself as another can see him. To work without a director, supposing such a thing to be even probable, would consume endless time in retaking, endless film

(*Continued on page* 106)

Photo Northland Studio

Photo by Monroe Finch

"A man doesn't have to be a murderer to do a murder scene realistically," said Thomas Meighan, "but he does have to be an observer. He has to have perceptions. He has to play on perception with imagination. He has to mix in and have contacts"

Above, another portrait study and, left, in his orange grove

Alice the Efficient

All photos © by Bachrach

"I hope to do 'Forever After' for the screen next year," she told me. "I have always made the contention that it is a motion picture story and I know it will adapt itself to the screen very well." Above and below, two exclusive and new portraits

THERE are two kinds of people in this world—those not burdened with things to do who are always rushed at the last minute, never doing the little they have to do on time, and those with more to do than seems physically possible, who never seem so busy that they haven't time for just one thing more. It is to the latter class—the class efficient—that Alice Brady belongs.

Of course, she *is* efficient—otherwise her crowded life would not be such a well-ordered affair. And since the very beginning, when she sought a public life in spite of Papa Brady's opposition, she has never ceased, not for the slightest second, to ably prove her efficiency, not in a manner aggressive, rather in a wistful way, doing anything which she has decided to do with a quiet deliberateness.

Now, a tea-table, with soft lights, perfume-scented air and soft music, at just the hour when the hurrying throng stop for tea and waffles—all this is conducive to a good interview. Back-stage, with the hurrying attendants and its general and ever-present chaos, is certainly not conducive to such. The word back-stage has a strangely alluring sound; in fact, it really is alluring—that is, until you attempt to write the interview. It then becomes a Waterloo.

Neither is a studio interview greatly to be desired, and one or the other it simply had to be, with Alice still playing in her great stage success, "Forever After," and making eight Realart productions a year at the same time. In between times, as it were—when there are in between times, of course—she finds it both wise and expedient to have fittings for the beautiful things

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

she delights in wearing or to pose for new photographs.

Arriving at the theater before the matinée was quite over, I stood in the wings and watched her—her voice vibrated with tense and deep emotions, and all thru the great darkened house before her came the most audible sniffles. Alice *had* her audience—and having been of her audience not so very long ago and having been guilty of sniffling—quite audibly, I fear—I found sympathy in my heart for those vainly seeking their elusive handkerchiefs. Alice was pulling at their heart-strings—yea, quite tugging at them—even as she had at mine.

The final curtain rang down, the orchestra struck up the exit march, and Alice, comrade fashion, dressed in the Red Cross nurse's costume, her arm linked in the arm of her leading-man-husband, came off-stage.

In her dressing-room, she shed the nurse's uniform for a resplendent burnt-orange kimono while she prepared to take off her make-up, preparatory to dressing for dinner with Mr. Crane, whose dressing-room adjoined. To talk with her and laugh with her—for to talk with her is to laugh with her, Alice seeing very clearly the funny side of things and still rather enjoying laughter remotely resembling a giggle—I was impressed with her utter lack of any affectation or pretense. Anything she does she does not because she is Alice Brady, star of stage and screen—but just because she is just—well, Alice Brady.

Photo © by Bachrach

Right, Alice and Mr. Crane snapped at the bungalow in the mountains where they spent their honeymoon, and below, outside the bungalow, doing "kitchen police"

In a way it may be the very fact that she has had such a large measure of success which has kept her from a distinct realization of her achievements. She has been too busy earning it and, having earned it, keeping it to sit down for any length of time and think of the success which has come to her. Above, another new portrait

I asked her if she did not often find it difficult making time for both stage and screen, but even while I spoke I felt that she would answer me negatively—as I said before, she is efficient and quite capable of ordering her life so that there is ample time for any demands which are made upon her.

"No, I cant really say I ever find it hard," she answered thoughtfully. "Now and then I get tired and wonder what I'm doing both for—wonder why I buy so

(*Continued on page* 95)

Stellar Sisters

Of course we really dont know, but we hazard a guess that Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are the same as all other sisters, the world over, borrowing one another's clothes and doing all sorts of sisterly things

Viola marvels over Sister Shirley's muscle and learns that it was acquired scaling rope ladders as Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island." Of course, that was before she signed her contract with Fox

She Would and She Did

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

ONCE upon a time—this is not fairy tale stuff, altho it may sound like it—there was born on Long Island, somewhere in the belt of wealth and aristocracy, a baby girl who grew to young womanhood after the approved fashion of other young girls of wealth and social standing. She was proficient in music, languages, dancing; she excelled in swimming, tennis, skating, horseback riding; nothing in the way of outdoor sports was too daring or too strenuous for this type of young American womanhood. But, altho she had, seemingly, everything, she was not quite satisfied.

All photos © by Lumière

Miss Davison talked earnestly of her present favorite outdoor aeroplaning. Quite casually she mentioned that she knows all there is to know about an aeroplane . . . that she knows not the slightest fear and could go on flying forever and never tire

Grace Davison, the heroine of this story, was too sane and well-poised to cry for the moon, neither did she sigh for the goose that laid the golden eggs. What she wanted was a career. A movie career—nothing more or less.

All thru her young girlhood she had loved pictures. A movie meant more to her than a matinee in one of New York's theaters. Young as she was, she saw the possibilities of pictures and, with underlying purpose, studied them from every angle. When she finally announced to her family that she meant, if possible, to get into the movies, their astonishment can be imagined but not described. There were many family councils, many arguments, many bribes were offered, but Grace Davison was the daughter of an indulgent American father, and, as is usually the case, she had her own way. Not only that, she was given a certain amount of cash, to "squander," as her father firmly believed, in the movie business.

Photo © by Lumiere

"I cant have you hanging about studios looking for a job," he said, "but some way, you must get the movie bug out of your system. So go to it. I'll try anything once—but when you have lost your money, dont come back for more."

"All right, dad," she said, "you're a sport—but you're simply staking me in a business venture—and even tho you dont approve, it's the thing I want to do, and if I fail this time I wont come back for more money, but I'll start over again—at the bottom, and make good, just as other and less fortunate girls have done—*but I wont give up!*"

Carefully she made her plans. There must be, if possible to avoid it, no mistakes. A good director, she knew, was essential. She compiled a list of directors' names, studied their achievement, their suitability, eliminating from her list, one by one, and finally choosing, fortunately for her, she believes, John Stahl.

"Wives of Men" was chosen for her first production. Then came the selection of the cast. Not for a moment did Miss Davison consider starring herself. She was far too level-headed. "Whoever heard of Grace Davison!" she said. Some day they would, she determined, but she would attempt no more than a minor rôle until she had gained some experience. Besides, there was the business end—she must master that.

The picture was produced with Florence Reed in the starring rôle; and here is the end that is also the beginning of a story that sounds like a fairy tale. Not only did Miss Davison play her rôle with natural ease and skill, with the help of her director she mastered the detail and technique of production with astonishing rapidity. With the help of her camera-man, who was, she says, an artist in his profession, she helped to cut and assemble the film—and sold the picture to such advantage that she was able to finance her second picture.

"Father has not yet recovered from the shock," she says.

"Atonement," in which Miss Davison costarred with Conway Tearle, was her second venture and proved as successful as the first, and recently, with Montagu Love and Stuart Holmes, she has completed her third production, a picture version of Lord Byron's poem, "The Convert of Revenge."

I talked to Grace Davison in her office in the early twilight of a winter afternoon—high above the ceaseless roar of restless, seething Manhattan—its beauty, its ugliness, its lure. She had finished her day's work at the studio and was consulting her wrist-watch now and then, as commuters do, for she must make the 5:22 or be late for dinner. A small niece, who was in town for the day, bobbed in and out the door, adding atmosphere to

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"I've so much to learn," she said, "and I'm studying every step. My rôles so far have been heavy ones and, being inexperienced, it takes a great deal out of me. So after each picture I take a month's rest, for I must keep fit." Center and below, vacationing "between pictures" at her Long Island home

The Perfect Woman

By
GRACE LAMB

JIM STANHOPE'S young life, from the cradle to his majority, resembled nothing so exactly as a world of iridescent soap-bubbles, exploding, vanishing, one by one . . . Mostly a feminine hand did the exploding. There was the fat, blonde miss of three who wore the perky bonnets. She used to kiss him . . . then steal his cherished lollypop . . . and run away. How stickily he had sobbed over that, over *her!* There was the slender-limbed flapper of fourteen with the freckled nose and the long hair that blew across his face. He had bought her sodas and pop-corn and she had told the boy next door that he was an "E. Z. Mark." She had, in sooth, compared him to a cartoon. Vulgarian! There was the svelte Polline from the "Twentieth Century Mollies" . . . she had "busted" his heart, his pocketbook, his last, last soap-bubble—and married a millionaire with the gout.

At twenty-one Jim Stanhope was a woman-hater, a misanthrope, a (this he told himself, rather fondly) thoroly embittered and disillusioned man.

When, therefore, he became junior partner in a huge shipyard, he employed a character reader in the taking on of his feminine employees. "I've been fooled . . . *and* fooled," he said; "I wouldn't trust myself. A curl 'd do the trick to *me*." Poor, pretty, "busted" bubbles!

Another young life was Mary Blake's. Hers began without any bubbles whatsoever. She had never heard of bubbles. There were too many exigencies in life. There was food. There was heat. There was the necessity of sufficient apparel. There was one means to an end. The means was Man. Mary Blake learnt that lesson quite, quite early. Unromantically as well as unsubstantially enough, she learnt it from a peanut vender on the corner of the exceedingly dirty street she called her home. It came to her almost abruptly that all she had to do was wink a wicked eye and kick up her small, smart heels and she would have two gingham pockets filled with peanuts. Later on, there was the boy in the penny candy store. She had to give him a kiss in this instance, and in lieu of the kiss, (it was really only a begrudging peck on the cheek), she received a bountiful supply of bad licorice, cheap chocolate and delectable gum-drops. Still later, there was the "Candy Kid" who escorted her to the movies and filled her lean and usually hungry young frame with sixty-cent table d'hotes and "red ink."

At twenty-one Mary Blake was a man-hater, with a healthy contempt for the entire species. "They either do you," she confided to a girl chum, "or *you* do them. If you've got the looks, that's the way of it . . ."

"Wait," said the girl chum, with an uneasy smile, "until you love one of 'em."

"Not for little Mary!" chortled Mary Blake.

One evening Jim Stanhope was prevailed upon to address the employees of the shipping yard. He chose as his subject Americanism and anti-Bolshevism. The fact that the yards were infested with anarchists did not make his speech any the more popular, or personally safer.

Mary procured three ponderous tomes at the library and studied character, the possession of which, she learned, was indicated by a protrusive chin, a dome-like forehead, scanty hair and frumpish clothes. She consulted a character expert

Among the girls in the audience was, as you have known from the first word of the first paragraph, Mary Blake. . . .

She didn't hear very much of what Jim Stanhope said. She did hear the way in which he said it. She "got" him. She said to herself, "He's my man!"

The next day she applied for a job. The character reader met her first. She had been warned against the character reader. "You wont have a chance there," her chum informed her. "The reader will give *you* the go-by quick . . . those eyes . . . la, la!"

"I've got a system that'll beat the character reader at his own game," winked back Mary. "A man is a man. They're all cut from the original bolt. There's never any difference in the weave." She added, "*hardly* ever." She was thinking of Jim Stanhope. He was probably Mary's first real thought.

Mary *did* get the go-by. The character reader was a woman. Mary didn't have a chance. Her amazing eyes, her slender youth, her bobbed hair, her make-up . . . "I am sorry," said the character reader, firmly, "but you will not do here. We are . . . we are very conservative." She marked down 100 per cent. inefficient and sent her in to Jim.

Jim saw, at once, that he needed to gird himself. He stiffened and, without looking at her, suggested a course on character reading. "The only thing that counts, my dear young lady," he said, piously, "is *character*. Character is a fundamental, without which woman is . . . oh, well, what is the use in wasting my time or yours? *No* woman has it, and you cant be expected to. But," he ended up, lamely, "I still suggest that you read up on the subject. And then—and then—come back."

Mary gave him a look and a romantic smile. She knew how. Then she moved over to the door. Jim moved, too—to open it for her. He did not know what to say. He hadn't felt this way—in—— He said, "I wouldn't dare, you know—but I wish—I wish the character reader had passed you in—I *mean*, I wish you had some character—oh, you *know* what I mean! Good-day! Good-by!"

Mary procured three ponderous tomes at the library and studied character, the possession of which, she learnt, was indicated by a protrusive chin, a dome-like forehead, scanty hair and frumpish clothes. She consulted a character expert. Each one was a distinct blow to the lithe beauty of Mary. Character, she decided, was an abomination. She *knew* that she was nicer without character. However . . .

Two weeks later, being, by this time, pressed by necessity, Mary presented herself again for inspection and reading. Her fair hair was skinned back. She held her head at an awe-inspiring angle, her skirts were full and long. She wore cotton gloves and a stiff collar.

The character reader passed her in, with a report of 100 per cent. on all desired qualities. Jim received her. He glanced at the card, then at her. Just for an instant of time, she had thought, he raised his head almost as tho he were looking for somebody—somebody who did not come. Then he said, "I'd like you to take a secretarial position to my mother. She is in need of just such a person as you." He started his favorite encomium on character, but somehow he couldn't go on. His heart failed him. He wished that the character expert had . . .

The next day "Miss Mills" sojourned to the Stanhope mansion and took up her duties as private secretary to Jim's mother. The peanut vender had not given her her impetus for nothing. She hadn't been there twenty-four hours before she knew that this was the job for her, even had there been no Jim, but there *was* a Jim, and—well, it *was* the job, all right . . .

There were the sunny days when they did a few social letters in the morning, rode about and shopped, the while the rather gentle Mrs. Stanhope took her fill in telling of Jimmie's baby days, his oddities now, the views he held on things, on women . . . "All women seem to have

disappointed Jim," his mother said; "he's sweet at heart, I know, but he does say bitter things about the feminine half of the world. I cant imagine why. I suppose it's his money . . ."

In the evenings there was dictation from Jim, with Mother Stanhope sitting by . . . After a while there came to be no other world than Mrs. Stanhope and Jim and herself . . . the prim, secret days as "Miss Mills," the secret, anything but prim nights when, in the privacy of her own room, Mary arrayed herself in crêpe de chine and fine lace and practised her wicked eyes, her romantic smile. She didn't want to forget these things. The day would come when she would need them, and Jim would *want* them. She was sure of that. She was almost as sure as a person could be that Jim had not forgotten the girl whom the character reader had marked down as 100 per cent. inefficient. He had a look about him . . .

It was in the very midst of one of these delightful hours, when she was wearing the chineiest of the negligees and winking the wickedest eye, that the anarchists chose to invade the Stanhope mansion. They had never forgotten Jim's anti-Bolshevik speech. They left, as a token of their regard, a smoking bomb. The butler found it and yelled the information to the seven heavens. In one of the heavens was Mary, and she heard it and had no mind to be literally transplanted to a celestial region until first she had savored the terrestrial one. She dashed into the hallway, a slim and fragrant apparition, and collided with Jim and with his mother.

They were quite naturally aghast. They had never seen anything quite like this. The second thought, easily the second, was that she was the anarchist who had dwelt amongst them in disguise and had planted the bomb.

Jim started an immediate investigation. In doing so he sternly crushed down his starting memories. He trod them under foot. After all, one cannot have one's self and one's mother murdered because a pair of brown and wide eyes cause one an unconscionable pang. Can one?

Investigation proved that Mary Blake (*not* Mills) was born of poor but honest and very thoro American parents; that they would, themselves, be sent into an ague at the mere mention of a bomb, which they connected, darkly, with the Black Hand; around the corner from them, they had heard there was a "nest" of these, and that, to them, Bolshevik was a newspaper name wholly unpronounceable and less than understandable. They were almost tragically honest. Plain folk.

Mary herself proved to have taken a very solid secretarial course, but Jim gave her a week's notice on general principles. He gave it rather pridefully. His head, he told himself, was at last ruling his heart. He had all sorts of contention to meet with. His mother liked the girl, and she went so far as to admit that she liked pretty Mary Blake even better than she had liked the eminently proper but rather sore to the-eye "Miss Mills." Jim was obdurate. He could not, he felt, have that slim thing with the bobbed hair and the—um—the *mouth* a part of his daily regime if he were to do anything more ambitious than sit back and gape at her, a contented ninny. He stuck to it that she must go.

Mary, resigned, (outwardly), prepared to make the most of the week's notice. She wore the most amazing clothes ever seen on a—well, surely on a private secretary . . . and there wouldn't have been a shell on a peanut if a peanut vender had figured into her present methods . . . Jim made a valiant struggle; even Mary had to say that for him. He clung to Schopenhauer and his theories, as a drowning man would stick to the one spar on an endless ocean. He quoted Schopenhauer to her and backed up the Schopenhauerian theories with facts he had gleaned from his own experiences and those of his intimates. Mary confounded him in that she made no effort to refute him—verbally. She just looked at him, pouted at him, laughed at him, dragged him to his feet and danced with him . . . She told him that the world would be a drab and dreary place if it were not for the girls, with their curls and their laces, their paint and their powder, their wicked eyes and vivid lips . . . and then she ran away from him and left him to spend the longest evening of his life—alone—conceding, with a sort of groan, the drabness and the dulness . . .

Mary worked well, albeit unconsciously, with the anarchists. On the very evening she ran away and left Jim alone they were making their

In the evenings there was dictation from Jim, with Mother Stanhope sitting by . . .

second attempt upon him. This time they had very nearly all but succeeded — to the point, at least, of coming in upon him as he sat brooding in the library, tying him fore and aft and setting beneath his chair the smoking bomb he had, before, escaped. The bomb, they informed him, helping themselves to the contents of his cellarette, would go off precisely at midnight. They would help themselves freely, because, where he was going, he either would not need his small store or would be where there would be good and plenty of this particular commodity.

They left an old man to guard Jim while they emptied what they could find.

Into this situation walked Mary, fragile and resplendent. She had come in search of her bracelet. Mary had a knack for situations. She saw this one at once. The telephone wires were cut and there was only one thing left for her to do. She did it. She walked over to the old man, wholly ignoring Jim. She whispered a few words in his ear. She gave him a look, a laugh, a shrug. It was easy. Not for nothing had the peanut venders *been on* in years. Not for nothing had she spent her evenings in the Stanhope mansion, clad in next to nothing at all and making the most of that nothing. The game was easy. A baby stare . . . the whisper saying she was one of them . . . the old man turning to show her how they had got into the house and then the smash! Mary seized the bronze vase on Jim's desk, made a well-directed blow, and the old man was prone upon the floor, seeing stars and then oblivion . . .

Into this situation walked Mary, fragile and resplendent. She had come in search of her bracelet. Mary had a knack for situations. She saw this one at once. The telephone wires were cut and there was only one thing left to do. She did it

Mary winked at Jim. "Bring on the next," she said. The "next" proved to be middle-aged. He was easier than the old one. In less than ten minutes he, also oblivious, occupied the corner corresponding to the old man's. Grimes, the leader, came next. He was a bit more difficult, but by this time Mary was well primed for action and Jim's cellarette had not been without its effect. By the end of an hour the four men were disposed of and the butler had been dispatched for the police.

Jim knew that the girl, with her flimsy attire, her romantic smiles, her resourcefulness, her cool dauntlessness, had saved his life and the life of his mother, the servants, the home . . .

He knew that he was mad about her. But he knew, too, or thought that he knew, that all this on her part did not mean caring for him. These bold plays were for his money . . . nothing more . . . Had he no money, this girl would not have been in his home . . . part of her philosophy was being pretty as a means to an end . . . He didn't dare. He loved her too much to buy her, to run the risk of buying her . . . better let her go at her week's end and keep to himself the vague possibility that she *might* have been in earnest, might have been real and true . . .

Part of *his* philosophy was the philosophy of incompletion. If, in his defrauded infancy, for example, he had known enough to play half a game in lieu of the whole, there might not have been so many disappearing lollypops, so many unfulfilled kisses, so much of later-on, damaged dreaming. He had come to pride himself on the maturing of his cynicism. He even told himself that his thinking had become mellow — he was not going to run amuck, now, because a girl with a devil's laughter and a child's eyes had come into his office and applied for a job. He knew the very dregs of self-disgust. He had, he felt, about done with dregs. He remained firm. It was far, far better that she should go. Then he could preen himself. He could hug his self-victory to his breast and feel secure. He did not delude himself too far. He knew that the self-victory would be a lean, ill-nurtured thing.

Up in her room, with tears in her wide eyes and chills of sheer fright running down her spine, Mary was gazing at Jim's picture. If he could have seen her, he would have known that there was no mistake . . . tactics were laid aside . . . but he didn't see . . .

The end of the week, Mary went back to the shipyard and worked for Jim's senior partner, a man with two million to match each one of Jim's. She did not go back, rather, be it said, as "Miss Mills"—she went back as Mary—Mary at her best.

She went back with the same idea in mind she had had when first she had heard Jim lecture on anti-Bolshevism. She had *Jim* in mind. She wanted Jim. Jim was her whole life. That Jim needed convincing, that she were forced to prove herself to Jim, did not make him the less desirable. Mary knew enough to know that to have to "come across" was a healthy thing. Jim thought she wanted his money. She would show Jim how much money meant to her—or didn't mean. And then—Mary threw out her chest, and went to it——

At the end of the month she rather casually permitted Jim to overhear a proposal on the part of the senior partner. "At least," the ardent suitor concluded his long and fervent declaration of undying passion, "at least, I can give you everything money can buy."

Jim didn't have any philosophy in that moment. It dropped from him and left him standing, naked, his heart in his trembling hand, his future hope in the balance. What was she going to say? *What was she going to say?* He had not supposed a thing could ever mean so terrifically much. He had not ever thought things *mattered* so—then——

Jim, guiltily, drew a long breath . . . and listened . . . Mary's voice came to him, very low, very sweet . . .

"Money," the voice said, "cannot buy me anything, Mr. Simmons; not anything that I want. You've got me sort of—sort of—wrong. Love grows out of things. *I* have—a great many things. Love does that. You grub around and sort of muck around and you dont know very much of anything and you do things blindly and because you think you have to, and then, all at once, a great sun begins to shine. The fogs all clear away. You see that this that you thought right, is wrong and vice versa. Like me . . . when I look back . . . now . . . on my childhood, I get all goose-flesh and cold. The things I did! The ideals I didn't have! I saw that it would be better to have nothing than to have everything by the means I had thought to employ. I have even made up my mind that I had rather be . . . be cleansed in—in the river, you know how I mean, washed far, far out beyond the reaches and clutches of the old ways than to live on as I wanted once to live. That is why I speak as I do now . . . You see, I love someone else. He doesn't love me. He doesn't trust me, or believe in me. Your money cannot buy me either of those things . . . They are the only things . . . I want."

Up in her room, with tears in her wide eyes, and chills of sheer fright running up and down her spine, Mary was gazing at Jim's picture. If he could have seen her he would have known that there was no mistake . . . tactics were laid aside . . . but he didn't see . . .

The senior partner sighed and took his departure. He shook hands with her and at the door he said, "Any man who doesn't believe in you is a fool."

Jim came in by the other door. He took Mary into his arms, (as she knew that he would). He kist her wicked eyes, her vivid lips, her clipped, rebellious hair.

Mary heaved a tremendous sigh and snuggled closer. With one free hand she rubbed off the make-up. "I want to be comfy," she murmured; "it's—it's been an *awful* struggle!"

THE PERFECT WOMAN

Fictionized, by permission, from the First National production of John Emerson and Anita Loos. Directed by David Kirkland, and starring Constance Talmadge. The cast:

Mary Blake.....Constance Talmadge
James Stanhope.....Charles Meredith
Mrs. Stanhope (James' mother).....Elizabeth Garrison
J. J. Simmons (James' partner).....Joseph Burke
Grimes, the anarchist.....Ned A. Sparkes

Photo by Apeda

The Marriage

By JEROME

Photo Investrum Co.

Reading down and across, David Wark Griffith, Lewis Muir, Samuel Goldwyn, and Adolph Zukor

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, when cabinet photographs and family albums were the rage in polite society, an enterprising young photographer made a series of pictures which, when shown in a machine of his own invention, gave the impression of living people talking and gesturing. These motion photographs were not called "moving pictures." They told no stories and made no pretense to be what they obviously were not.

However, the novelty was shown to the public, and traveling companies were soon formed to show these consecutive photographs. They were similar to stereopticon views, but gave the illusion of characters in motion. But the showing of these photographs was rather a deadly process, and the temporary interest of the public was maintained only thru the novelty of the exhibition. It was soon found that something would have to be done to hold the interest of audiences, if the new form of entertainment was to be a commercial success. The added interest was made possible thru the invention of the celluloid film by George Eastman. With this discovery, the continuous film roll was made and the modern motion picture became possible.

Photo Underwood & Underwood

Photo Apeda, N. Y.

One of the first motion pictures in the modern sense was exploited by Lyman Howe, who made several short films that told crude stories. Mr. Howe formed a company and started a traveling show. His performance consisted of a few reels of pictures together with a number of stereopticon views. But he

Orchestra of the Rialto, N. Y. C., N. Y.

Photo Camera Craft Studio

of the Muses

LACHENBRUCH

realized the barrenness of this sort of entertainment and sought the aid of music to help his show along. Much of the music which accompanied these pictures was composed by Mr. Howe himself. Other compositions had a topical significance, and their titles synchronized with the titular suggestions of the pictures. For example, in a scene depicting a domestic quarrel, some such song as "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" was played. The musical content of the songs mattered little to Lyman Howe, so long as the title of the song suggested the action on the screen.

In these early days of the films there were no symphony orchestras to accompany them, and the best that could be expected was a pianist who could play popular songs with vigor and rhythm. However, with the gradual development of the pictures themselves, performances of from thirty to thirty-five minutes' duration were given, and the time between the performances was filled out by the pianist, to whom endurance was a prime asset. This was the time when the pianists improvised, and when we heard them mooning over a few disconnected notes, then suddenly waking up, they would play a popular air.

Some of the players, however, developed into ragtime composers. Few had any technical knowledge of music. Some couldn't read a note. Among the best of the early film pianists who later became well known were Lewis Muir, the composer of "Waiting for the

(*Continued on page* 114)

Photo Otto Sarony, N. Y.

Reading down and across, Marcus Loew, Lyman H. Howe, Ernst Luz, and Samuel Rothapfel

Photo Campbell Studio

Romance - - And Helene Chadwick

All photos by Evans, L. A

Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, New York, a town named for her family, where her father was a prominent manufacturer

IF you and I were talking over a glass of—er—I mean a cup of tea—I might happen to remark that I think Helene Chadwick is in love.

For one reason, and that not the most important, she wears on a chain bracelet the identification tag of an ex-aviator, an American who fought for France and won the Croix de Guerre with two palm leaves and the gold medal of the famous Lafayette Escadrille. Incidentally, the name on the tag is Lieut. William Wellman.

"I met Lieutenant Wellman in New York soon after he returned from France and before the United States entered the war. We were at a dinner party together," Helene might say if you should happen to ask her. "Afterwards, I heard that he was expected to live only a year. He had brought down seven German planes and then a German finally 'got' him. If he hadn't fallen in a forest he would have been killed. As it was, when he left the hospital the doctors told him to go home and enjoy himself, for he would live only a year. He is alive yet."

Helene Chadwick firmly believes that the important events of life are largely governed by Fate and for this belief she has much reason.

It seems that when the United States entered the war

Lieutenant Wellman did everything in his power to return to the service. Finally, after undergoing a dangerous operation, he was made an instructor at an aviation field near San Diego. In the meanwhile, Helene Chadwick had come West to make pictures for Pathé. (It seems that Fate continues to favor a romance.) Now, his military career over, "Billy" Wellman, an author as well as an aviator, has become an assistant director on the Goldwyn lot, where Helene shines as a beautiful and particularly promising new star.

Could any one desire more material from which to fashion a romance? Certainly not; but

By DORIS LEE

All photos by Evans, L. A.

you must fashion it yourself. "It is too soon for me to talk about marriage," she said.

Helene Chadwick lives with her mother in a typical beach house—typical, that is, of the comparatively few beach houses built for permanent occupancy—on Wadsworth Avenue in Ocean Park. Her father died when she was a little girl. She has one sister who is married to a prominent physician practising in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"My sister is six years older than I am," said this young aristocrat of the screen, adding, "but we look so much alike that we are often taken for twins. It must be because I look so old," laughing. More probably it is because her sister looks so young. Helene, (you see, this is an "intimate" interview), Helene, then, is one who could easily get away with the I'm-just-seventeen fiction, but she frankly admits to twenty-three. In fact, I think frankness and sincerity are her main characteristics, unless you would count intelligence as a characteristic, too.

She does not appear to be in that state of high elation which one so often sees in the young successful. She was frankly glad of her success, of course, but she wonders about the future — wondering if she can repeat her success over and over again in the years to come

She is intelligent, womanly, and, at the same time, a good comrade; the sort of girl you would speak of as the-best-fellow-in-the-world in the complimentary sense of the term. The first thing you would notice about her is the absence of any high elation in view of her rather sudden rise to stardom, which came thru her exquisite work in the picturization of Rupert Hughes' "The Cup of [illegible]." The author himself wired her his congratulations, and when Goldwyn was casting for "Please Scratch My Back," he asked that she be given the leading part. His request was not only complied with, but she was offered a five-year contract, which she signed after thinking the

(Continued on page 100)

Ninth Honor

Photo by Moffett

Mildred Johnston of Marshfield, Oregon; center, Margaret [illegible] of New York City; and, bottom, Los Angeles, California, contestants Enter Rhodes

HAVE you ever watched a forest fire? Did you wonder at the rapidity with which it spread; there were only one or two blades of grass burning at first, and then the third and the fourth had caught, and so on until almost at once the slight curl of flame on the original blade of grass had become a tremendous wall of fire.

The interest which is being shown in the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, being held by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, can be aptly compared to the forest fire. A feeling of great excitement runs thru the country as the contest draws near to its close.

Of course, there never has been any sort of contest without the terrific rush and drive which takes place at its finale. And this one is no exception to the rule, for so many contestants have put off sending in their photographs until the last moment. And as a result, every inch of space is filled to the utmost capacity by photographs of every size and shape. The mail clerk staggers in two and three times a day, almost invisible under the bags of mail; the expressman is either always pulling up at the door to deliver packages of photographs, or is leaving the front of the building after having delivered them.

And the telegrams, special delivery letters and messages of every sort from anxious contestants, all desiring to know a thousand-and-one questions; when the contest will close, and if it is not too late to enter; they have only just heard from a friend of theirs who is in the contest and who is so confident of winning that she, (the person sending the message), thinks she has as good a chance, etc. And so it goes, and the committee in charge of the contest lean forward in their chairs, for all the world as if they were at a thrilling horse-race, and watch the entries as they enter the field, or see them pass each other on the way to victory.

The suspense, of course, has been increased twofold

Roll Galaxy of Beauty

by the announcement that we were going to produce a five-reel feature drama in which all the honor roll members, the winners, and other promising contestants would have every possible opportunity to show whether or not they have screen talent. The real reason for the production of this feature is the unusual demand shown by exhibitors all over the country for the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," in which the winners and honor roll members of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest appeared, and which the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, have sold to practically every State. This means that everybody who is fond of going to the moving picture theaters is very much interested in the girls and men who are trying to win their way to success on the silversheet. You can, therefore, appreciate the possibilities which will be offered in the five-reel feature that we expect to produce this summer, and which will be the very best vehicle ever offered for the display of talent of embryonic moving picture stars.

Photo © Strauss Peyton Studio

Top, Ethel Gentry, of Kansas City, Mo.; center, Lillian Cundif of Galveston, Texas; and, bottom, the male honor roll winner, William R. Carew of Toledo, Ohio

"Love's Redemption" is the title of this five-reel feature play, and in addition to the winners and honor roll members of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, the cast will include the following:

Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Bunty Manly, Edward Chalmers, Dorian Romero, Erminie Gagnon.

Edwin Markham, Hudson Maxim, Marjorie Longbotham, Hammer Brothers, William Castro, Seymore Panish, Alfred Rigali.

The Schwinn Twins, Mrs. F. Mayer, Titus Vello, Clarence W. Linton, Lynne M. Berry, Dorothy L. Taylor, Arthur W. Tuthill, Joseph F. Murtaugh, Wm. R. Talmadge, Ruth Higgins.

Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play, together with future honor rolls.

We feel assured that this feature will be as unique and interesting in every way as any five-reel feature which is produced professionally by any film company, for there will be no expense spared; the direction will be of the best; the play itself is a strong drama with a very unusual plot, which will hold the interest all the way.

We are, not without reason, proud of our list of judges who will decide upon the winners. These will include such world-famous personages as Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Luck of

By

wasn't a real bishop. He was the actor assigned to that part in the production of "Henry V." But let Monroe Salisbury tell the story.

"I was eighteen years old," he said, "when I got my engagement with Richard Mansfield, and the way I got it was as funny as the way I kept it. I was playing twelve parts a week on tour—heavy parts, too! Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet," Napoleon in "Madame Sans Gene," Armand in "Camille." The admission charged was ten, twenty and thirty cents. It happened that we were playing Portland, Oregon, at the same time that Richard Mansfield was and he happened to notice our billboard, one afternoon when he was out taking a walk, and decided to come in and have a good laugh. He got it, I suppose, but the

A believer in reincarnation might fancy that he had, at some time, been a chief of one of the more advanced tribes, such an Indian as the Indians described in their legends from which Longfellow drew the material for Hiawatha. Left, a new portrait, and below, at his own fireside

Monroe Salisbury

ELIZABETH PELTRET

next morning I received a note telling me to call on Mr. Palmer, Mr. Mansfield's manager, in reference to an engagement for the following season. This meant Broadway, of course, everything that I had longed for."

But when, his season over, he reported to Frederick Palmer for rehearsal, he was already beginning to get "cold feet." Mansfield's temperament was, of course, proverbial, and he had heard just about everything that was being said on the subject.

"We rehearsed five weeks before Mr. Mansfield came to the theater. During that time, older members of the company would say, 'You're all right now, but wait till Father comes!' or 'When Father comes, you go!' I dreaded the coming of Father more than I dreaded anything else on earth. Then, at last, when we least expected him, he came. I was playing the Bishop of Ely and, you remember, the play opens with a long dialog between Ely and Canterbury, but Canterbury had been having a good time and it was necessary for the stage manager to read the part. This in itself irritated Mansfield. Then I tried to act and

Photo Hoover Art Co.

"I am to have a company of my own now," he said. "It will be known as the Monroe Salisbury Players and we will make not more than four pictures a year, but I am going to be particular about those four. Above, a new character study; center, with his mother, and, below, at his home, "Mountain View Inn"

make an impression. As Ely, I had one long speech and then nothing else until I threw myself on my knees before the king. During my speech and during my long wait, I felt absolutely certain that Mansfield intended to fire me. I have no clear recollection of having thrown myself on my knees, but undoubtedly I did, because, when things cleared a little for me, I was in that position and Mansfield, as the king, was making a gesture for me to rise. But I couldn't rise! I could no more have moved than I could have gone thru the ceiling. Up went Mansfield's hand again. 'Rise, Ely.' In utter misery, I groaned, 'I cant!' and Mansfield laughed. That was what saved me. Afterwards we came to be good friends —as good friends as Mansfield ever became with anybody."

You might call that "Saved by Mirth" or "The Lucky Laughter."

I saw Monroe Salisbury at the Mountain View Inn on Hollywood Boulevard, where he and his mother have lived for the past two years. It is a pretty, homelike place, and the view of the Hollywood hills from the veranda fully justifies its name. He has another home, too, his ranch, where he can go and rest during unusually long vacation times between pictures. But the ranch is too lonely for his mother. She likes to have her friends around her during the long hours when her son is at the studio.

In real life there is nothing of the wild and rugged Westerner about Monroe Salisbury. On the contrary, he is rather

(*Continued on page* 104)

Virginia Vacations

Herewith are three new photographs of Virginia Faire, winner of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. Most of her time is spent before the Universal camera, but every free day she slips off to one of the popular beaches where she vacations in the California sunshine

Photo by Ablie

DREAMS COME TRUE—

Not so very long ago, Mildred Harris Chaplin was just a little girl with wistful eyes and golden curls; a little girl who sat dreaming of the day when she would win recognition thru her beloved work—of the day when she would be a star.

And the dreams the little girl dreamed have come true.

Another Star Comes to the Cinema Firmament

Photo Hoover Art Studios

She's graduated from the little-girl class into the big-lady coterie. Her dressing-room no longer is merely "on the row" at Lasky's, but rather in a specially built bungalow with hot and cold running water and a telephone and cretonne on the windows and everything

"HELLO," inquired the voice up above me, coming from a rose-covered upstairs search, "is that you? Come in—make yourself comfortable—my hair isn't combed—I've done nothing but answer the telephone—and paid three gas bills—and entertained visitors."

All excited? I glanced up. There was a girl leaning over the balustrade above my head—a girl with *real*—(I say real because most blondeness isn't)—blonde hair and pink cheeks and smiling eyes. And she was all breathless from her hurry, and all blushes because I'd caught her when her coiffure wasn't marcelled.

I entered the house. It was one of those typically California bungalows with just enough room to turn around in—the kind where the anatomy of an interviewer's long drink of water gets tangled up with the rush-bottom chairs and the plush sofa. I glance at the piano. Thereon I see a pencil manuscript. Curiosity prompts me to examine it. I find that a very famous musician has composed it especially

Photo Northland Studio

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Do you follow me? At any rate, permit me to introduce Miss Hawley as the very newest star of the season—the most novel of all screen novelties, the *dernier cri* in brand-new personalities.

As I cogitate and think of all the things I am going to ask Wanda, she appears. She wears a simple tan sweater with very full sleeves, a black-and-blue checked dress and very quiet, somber grey hose and shoes. Her hair is caught lightly about her ears. She enters blithely, as if she were really glad to see me.

(And this, may I explain, brings joy to the heart of the tired professional interviewer—to us who are used to spectacular entrances and carefully arranged stage settings, especially designed to produce on us the proper effect of dazzling and all that.)

Wanda is different from most stars. The fact that Realart has signed her for five years has failed to dazzle her. She's, oh, so pleased and all that, but at the same time, she says, she looks upon the venture with trepidation, lest she make a misstep.

When you talk to her you are impressed with the idea that she's a solid individual . . . that she wears considerably more under her hat than just mere blonde hair

Photo by Hoover Art Co.

When Miss Hawley's blondeness first enhanced a Fox play two years ago, everybody predicted that before long she'd have her name in electrics over a production. She predicted it herself, and when you ask her now, she admits that, Christian-Science-like, she "held the thought."

(*Continued on page 96*)

Flavor of Fame

A new portrait study of Doris Keane will say. There are so many, many that plays. They seem to portray some and pe- haps will do that. This seems however, that I forget, also- many is one extraordinary of the most in art.

I TALKED with Miss Keane in the middle of the night.

She was at home, and in bed.

None of these details impaired, however, her gracious hospitality or her conversational aplomb. And she looked charming. This may seem irrelevant, but is not. Charm of appearance and charm of speech should be analogous, that the one may enhance the other. In the case of Miss Keane they are most particularly analogous.

"In bed" is a homely phrase and rather crude, for a fine effect secured with fur pelts and containing Miss Keane artistically weary, after a day in a pseudo Venice, being, in reality, blustery Long Island, with curled hair parted in the middle and a look savoring of the Continental.

A host of people, famous women of letters and the stage, came to my mind as I talked with her. She suggests greatness. There are a great many persons who, you know, are celebrated and, quite often, deservedly so, and yet, when you come into direct contact with them you think, 'What *is* it that has made them great? How do they *do* it?' Not so Miss Keane. She has the atmosphere of the gifted of the gods. There is a flavor of the women of a generation or so ago who made the salons of Paris and London brilliant as well as notable and famous. One can imagine her intriguing in a court, playing the game of politics, achieving fame thru literature, or winning to distinction via her chosen art, as she has. There is versatility, product of the mind. A touch, too, perhaps, of Mrs. Fiske. Summarily, there is the fine finish of the artist who has been successful and the woman behind the artist who has made her so.

On the subject of the woman and the artist, I asked Miss Keane whether she thought extreme youth could give the great in art, or whether it took years, the experience of maturity.

"There are cases, rarely," she said, "where there has been an excessively early, and full, mental development. And there has been suffering. Pain pushes us ahead to comprehension faster, I believe, than the years. Perhaps, fortunately, such persons are the exceptions."

Since Miss Keane came here from London specifically to give "Romance" to the screen, as so beautifully and for so long a time she gave it on the speaking stage, I was naturally interested to hear how pictures and the work thereof had appealed to her. I asked her whether, taking it all in all, she had been pleasantly or unpleasantly surprised by studio, methods of picture production, *et al.*

She said, "Most pleasantly. It has been delightful."

I asked her what appealed to her as the *most* essential thing to the consummate production.

She said: *"The director's the thing!* I can imagine a picture being made or marred, in the extreme, either way, by the director. I have been fortunate in having Mr. Withey for "Romance." The direction being the thing, the essentials of the director come next, and it would

By GLADYS HALL

seem to me that a director *must* have a natural sympathy, hand in hand with a native intelligence. He must be in tune with his star, with his cast. Otherwise, results must inevitably be stilted, abortive, ineffective. I positively could not work with a person with whom I did not feel a sympathy of effort and effect. There must be, too, a mutual respect of intelligence. There must be liking. My experience with 'Romance,' with Mr. Withey, has been very charming."

Apropos of a recent, very virulent attack on the screen, which, by the way, she characterized as absurd, I asked Miss Keane whether she thought the screen was pushing, or had a tendency to push, the stage to one side.

She said, "Yes, and it is a good thing."

This amazed me. I showed my amazement—coming, as it did, from so fine an exponent of the spoken drama.

"There are so many, many bad plays," explained Miss Keane; "they *should* be pushed aside, and pictures will do that. This means, however, that *I believe absolutely in the indestructibility of the true in art.* The good things will live on and on and nothing will obliterate them. The more fight they have, the fewer will survive, and the ones that do will be the ones that, by their merits, should. This is as it should be. It will be a case of quality rather than quantity. How many of us who can ill afford it pay three dollars and more for an evening of boredom, if not downright insult to the intelligence? Too many, I fear. There will not be room enough, public enough, with the increasing ascendency of the pictures, and that they are ascending is an incontrovertible fact, for the many bad and extraneous things of the spoken drama today."

"The director is the thing," she said. "I can imagine a picture being made or marred, in the extreme, either way, by the director." Right, in the character she portrays in "Romance" and, beneath, in one of the scenes in which she plays with her husband, Basil Sydney

Photo by Abbe

I asked her

(*Continued on page 107*)

Guilty of Love

Fictionized by permission from the Paramount production of the same name

WHEN Norris Townsend came into the room, Thelma knew that he did not mean to marry her.

Three months ago, if she had been told of the possibility of such a moment, she would have replied, "Then my heart would break." Which only goes to show how vain it is to speculate on the human heart.

What actually occurred to her were waves of anger, each one hotter than the one before, each one leaving her, personally, colder. Then she began to laugh. It all struck her, suddenly, as rather silly, rather dramatic, something like subtitles in a movie, something that couldn't, just *couldn't* be real. This man . . . and herself . . . her lover . . . and he was offering her money in lieu of her immortal soul . . . his father's money . . .

"I'll never see you want, Thelma," he was saying . . .

Despite her contempt, the girl could not help but pity him, the shame in his voice. So he did, at least, feel shame!

"You'll never see me at all," she answered him, and she didn't know her voice could sound so roughened, so shrill; "you'll never see me again—or the—or the baby—we—we wont ever *need* you—please go!"

Norris did go. To remain would be intolerable. He was facing not only the white misery of her face, but the white chalkiness of his own soul. How had he come to such a pass as this? How had he come to the pass where he would allow the woman he loved, the mother of his potential child, to pass from him into some oblivion where he could not, would not follow? Was this, then, what money did to one? Corruption. Cowardice. Was *this* duty to one's parents? Leaving one's *own* child—parentless. Thelma would care for him—of course. Thelma! But who, in the dark hours to come, would care for *her?* To whom could she turn? A governess, leaving his father's house in disgrace? And yet he could not go back. He dared not take a definitive step. What was the matter with him that he groped for a solution and found none?

In her own room Thelma was packing. Each garment, simple, home-made things, was a memory. That dark silk, too small for her now, she had worn that the day she came to Morelands. The children, Norris' little niece and nephew, had run to meet her and twined their arms about her and danced about her and laughed, and, for the first time, it had come to her that she loved children . . . now, it seemed a portent . . .

That voile, with the scattered roses . . . she had had that on the day Norris had first come up. She had been walking with the children in the park. Their arms were full of flowers. Spring flowers—and she had been dreaming about love . . . It hurt

By
JANET REID

her now, worst of all, to know that dreaming about love was over for her—there could be no more of it. She and he had bruised Love's wings, and Love could fly no longer in the bright skies of her dreaming.

Then, the yellow crêpe—that was the night Norris had told her he loved her—had told her she seemed to him some great yellow butterfly in the dusk of the night, fragile, beautiful, dear to the point of pain—and she had loved him back—and all the world, the night and day, sun, moon and stars, had been remade. She hadn't felt, that night, as tho she had sinned against the beliefs of her childhood. She had remembered only the words the Christ had spoken, "Forgive her, for she loved much——" She had loved much—*so* much—and if the God who ruled heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, was a just God, He would know how *very* much she had loved—and to know would be to forgive——

No, she had greatly given, having greatly loved——

Then, this grey thing. She had been wearing it at Aunt Martha's the day old Dr. Wentworth came to them and told them of the position he had secured for her. He had brought her some blush roses, too, dear old man; told her they would look pretty against the grey. "I've always had an eye for color, Thelma," he had said, self-pleased; perhaps, now—but how hurt he would be, the old doctor—he had known her mother before her—had brought her into the world——

She had worn the grey, too, on the day Norris came to tell her that he was going abroad for Townsend and Townsend in place of his father. He had not said so, in so many words, but Thelma had known that his father was making him go because the family were beginning to suspect an attachment, and Mr. Townsend would not want his only son, his heir, to contract a marriage with his daughter's children's governess . . . But he had been so ardent that day; so regretful of even the brief absence; had protested so fervently that he would soon come back to her—that her arms must be about him as his were about her—that she was to hold her head high and never doubt him——

She had believed him. She had had to. The instinct of self-preservation had given her a garment of delusion, and, after the manner of women, broken on the wheel of their own passion, she had worn it——

The days of his absence—she folded the little grey dress—and felt glad that no tears fell upon it—she had no tears . . . But those days! How drearily they had dragged! With what leaden footfalls!

Then the letter she had, at last, written him. How she had hated writing that letter! It had seemed such a concession to the fact she had loathed facing; his forgetfulness; his inconsideration. It had brought her face to face with the absoluteness with which she had trusted him, thought him "different." How many women, she wondered now, as she had wondered when she wrote the letter, had thought the man they loved "different"—only to find out—what she was finding out.

How, always, she had hated the sordid in life! The stripped reality! How she had drawn her skirts aside and stepped over the muddy places! Not disdainfully, never that. Just because she loved the blue heavens so, the sailing clouds, the riding moons and high, supernal stars. And now—this—*this* to wade thru.

It had been so hard to write that letter. She had tried to omit herself as far as possible. She had spoken only of the child, their child. She had reminded Norris deliberately, so painfully, that the baby could not, *must* not come without a name, a right. He would not, she knew, permit that. His child—and

Then, this grey thing. She had been wearing it at Aunt Martha's the day old Doctor Wentworth came to them and told them of the position he had secured for her. He had brought her some blush roses too, dear old man, told her they would look pretty against the grey

GUILTY OF LOVE

Told in short story form by permission of Paramount Pictures, from the scenario of Rosina Henley, based on the play "This Woman—This Man" by Avery Hopwood. Directed by Harley Knoles and starring Dorothy Dalton. The cast:

Thelma Miller	Dorothy Dalton
Norris Townsend	Edward Langford
Mrs. Watkins	Augusta Anderson
Goddard Townsend	Charles Lane
Aunt Martha	Julia R. Hurley
Dr. Wentworth	Henry J. Carvill
David	Douglas Redmond
Mary	Ivy Ward
Bob	Lawrence Johnson

He didn't love her, they argued. Things like this quite frequently happened to young men, and all that ever was expected of them was a cash settlement. No doubt the girl herself would think him a fool if he married her. A great deal more in the same strain—his revered father pacing the floor—the mother he had been trained from the cradle up to worship and obey, in tears and hysteria. He promised them to settle the thing—financially——

And then Thelma . . .

It was quite late that same night that Thelma sent for him. He had thought her sleeping before the early train he supposed she would take in the morning. Her message gave him both a hope and a fear.

If she had been a better actress! She was with the two children when the cablegram came and Mr. Townsend, from the other table, sat watching her as she slit the envelope and read, or consumed, the contents

hers . . . Once, the thrill that would have been. To drag so beautiful a thing so low—how could he—how could he? She shut her eyes to hide away the rude hand brushing the pollen from the petals of illusion.

The letter had been written and posted. A period of waiting. Sick waiting.

He sailed. Cabled in his old way, with the old throb, not to worry, to hold on, he was on his way home and everything would be all right.

If only she had been a better actress! She was with the two children when the cablegram came, and Mr. Townsend, from the other table, sat watching her as she slit the envelope and read, or consumed, the contents. She hadn't been able to prevent the color from suffusing her face or the sudden glad intake of her breath. She hadn't been able to control her happy laughter afterward, nor the after-breakfast romp with the children in the sunlight. She had felt so happy! Everything had come so right!

Mr. Townsend's possible suspicion did not occur to her.

When Norris came, a few days later, his father censored him first. He third degree'd him until the boy told the truth, adding that he loved Thelma and intended to marry her.

His mother fainted and his father stormed. They pictured her life to him as a ruin in which he eventually

The following morning brought Norris back again. A different Norris. Thelma saw that at a glance. His face was set and his eyes were lit by a new determination. "I am going to see my son," he announced, without preamble

When he reached her room she met him with a revolver. Her face was the whitest thing that he had ever seen. In the recesses of the bay window stood a man in the plain black of the clergy.

"You are going to marry me," Thelma was saying, "here—*now*—or you and I, together, are going to die. I mean it. Dont for one moment suppose that I dont. Choose. Choose *instantly*."

In the early hours of the following morning, when Norris told his father of the amazing occurrence, the elder Townsend said that it passed belief. "It goes to show," he said, "what a woman will do—for her young. I think it is a holy thing that Thelma did last night. I am almost afraid to look on her this morning."

His fears were spared him. Thelma was not there to be looked upon. In her place was a note saying, simply, that she had gone away and that, so far as she and her child were concerned, Norris Townsend had never been. There was no eulogy of farewell. There was no hint of any renunciation. There was a finality.

Six years later, with the gorgeous simplicity of the uttermost complexities, small David Townsend announced to his mother, one evening, "There's a man on our porch." He said it without complaint or any particular interest at all.

Thelma Townsend stepped onto the porch and confronted Norris.

"How are you, Norris?" she said; and then, when he did not answer because he could not, she said, "I do not quite understand your being here."

Norris cleared his throat. "May I sit down?" he asked.

Thelma nodded. "Why not? It cannot be for long, tho. I am sorry, but David and I keep very punctual hours."

The boy nodded and snuggled closer to Thelma. "We have to," he said, with a small and charming dignity, "else mother might have fag."

Norris said, "What is fag?"

Thelma gave a light, dispelling laugh. "We have our little joke," she said. "I teach school here," she said, "and I preach the early-to-bed maxim, giving as a reason the fact that brain fag might result with the midnight oil. We have to conserve strength, David and I, for the great things we have planned to do in the world."

David joined in. "I am going to play," he announced; "mother and I and the tin bank are going to play together. I know quite a great deal about the life of a musician already."

Thelma gave a little, proud smile. "He has a marvelous ear," she said, "and a *more* marvelous appreciation. I believe in him."

Norris, in the greying dusk, winced. So this was what he had missed! Being a part of all this! These little plans, these earnest dreams, these brave endeavors! This sweet-eyed woman, this sturdy child! All at once his six years, search and all, seemed shriveled things. Money, yachts, motors, balls . . . and *this!* Inside the cottage the lamps were lit, the windows were framed in gay chintz, there were a piano and a comfy chair. A pile of David's toys lay in one corner. There were books and cut flowers. Norris groaned.

"Thelma," he said, "I have come back. I have been looking for you. I am here for forgiveness of the thing I did."

Thelma's sweet mouth hardened, ever so slightly. "This is unnecessary, Norris," she said; "we are, as you can see, quite complete, David and I. You did nothing so very terrible, after all. I am infinitely happier than I would have been had this thing not been. There could not be another David. Please leave us as you have found us. I am content."

"But you do not forgive me? You—of course, you do not love me?"

"Neither possibility need be discussed, Norris," the woman said; "all that belonged to the girl you found wandering in the park at Morelands. It is no part of me. I have a faculty for turning pages. I beg of you to leave this one turned."

David had left them, some fine sense in the child prompting his departure, and Norris laid his hand on Thelma's arm. "Thelma," he pleaded, "when I saw that boy in the lane down the road—when he told me his name—when I heard of what you had been doing—you and he—together—oh, please, please, you, who are so tender to the child, so compassionate, so wisely understanding, accord the same quality of mercy to me, to your son's father . . . Thelma . . ."

That evening, with their evening songs, Thelma said, nonchalantly: "Son, would you care to live, always, with Daddy? You and I, together?"

Thelma shook her head. "The past is past, Norris," she said. "I do not believe in resurrections. I beg of you to go. There is no use in talk between you and me."

The following morning brought Norris back again. A different Norris. Thelma saw that at a glance. His face was set and his eyes were lit by a new determination. "I am going to see my son," he announced, without preamble. "This night thru I have seen the child's face, and he has seemed to be demanding me, seemed to be asking for me. You cannot deny my fatherhood. I have my right to him. I shall take it. I did not know—you cannot condemn a man for qualities asleep within him. I was asleep when—when it all happened. Now I am awake. I demand my right. I will not be so penalized for my lack."

Thelma turned from him. "The boy is mine," she said, then, more fiercely, "all, *all* mine. You cannot have him. You disclaimed him once, even to a name for him, when he most needed protection. He does not need it now, nor you. Neither do I. The past is the past. You had no part in it. The present is the present—and it is mine—and his. Now go."

Norris stepped over to her. "I am prepared for this thing now," he said. "I go and I take my son. I am within the law. You can come or you can stay. This is *final*."

Norris gave Thelma twenty-four hours in which to decide. In the morning, he said, he would call for her decision and his son.

That evening, with their evening songs, Thelma said, nonchalantly, "Son, would you care to live, always, with Daddy? You and I, together?"

The light on the little face pained her, while it shot her thru with a sort of joy. "I would like it, mother," he said. "I think a man in the house is fine, don't you? You wouldn't have to tend furnace then, nor shovel snow, nor run for the doctor yourself when I have bronchitis in the wintertime. There's lots of things a daddy can do. And then . . ." He paused, and gave her a side glance.

"And then, son?" she prompted, fingering the keys ever so gently.

"Well, all the other boys have daddies, mostly. I'd like to have one to show off, too. The other fellows show off about their dads something awful."

"I see," said Thelma. She *did* see. The rankling of her own bruised love and pride. The wistful little face at her side, the "other fellers" showing off their dads! A name, sometimes, was not enough.

In the morning, when Norris came for her answer, she gave it to him.

"I will go as David's mother," she said, "for David's sake. That is all."

That *was* all. For three months it was all. It might have been indefinitely all if David, once again, had not precipitated a third and last crisis by being injured, rather seriously, in a motor accident.

There was no limit to which Thelma would not go for David. Even tho that limit were Norris. They knew that it had bothered David because they did not act according to his observations, (and he *had* powers of observation), of other parents. They were not, they knew, giving him the requisite opportunities for "showing off" that the "other fellers" had.

When he was hurt, they did not dare to think how badly, they said, one to the other, "We must make him happy. We must—pretend——"

And so, across his bed, they gave smile for smile, and nod for nod, and played so sweet a game it almost seemed, sometimes, to be a truth.

One day, while he was sleeping, Norris took her hand across the coverlet. "Thelma," he begged, passionately, "please, please, my

(*Continued on page* 104)

And then they went in to David, and knelt, hands clasped over him, and the small boy, observing, planned how he would "show them off" to the "other fellers," now they were acting like regular parents at last

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

"I cant cry," said Bert Lytell, "when I'm angry." And the director had smiled over closed teeth; a smile that spoke eloquently of the joys of murder. But after he had told me the anecdote of the butter-fingered carpenter of the bombing division, Bert Lytell went back on the set, where quiet reigned at last, and became Jimmy Valentine, repentant and in love, again.

The first thing you notice about Bert Lytell is this ability of his to "get under the skin" of a rôle, and it is on this very solid foundation that his steadily increasing popularity stands.

That it doesn't pay to characterize; that the public wants a handsome leading man with a pleasing personality who will play his personality for, everything it is worth to its last smile and gesture; that it is the one-type actor who wins the quickest and largest amount of fame: this is the statement you hear professionals make over and over again. And it really must be a rule, because Bert Lytell is here to furnish the necessary exception.

All photos by Evans, L. A.

In appearance Bert Lytell is the ideal of every girl's dreams. He has the square chin, sensitive mouth, wavy brown hair and eyes-that-hold-a-hint-of-sadness with which almost every girl in her teens has endowed her future husband. Above and left, two new photographs

No one can ever say of him that he is the same in every picture. On the contrary, every part he plays is a distinct characterization. Could three impersonations be more unlike, for instance, than Tito Lombardi, "Beauty" Steele and Jimmy Valentine? And yet Bert Lytell is convincing in each of them. He is a star and he is also every inch an actor.

It is impossible to imagine him in any other walk of life, and it is equally impossible, he will tell you, for him to think of himself as doing anything else. He is one of those who did not choose the theatrical profession; the theatrical

(*Continued on page* 100)

Midsummer Love

All Photos by Hoover Art Co.

Before starting on her rôle of Little Nell in Dickens' story of "The Old Curiosity Shop," Bessie Love went off into the mountains with a photographer and the above pictures show the result. Bessie aptly brings back to us our barefoot days, gingham frocks and sunbonnets, tree-climbing and wading in the brook—the days when the sun and flowers called us out-of-doors—Midsummer Love.

A Soldier of Fortune

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Photo Campbell Studio

Listening to this young actor, I realized that it is just his own cheerful, devil-may-care spirit that he gives us in his screen portrayals. Above, a new portrait; left, with his mother, and below, a portrait of Mrs. Norman Kerry

Photo © Marceau, N. Y.

SOLDIER of Fortune! This is indeed Norman Kerry's own rôle, and it is but fitting that his greatest achievement, so far, in motion pictures should be the portrayal of the romantic hero in "Soldiers of Fortune," that fascinating tale of adventure and romance by Richard Harding Davis. One is only sorry that the author could not have seen this tall, handsome youth playing the character which he himself so dearly loved.

For twenty-five years Norman Kerry has smiled cheerfully at the world, and it may be that this very optimistic, easy-going, cheerful attitude has enticed Good Fortune to shower her gifts upon him. At any rate, things have come his way so easily that he remarks, with his characteristic cheerful grin, "I dont know yet what it is all about. I never worry; what's the use? So many nice things are bound to happen; if not today, they will come tomorrow or the next day."

Norman was born in Rochester, New York, and admits that his earliest ambition was to stay away from school. However, he graduated from St. John's College and received the appointment in 1910 for the Annapolis Naval Academy, but the very thought of the strict discipline repelled him and he let it slip by.

His father was in the leather business in New York, which necessitated his traveling all over the world, and he frequently took the family with him, so that Norman and his sister were globe trotters from infancy. This served to increase the boy's natural wanderlust, which he probably inherited from his mother's family, who were Nantucket whalers.

After finishing college, he became associated with his father and traveled annually 50,000 miles for several years.

"Sometimes I was in the Pullman, sometimes in the freight-car, and believe me, I found as much adventure and fun in the freight as the Pullman," laughed Norman, stretching his six feet two inches into a more comfortable position as we sat on the edge of a deserted stage in the afternoon sunshine at Allan Dwan's studio in Hollywood.

I worked my way to Los Angeles by taking care of twenty-six horses being shipped by train. There I landed a job with their purchaser as a riding master.

"About that time I began trying to stage a vaudeville act, but my finances soon ran out. The actors in the sketch told me of motion pictures and I began to haunt the studios. I selected the David Griffith lot and for two and a half months I walked eight miles to the place each morning and waited about without a single person noticing me. I was still too timid to ask for anything outright.

"I remained in the background until one day I saw an actor pass in what was apparently supposed to be the costume of a chamberlain. I knew the costume to be inaccurate and I summoned up enough courage to approach him. The man was John Emerson, and he was costumed for the rôle of Alving in the film version of 'Ghosts.' He accepted my suggestions in good part. Emerson later withdrew from the rôle and it was given to Henry Walthall, who also played the son, Oswald.

"But that little suggestion proved to be the turning point in my career. A few days later Mr. Emerson sought me out. 'I am doing "Old Heidelberg,"' he told me, 'and I want you to help me.' It was in the nick of time, for I owed my landlady exactly eighty-three dollars. That launched me upon my screen career, altho the fight to the point of directing 'Blind Husbands' for Universal was no easy one. I was with Mr. Emerson for a long time."

Von Stroheim is of just as sinister dapperness off the screen as upon it. He bows with the ramrod stiffness of the Prussian. His antecedents are unmistakable. Thru the period of the world war, these characteristics brought Von Stroheim much unwarranted pain. But the war is ended and he now smiles when he refers to "this physiognomy of mine."

Von Stroheim's method of thinking is distinctly Continental. He wants to produce only the Continental type of story. Indeed, he sums up the weakness of our native photoplays in this fashion:

"The exhibitor is the bugbear of the American producer. He takes it upon himself to say whether the public does or does not want a certain type of story. Now,

(*Continued on page* 113)

Von Stroheim is of just as sinister dapperness off the screen as upon it. He bows with the ramrod stiffness of the Prussian. His antecedents are unmistakable. Thru the period of the world war these characteristics brought Von Stroheim much unwarranted pain. But the war is ended and he now smiles when he refers to "this physiognomy of mine"

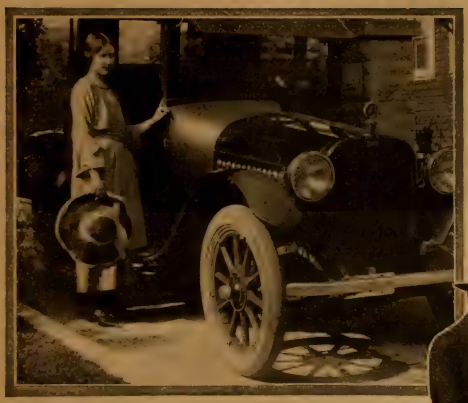
I stumbled across the body of a woman. All sorts of horrible visions came into my mind—of innocent people hung because they had been found beside murdered people. I started running again. At the Brooklyn end of the bridge, a huge Irish policeman pulled me to stop and demanded to know why I was running. I was so frightened that I told him all about the body, and he made me return and view it. The woman proved to be an ordinary drunk and, after the police-man called a patrol, he let me ride on his beat as my guest.

"I drifted West after that and some friends got me a job at Lake Tahoe as a life saver. I never had an opportunity to save any one and, with the end of the season,

Helen Herself---

All photos Evans, L. A.

Helen Jerome Eddy gets a few pointers in golf from her grandfather who has always been a devotee of the plutocratic white ball. And, incidentally, we believe this to be the first picture of a cinema favorite and grandfather ever published



Herewith are three informal pictures of Miss Eddy taken at her Hollywood bungalow which prove that there is little difference between her real and reel self — thus we prove that we have always known Helen herself

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays in Review

Above, Anita Stewart in "The Fighting Shepherdess," a picture pleasing suspense with its pastoral setting and appealing performances of pleasing personalities. Right, Alma Rubens in "Human Desire," a story which in a page from Life telling of its tears and for the same token, its laughter.

Every now and then there comes to the silversheet some production which has enjoyed great favor upon the stage. It comes with heralding, no expense is spared in placing it upon the screen and it is anticipated with much pleasure. All this is true of "Romance," and yet we see it only to realize that it can never mean to the screen what it did to the stage.

There are ideal screen stories just as there are ideal stage stories. "Romance" has undoubtedly proven itself the latter, and because it is a story created thru words rather than situations, because it depends upon its clever and, at the same time, poetic dialog, we find the screen version constantly demanding spoken titles which intercept the action seriously, otherwise the major portion of the beauty would be entirely lost.

The story, briefly, for those who failed to see it upon the stage, tells of a young and earnest clergyman in the days of crinolines and candle-lit ballrooms, who falls in love with the beautiful Rita Cavallina, a prima donna making her début in America. She has not always been wise in her living, but she comes to love him too well to permit him to sacrifice his life mission that he may accept her in his life. So she sails for Italy, having regained her soul in the noble sacrifice she has made.

Doris Keane, who has played the rôle of Rita Cavallina for many years, both here and on the English stage, comes as a recruit to the camera and, therefore, it fell upon her to master the difficult screen technique at the same time that she created her rôle, and this would not be easy.

Basil Sydney, who has always played the rôle of Tom Armstrong, the young clergyman, with Miss Keane upon the stage, makes the most of a very difficult rôle. On the stage, he tells how he wandered about in the blinding snow, stopping now and then to pray. On the screen, he is, of course, portrayed doing these things, and the episode loses much in its transition. Norman Trevor, another stage favorite, plays the other leading rôle, that of Van Tuyl, and his utter ease and grace cause one to remember him after "Romance" has faded from the screen.

Altogether, this United Artists production will be enjoyed, but it would seem another proof positive that a good screen story cannot always be made out of a good stage story—any more than a reverted case would prove true.

Left, Constance Talmadge in "The Love Expert," a picture which couldn't be without the sparkling Constance. With her it glides amusingly along.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—PARAMOUNT

On the other hand, this picture, adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's masterpiece, seems to have always belonged to the land of shadows.

John Barrymore has created a Jekyll and Hyde in this picture which will live for us always. He is the master of the most trying situations, and his transformation from the suave gentleman of culture and restraint to the fiendish creature—a human derelict run amuck—will probably stand as one of the masterpieces of cinema characterizations.

John Robertson and the producers

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

have respected the intelligence of their public and given Stevenson's story to the silversheet as truly as it proved possible to do so. For this we thank them. The entire cast could be termed adequate, altho, looking back upon it, they seem quiet figures in a tapestry woven about John Barrymore. Nita Naldi, who plays the cabaret dancer, however, has won mention thru her vividness. Everywhere this picture is drawing huge crowds—crowds which are pleased when they leave the theater, and this alone should be a strong argument in favor of the higher art of the silent drama.

There is another screen version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde being shown, with Sheldon Lewis in the title rôle, and, while we haven't viewed this personally, we feel at liberty to criticise it because of the fact that the conventional ending has been injected.

The interest with which this work of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde has always been held would seem to speak for itself. Therefore, we find it in our heart to marvel at those who would improve upon him who is one of our greatest writers.

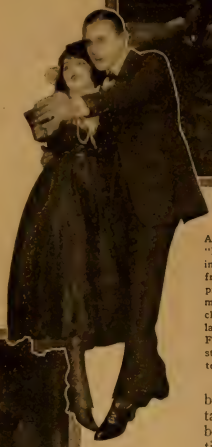
And again, we are grateful to the director and producers of the John Barrymore production for their belief in Stevenson.

THE FIGHTING SHEPHERDESS—FIRST NATIONAL

There was one thing, as we remember, for which we were grateful in "The Fighting Shepherdess," and that was the fact that she was not a shepherdess for the first two reels and then—presto!—a society belle, free from any crudities of the mountain maid and apparently to the manner born, probably with some blue-blooded relations to explain her efficiency in bridging the gap. Anita Stewart is the fighting shepherdess to the very end—fighting, too, most of the time, and placing her fight against the townspeople even before the loyal sweetheart who kept journeying from the ancestral home in Virginia. Somehow we wouldn't have blamed him if he had eventually failed to return—but he didn't. And the last time he found that she had taught the narrow-minded townspeople that it is "evil to them who evil thinketh," so she said she would marry him.

It is certainly not a good picture, for, lacking any suspense, it has no psychological unweaving or character studies to hold the interest.

Anita Stewart wears the shepherdess garb thruout, with the exception of the last scene, and we must admit that she is far more beautiful when she wears Parisian models.



Above, John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which his transformation from Jekyll to Hyde will probably stand as one of the masterpieces of cinema characterizations. Left, Wallace Reid in "The Dancin' Fool," a story not new or startling but pleasingly entertaining in an amiable way

Left, Doris Keane in "Romance," the great stage production in which she has scored a large measure of success for the last five years

HUMORESQUE—COSMOPOLITAN

Because, even tho it marks Alma Rubens' début as a Cosmopolitan player, she does not constantly decorate the screen—because it is a simple story, gradually and naturally unweaving—

(*Continued on page* 110)

Doth Thee Like Quakeresses?

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

The pious members of the Order of Friends were laid away to a supposedly peaceful rest, only to have their long slumber at last arrested by the awful apostasy of one of their solemn sect. Mildred Davis, a lineal descendant of William Penn, a movie comedy queen! Above, a portrait study, and, right, with Harold Lloyd in "His Royal Slyness"

Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's new feminine fountain of fun, is three thousand miles away from the scenes of the Quaker meeting house in which she was trained and three million miles away from its traditions—a complete metamorphosis of the spirit that guided generations of the order in the application of the Scriptural injunction: "Let your conversation be yea, yea, and nay, nay."

In her Los Angeles studio the gay little Rolin merrymaker reverences her ancestors and boasts of her long lineage, running back to the founder of the colony of Philadelphia, whose benevolent justice made the aboriginal Indians his devoted friends.

But Mildred says times have changed; she lives in the twentieth century. The seventeenth, with its simple life, needed no sedative of foolery; people could perhaps be happy tho unfailingly serious. The twentieth, with its complex problems, its manifold worries and high cost of living, needs laughter. It must have the strain of the strenuous life relieved

Does it seem an old romance in Philadelphia a boudoir of the founders of the Pennsylvania aristocrats who started in on its honest and stern career have been turning over in their tombs?

These pious members of the Order of Friends, who in life looked upon all manner of frivolity as inspired of Satan, were laid away to a supposedly peaceful rest, only to have their long slumber at last arrested by the awful apostasy of one of their solemn sect.

From the ancient Quaker viewpoint, anathema!

Mildred Davis, a lineal descendant of William Penn, a movie comedy queen!

If it were only a dream, a pure figment of some malign vision, it would cause the shade of an orthodox Friend to writhe in distress.

But it's worse. It's a horrible reality.

By RICHARD WILLIS

by the extreme reaction of slapstick or it will crack from the pressure.

So reasons Merry Mildred, and she is "comeding" with abandon—and no apologies.

She's proud to be a full Quakeress, but with true philosophic resolve she believes she's serving the common good quite as truly by preaching and practising the gospel of laughter as her ancestors did by hewing close to the line of the eternal verities.

Satan may have adopted the livery of the clown in the days of Penn and as such all his allurements merited the rebuke of immobile countenance. But Satan is a wily fiend. He goes about now with the mien of the pessimist, fomenting wars and strikes and bolshevism, and it needs a new policy to thwart his crafty purpose to fill the world with strife and gloom and mutual suspicion.

So Mildred has put on the cap and bells!

After giving her the once over, one is obliged to have a wholesome respect for Quaker blood; it produces what we like to think the best American stock, as the portrait of the little lady bears evidence.

If a look is not enough, the manner of her entry into the charmed circle of movieland speaks eloquently of her assets.

In 1916 the Davises moved to Tacoma, Wash., from the Philadelphia home in which they and their fathers had lived continuously for more than half a century. Mildred was still in curls and even then apostasy was in her veins, for she took up the study of stage dancing with a Tacoma teacher and soon acquired local eminence as a graceful, beautiful and proficient exponent of that art.

Then came the urge to move movieward. She sent her photograph to some of the producers and agencies in the film capital, with a simple appeal for a chance to try for the career it has provided for so many ambitious girls.

Don Meaney was the most alert. One glance at the portrait and he rang up the Western Union. Perhaps he had the luck to draw a less leaden-footed messenger than the others.

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

She's proud to be a full Quakeress, but, with true philosophic resolve, she believes she's serving the common good quite as truly by preaching and practising the gospel of laughter as her ancestors did by hewing close to the line of the eternal verities

Anyhow, "Come at once," he telegraphed, and soon Mildred was on her way down to California and up to fame.

Thomas H. Ince, it seems, wanted her to go a little later to New York for a picture he proposed to make there. Would she wait?

Not she! She was fired with the purpose to put her mettle to the test, and so she went to another booking agency. There in the waiting-room were four rivals who are now famous as stars or leading ladies.

Mildred's heart sank. She knew these rivals by reputation. What chance had she against such an array of talent and experience?

(*Continued on page* 102)

True Facts About Censorship

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

As the legalized censorship I found out that this only exists in two States, and New York and California, the two most prominent motion picture producing States are not among them. Above is pictured Mr. Moskowitz, executive secretary of the National Board of Review

I AM disillusioned.

As I am sitting at my trusty Underwood, I am thinking over the events of the day and what led up to them. I keep on telling myself that, being in my right senses, I could not possibly have expected anything else; that I ought to be glad that things are as they are and not as my wild fancy had painted them. In short, that we are living in the twentieth century, which is a very nice and safe century. If you please. Also, I must confess that I myself am in blame for what happened and that it serves me right. But, just the same, I just help a certain feeling of regret at having to put myth to rout.

When I was very young—oh, quite and years ago—I simply doted on fairy-tales and myths and legends. And I was particularly fond of all of my story-book characters. I believed implicitly in the talking rug and the flexible supernatural lamp, and the magic carpet. Fairies and guardian angels, even the huge man, more mighty

real to me. That is, until I started to investigate. The bogy man had long since gone out of my life, leaving a place that never, *never* could be filled by another. I felt grieved; I had expected things to turn out differently, indeed, and I wanted to keep on believing. But then, who told me to investigate?

I might say the same now. For even tho I am a good deal older, and supposedly wiser, than in those days, I had hidden away in the remotest corner of my mind the last of my idols, the censor. I cherished him as the last of my beliefs. In idle moments my mind would dwell on him lovingly. My imagination, utterly disappointed by the bogy man and the rest, worked feverishly on a picture of the censor until he was so real to me I would have recognized him anywhere.

The picture was colorful and complete. There was a dimly lighted room, a garret by preference. This garret was dark, and musty with the smell of old books and old furniture. The paper on the walls, brown with age, bore a faded flower design of days long gone by; bookcases filled with heavy tomes, chairs and desk were of a long-forgotten period, resembling nothing I had ever seen before. The pigeonholed desk contained piles and piles of boresome and important papers, and, seated before it, quill pen in hand, was the censor himself. He was certainly a quaint figure. Old and withered and bent, in knickerbockers and frock-coat, an official-looking wig on his head, he would sit in his garret, day in and day out, surrounded by piles of manuscripts and films, crossing out with his dangerous-looking pen or cutting with his vicious scissors, paragraphs or scenes that displeased him. Finally, when he had fulfilled his duty to the utmost, he would affix an official seal to the film or book

Below, a scene from "Evangeline," a picture heartily recommended by the board

By
ELLEN D. TARLEAU

he was handling, and tie it around with red tape, of which there was always a large and tangled spool at his side . . .

The more I thought about him, the more alive did he become. Of course, I should have let it go at that, but then curiosity prompted me to investigate, to beard the censor in his lair, as it were, and, as a result, I am disillusioned.

I found out that—*there is no censor!* By that I mean that there is no one man, cranky and old, who has the power to tell the public what is permissible for them to see, and what cannot, under any circumstances whatsoever, be shown, because it does not conform to his ideas of purity, or morality, or decency, or all the three combined.

But, instead of the grouchy old censor in a musty den, I met The National Board of Review of Motion Pictures. And the board occupies a suite of well-ventilated and well-furnished offices in an up-to-date business building on Fifth Avenue in New York. Such is reality!

Oh, well, coming to think of it, I would not have it otherwise, for isn't it better to have a committee of clever, educated, broad-minded and public-spirited people judge the motion pictures we see and *suggest* changes or eliminations wherever they are necessary, than to have an old fogy, no matter how picturesque, rule out despotically anything that *might*—by the wrong sort of person, of course—be misconstrued?

The following are a few facts about the origin of The National Board of Review, its work and its aims:

In 1909, Mayor McClellan ordered every picture house in New York closed. This bold and autocratic order followed an investigation into motion picture conditions by the then Police Commissioner, General Bingham, even tho he found that, while there were some defects in subject matter and treatment, the majority of pictures shown were wholesome. But public opinion, the autocrat to whom even a mayor must bow, forced him to revoke this order soon afterwards. The motion picture exhibitors, whose business had been seriously damaged, appealed to Charles Sprague Smith, director of the People's Institute, to form a volunteer, a disinterested and stable board drawn from persons associated with social organizations. This was done, and The National Board came into existence.

The manufacturers then recognized

(*Continued on page* 119)

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW

.....19....

Name of Picture.....

Maker.....No. of reels.....

.....PASSED WITHOUT CHANGE
.....PASSED SUBJECT TO ELIMINATIONS
(Note eliminations on the reverse of ballot.)

.....CONDEMNED IN TOTO
(Note reasons on the reverse of ballot.)

If a member is dissatisfied with the verdict of the majority and believes that the picture should receive further consideration, the ballot may be marked as follows:

.....Referred to a Second Review Committee

.....Appealed to the General Committee

Signature.....

Type of Picture.....Percentage Value.....

Instructional Value	Art of Production	Entertainment Value	Moral Effect
....Excellent	....Excellent	....Excellent	....Excellent
.....Good	.....Good	.....Good	.....Good
.....Fair	.....Fair	.....Fair	.....Doubtful
.....None	.....Poor	.....Poor	.....None

This Picture is Satisfactory for:—

Audiences:
- .....Children under 12
- .....Young People 12-16
- .....Family entertainments
- .....Adult audiences only

This Picture is recommended for use by:—

Institutions:
- .....Colleges
- .....Schools
- .....Ethical and Religious
- .....Libraries

This Picture is Valuable for:—
- .....Civic Work, such as.....
- .....Social Welfare, such as.....
- .....Current Information about.....
- .....Propaganda for.....
- .....Americanization, as it teaches.....

PLEASE MARK BALLOT IN FULL

The board is "national" in that it sits at the gateway thru which all motion pictures must pass before they reach the American public. Above, a sample ballot used by members of the board in voting on productions. and, right, Mr. Orrin G. Cocks, advisory secretary of the National Board of Review

William Farnum acting as host to the National Board of Review

Our Animated Monthly

of

News and Views

By

TRUMAN B. HANDY

Above, Wesley Barry and Bebe Daniels snapped between scenes of "The Dancing Fool," the picture in which they demonstrate their terpsichorean ability. Right, Edward Burke keeps fit by a game of tennis whenever possible, and, below, Wesley Barry is followed by Omega himself that he is learning to walk like Buckhead before the camera—and Wesley had high hopes of being at least a quadruped—alas, 'tis a cruel world

ALMOST overnight, so suddenly has come the announcement, three new stars have blazed forth at Lasky. Of course, every film fan knows Margaret Loomis, Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley. They've all been signed on five-year contracts to star, and Wanda Hawley has finished her first production, called "Miss Hobbs."

And, incidentally, Gloria Swanson has won the stardom she merits, and after a short respite from her studio work, which will include a trip to New York, she will set forth upon her starring venture for Famous Players-Lasky.

Speaking of stars, too, reminds me that Ruth Stonehouse is with Metro in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." For many months she was off the screen. Metro is making numerous stars. In the first place, Emma Dunn journeyed here to make a film version of "Old Lady 31," her New York stage success. Then along came Miss Stonehouse, followed by Helen Raymond, the brilliant American actress who crossed to London during the war to create the star rôle of "Twin Beds" at the Apollo Theater. Richard Rowland saw her in England and persuaded her to join his film company. Here she is, and she's just finished "Dangerous to Men," with Viola Dana, and a leading rôle with May Allison.

A funny thing happened the other day over in the studios where Allan Dwan is at work on his forthcoming production. Said Director Dwan to Niles Welch, the leading man:

"We'll begin with the love scene in which you kiss her passionately."

The cast had been called together for the first rehearsal, and Mary Thurman, the leading lady, was seen to blush, while Niles was decidedly uneasy.

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, "but before I kiss Miss Thurman, I think you might introduce me to her."

These denizens of the West known as cowboys are getting

Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

IT is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with just a few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week.

But it must be the *right kind* of care. Never cut the cuticle. The more you cut it the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

With a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For a brilliant, lasting polish use the Cake Polish first, then the paste Polish.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 and 65 cent bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Nail White, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents, at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

For two dimes you can get a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of each product for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th Street, New York. *If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 808, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.*

You can get the Cutex preparations separately or in complete sets at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

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808

to occupy quite considerable space nowadays in Hollywood. We have another cowboy actor at Goldwyn by the name of Gwynn Anderson who is making his début with Will Rogers. And Buck Jones, the Fox "find," fell off a horse lately and has been nursing a broken arm. Jack Pickford, after watching the various cowboys perform, decided that he would like to know how to rope, and so Will Rogers is teaching him every day at the studio. They've been practising on "Billy Whiskers," the studio goat, which nobody seems to have succeeded in getting yet.

Milton Sills has been engaged for three of the George Melford productions, and I met him shortly after his return from Truckee, whence the company had gone on location to take the snow scenes for "The Translation of a Savage." As usual, Mr. Sills was accompanied by a good smoke, for he doesn't seem able to talk without that old brier pipe of his. He thinks this picture will be the most loved drama since "The Miracle Man," for, with one exception, the characters are sympathetic and lovable. There's the usual frozen North fight in which Milton got a few very hard knocks, but he came out a brilliant winner. He's stouter and really more handsome than when he played opposite Petrova and Clara K. Young.

Elliott Dexter was at the Famous Players studio the other day and fit as a fiddle, scarcely leaning on the cane which he has carried with him since his illness and saying how well he feels. This is his second picture, the first having been done on crutches and a cane.

There have been a number of festivities in the colony, too, lately. The other day Kathleen Kirkham had a birthday party and then took her friends to the Blue Bird Café for dinner. Miss Kirkham's sister from the Middle West is still visiting California and, besides, Kathleen has living at her lovely Delaware Avenue bungalow a small niece and nephew, who have toys enough in the Kirkham nursery to stock a small shop. Miss Kirkham's husband spoils the youngsters, *she* says, but he declares that Kathleen cant pass a candy or toy shop without bringing home fresh specimens.

Helen Taft, daughter of William H. Taft, recently visited the studios and, of course, she was entertained by the different clubs and stars. She spent a half day at Metro with May Allison, and they had their pictures taken 'n' everything.

William D. Taylor is featuring Lewis Sargent, of Huck Finn fame, in a story by Julia Crawford Ivers, running in a popular magazine. Young Sargent comes of a large family, and it just happened that he was seen on the street one day when he was doing an errand for his father, who is a

(*Continued on page* 112)

A new era in teeth protection

These new discoveries mark a new era in teeth cleaning. Tooth beauty comes through removing the cloudy film coat. But that also means vastly more. It means safer, cleaner teeth. And it doubtless will mean, in the years to come, a vast reduction in tooth troubles.

Dentists everywhere are urging people to adopt this new protection.

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You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are urging this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

To end the film

The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth, on this account, discolor and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

Now a combatant

Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

The vital facts

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.

Mark the results in ten days

One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

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10-DAY TUBE FREE

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ONE TUBE ONLY TO A FAMILY

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

William H. Crane, co-starring with [illegible] in "The Sagebrush," Marion's presentation of the famous stage play, "The New Henrietta," recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. The veteran actor is the last of the immortal trio organized at Joseph Jefferson, Denman Thompson and Lasselle.

"K C B" (Kenneth C. Beaton), the [illegible] and widely read [illegible] newspapers and magazines, appears in "Children Not Wanted," a film depicting the troubles of persons with children occupying apartments in New York.

Winifred Westover is in Sweden, where she is being starred in Swedish photoplays.

James F. Abbe, a well-known New York photographer who also was recently in Los Angeles and had "sittings" with Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge and other celebrities during his stay, some of the results of those "sittings" will grace the many publications he was asked by Mr. Bennett to furnish a picture in honor of the birthday of the famous continent of the Dark. Season girls appeared [illegible] in the past successful comedy, it is now announced that parts of the Seven Sister girls will be adequately displayed, especially recruited. Prominent on the lines of beauties, is Barbara Hoxsie.

Wilfred Lytell, younger brother of Bert Lytell, will appear in an all-star production of a Henry Lane melodrama, "The Marriages of Mayfair."

Madge Kennedy's third Famous Players [illegible] is "The Girl With the Last Name," from the story by Robert Housum, which first appeared in Munsey's magazine.

Thomas H. Ince has separated the [illegible] and will present Douglas MacLean as a star in his own [illegible].

Betty Blythe will be seen in the [illegible] of Nomads of the [illegible] by James Oliver Curwood.

Olive Tell has established under the Metro banner and in "Thirteen" will play the role created on the legitimate stage by Grace George.

The Clayton-Pitkowski classic "Old Curiosity Shop," with Bessie Love's name starring talents for Andreas J. [illegible].

Frank Currier, grand old man of Metro pictures, is back in the East and will be seen in "The Marriages of Mayfair."

A daughter was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. William Russell at Beverly Hills, home of the Desmonds, near Los Angeles. She and has been christened "Mary Joanna."

To the list of [illegible] Gaby Deslys, [illegible] acquainted her fortune [illegible] and a gift of property of great value [illegible] to the theatre-owned into a hospital for the poor and needy. With Dudley Field Malone's legal fortune, a considerable [illegible] of the latter's earnings [illegible] by her motion picture work.

Gareth Hughes will be leading man in Viola Dana's forthcoming [illegible] "The Chance Girl's Romance," a screen version of Hugh and Mabel Chesney, recently published in *The American Boy's Book*.

Ida Darling, the "grande dame" of the photoplay world, has been engaged as a member of the all-star stock company [illegible] Famous Players.

Vera Gordon had never appeared before the camera until the filming of Fannie Hurst's story "Humoresque," in which she scored a big success in her wonderful portrayal of the mother. Miss Gordon left the cast of "Business Before Pleasure," then playing in London, to return to America for the making of "Humoresque."

Blanche Davenport, daughter of E. L. Davenport, and sister of Fanny and Harry Davenport wishes to announce that the Blanche Davenport mentioned in Green Room Jottings of the April-May Motion Picture Magazine, is an entirely different person, and in no way related to the famous Davenport family. Miss Davenport is a singer of note, having attained celebrity in grand opera, under the name of Gianca La Blanche. She has also written poems, stories, plays and photoplays under the name of La Blanche Davenport, but has never appeared in motion pictures.

Mildred Reardon's first work in the East is in "The Sign of the Skull," from Louis Tracy's novel, "No. 17," in which she plays opposite George Walsh.

"The Great Physician," a seven-reel story, produced by Screen Classics, is supposed to convey to the screen the message left to the world by Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science. A difficult problem for Chadwick Ayres, who directed it.

Charles Richman, who gave up stardom on the stage for the screen, has an important rôle in Anita Stewart's new picture, "Harriet and the Piper."

Sidney Olcott, who has been directing Rupert Hughes' comedies for Goldwyn on the West coast, has had fourteen years of directing motion pictures, and has made productions in fourteen foreign countries for American companies.

Montagu Love will play opposite Geraldine Farrar in a picturization of the famous stage melodrama, "The Riddle, Woman."

Burton Holmes, globe-trotter, lecturer and author, has sailed for another film-gathering voyage. His tentative itinerary calls for a three months' tour of the Near East, Turkey, Spain and part of Bohemia. Mr. Holmes was one of the first travelers to turn his attention to the film field.

Percy Marmont appears opposite Norma Talmadge in her latest picture, "Branded."

The Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, numbers among its guests this summer, Gina Relly, well-known French motion picture actress, who is posing in a feature picture for Fox Film Co.

Little Miss Suzanne Vidor, daughter of King Vidor, motion picture producer and director, and Florence Vidor, screen star, has played the star rôle in several thousand feet of film, which her fond parents are preserving as a record of baby days.

Lionel Barrymore is to make five pictures for First National. The first, "The Master Mind," is a photodrama based upon Daniel G. Carter's stage play of the same name.

Photo by Sarony

MADGE KENNEDY

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Green Room Jottings

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

David Kirkland, director of Constance Talmadge's First National pictures, has gone abroad armed with a traveling camera, to procure shots of famous spots in England and Europe and to absorb "atmosphere" for use in future productions.

Richard Storey, brother of Edith Storey and one of the first celebrities of the screen, has joined the directing force of Thomas H. Ince staff, and is assisting in the direction of the Louis Joseph Vance story, [illegible]

Lucy Cotton and Pedro De Cordoba will be seen in support of William Farnsham, in "The Sin That Was His." The story was written by Frank L. Packard, who wrote "The Miracle Man."

Mildred Davis has signed for another year to [illegible] with her Harold Lloyd [illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven will [illegible] Exhibitors.

In "A Doctor of [illegible]," a Thomas Ince production, Enid Bennett will [illegible] a hysterical maid, who [illegible] of Faith [illegible]

Willa Bennett, screen star of [illegible] appeared in "The Bugler" is one of the [illegible] Metro's all-star [illegible] "Love, Honor and [illegible]

Hope Hampton is making her [illegible] Angeles, and will [illegible] to Hawaii. The story, [illegible] H. H. Van Loan, centers [illegible] of Waikiki.

Lucian Cash has left D. W. Griffith, and will make five pictures for Louis [illegible]

Gladys George will be seen in the [illegible] Dunn [illegible] Elliott Dexter [illegible]

Elliott Dexter [illegible] a scene in [illegible] Cecil B. de Mille's latest production, [illegible] to Think About."

Joe King is the principal player in [illegible] Madge Kennedy, in "The Girl With the Jade Heart."

Madge Kennedy plays a trip abroad [illegible] and soon her screen [illegible] take up her work behind the footlights.

"Buster" Collier, son of William, will support his dad in "The Sin and Question."

"Stella Maris," Jane Cowl's recent Broadway success, [illegible] as a starring vehicle for Norma Talmadge.

Bert Lytell is back from the East after two years at [illegible] and will make four special pro-[illegible]

Betty Compson, known as "The Good Little Bad Girl," in [illegible] Metro productions and with William Reed has been [illegible] to the screen for [illegible]

Marguerite de La Motte has an important part in "Trumpet [illegible] a romantic [illegible] in which New York and southern [illegible] form the background for the scenes.

Max Rand [illegible] more than two hundred plays and [illegible] of William Rock, died recently at his home on Long [illegible]

Coleen Moore is appearing opposite Wesley Barry in the first Neilan production, starring the boy actor.

Mrs. Sidney Drew says that, upon the completion of her own studio and her own organization this fall, she intends to try her art at serious acting. In the meantime, she is in Chicago to finish the direction of a series of five pictures, adapted from Julian Street's "After Thirty."

It has been definitely announced that **William S. Hart** will retire from the screen in the near future. He has refused, also, a generous offer by A. H. Woods to return to the speaking stage.

Photo by Conce, San Antonio, Texas

BLANCHE McGARITY

Jackie Saunders is playing opposite William Farnum in "The Scuttlers."

Marguerite Courtot is sailing for Spain to enact the title rôle of "Carmen," to be produced there by Pathé.

Frank Borzage will again be responsible for a Fannie Hurst story, "Just Around the Corner," that will be filmed for Cosmopolitan productions.

Little **Viola Davis**, who appeared with Alice Joyce in many Vitagraph productions, is now playing the leading rôle in the vaudeville sketch "Just Suppose."

Alice Brady will discontinue temporarily her work on the speaking stage and devote her time and energy to the making of Realart pictures.

Ann Cornwall will appear as leading woman in a feature for Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, from the musical comedy, "La La Lucille."

Gaston Glass supports Norma Talmadge in her latest production "The Branded Woman."

"Hoot" Gibson, Universal's intrepid young cowboy star, is wielding the megaphone for a series of two-reel productions, written by Louis B. Lighton, in which "Hoot" is also starring.

Norma Talmadge won, by several thousand votes, a popularity voting contest for choosing the world's most popular motion picture star, recently conducted by the *Minneapolis Journal*.

Billie Burke's first picture, under her new contract with Paramount-Artcraft, will be "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," an adaptation of the comedy by Clyde Fitch.

Adele Blood will appear as the leading feminine support in "The Riddle, Woman," Geraldine Farrar's first Associated Exhibitors' production.

Eugene V. Brewster, of the Brewster publications, is producing a five-reel drama in which the winners and honor roll members of this year's Fame and Fortune contest will appear. Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, two winners of the 1919 contest, have been cast for leading parts in this production.

Carmel Myer's first picture under her new Universal contract will be "In Follies' Trail," a drama directed by Rollin Sturgeon.

Roy Stewart supports Betty Compson in her first production with her own company, "The Test."

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each question must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp to cover cost; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

A Sam Foster says: "No man can read good books that which he cannot turn to read with pleasure." So, if it gives you any pleasure to read this department, I hope you will profit thereby. The music is about to start

Miss A. S. W.—Yes, why do they do it? I agree with you about Douglas McLean. Ethel Barrymore is going to play in "The Jessica," her present stage play, for the movies. Thanks for your interesting letter.

Daisy Lee.—Boy runs? Don't mention it. It may be a nuisance, but not externally, for I was told about one bad fire the late Virginia Brown Faire rescued in "Romance," the Universal Western two-reeler, with Hoot Gibson. She was the 1919 beauty of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Grey Dot.—You say Bartlemess isn't his name—it's Cosmo. You're all wrong. Richard Barthelmess is his right name and he was born in New York City.

Zoe.—Don't forget that it is no disgrace to be poor; the disgrace is to not knowing why you are poor. Glad to hear you have so many foreign friends. The foreigners are great movie fans. Martha Mansfield will play the Mignon Schmick after completing a play for Lenore Ulric.

H. L.—No, not things are never masterpieces when they first appear. They become masterpieces afterwards. Henry B. Walthall was the Lone Wolf, Mary Anderson was Cleopatra in "The False Faces." Louis Calhern's name is Calhern. I had dinner with Mrs. Vance the other night.

Curious One.—You ask for the address of a few players and you gave the names of twenty. I'd hate to be writing a "few" minutes for you. You say you are a farmer and a milliner is a girl who trims rough timber. Whoops, my dear!

Eleanor G. Hoe River.—I guess they only appear to be friends. Friendship between two leading ladies of the same company is only an expression of hostilities. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was produced by Metro. Bert Lytell was Lee or Jimmie Valentine, Viola Vale was Rose, and Eugene Pallette was Red Jocelyn.

Wondering Jazz Baby.—Some people seek opportunity, and some only remember it. So you fail to see anything bright in this department. Dear me! I must find time to run in for a mirror. Anyway, I'll make you a present of it if you wish to. Read this department occasionally every month for a few years and I am confident that some day you will discover something in it that is actually good. The "Birth of a Nation" released March 3rd, 1915. Dorothy Gish did not play in it.

Daisy Dimples.—Let me tell you who Freddie was in "The Miracle Man." Pearl White is not married, and Wanda Hawley is "just as pretty as she looks."

Lily-White or Some Other.—Fear is the mother of courage and mercy. Love the well is the cause of sanctimony. Love the shadow, it will be of some service and forget the sun. So you like Lenore Ulric. He is now playing in Glendale, Cal.

Miss Answerette.—A little late, but better than never. Mary Pickford started with the Imp Company. Sleeping car and passenger car scenes are usually taken in the studios. The car is a three-sided set, open at the camera end and long rolls of scenery unroll rapidly before its windows to give realism.

Reader.—You want to know all about Olga Olinova, who plays opposite Al Jennings, and also about Edith Roberts. Interviews with both of these players will appear soon. Benjamin Franklin was twenty-six when he began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac." It had a circulation of more than 10,000 and that was pretty big for those times.

Miss E. E. C. B.—Thanks for the clipping.

Raymond H., Niagara Falls.—Some description you give of me. I'm really and truly 79 years now. Natalie Talmadge has had no previous stage experience. Mary Miles Minter is in Los Angeles. $5.00 a day is the average for extras, but recently they have been getting about $10 a day. You might. Most companies wont accept synopses unless they are typewritten. Yes, and many of the blunders of the world have occurred from the mind being in one place and the body in another.

George S. M.—Yes, "A Man of Honor" was taken from the book, "The Yellow Dove."

Patsy Cannady.—Welcome, Patsy. You say, excuse the typewriting—that you are more at home hoeing corn than beating the typewriter. So you are a tiller of the soil. Beautiful! So you see all the shows that come to your town. And you like the Farnum boys about as well as anybody, because they are not cigaret-smoking sissies. Right you are, Patsy, and I want you to write me again.

Esmeralda.—Surely I was glad to hear from you. But dont be too ready to accept people's confidences; they will perhaps suspect you of betraying them. Walter McGrail was Maurice, Claire MacDowell was Elizabeth and Ora Carew was Clarice in "Blind Youth." Thank you very much.

Patricia Irwin.—You scored a point when you said Montagu Love was so delightfully homely. And you love his red hair. Yes, he is a real person. Clarine Seymour died on April 25th after an operation for intestinal trouble.

Mrs. Rejected Gloocoos.—Well, well! No, I never have a grouch. Yes, write him a nice little note and tell him you are sorry. Dont know what has happened to Dakota Bill. You sign "Yours with the best of intentions." Elucidation is in order. What are your intentions? This is leap year.

Carliss A.—Wish I could help you. *Memorabilia*—the greatest generals, I should say, were Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Frederick the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Wellington, George Washington, Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Oyama and Foch. Earle Williams played Captain Swift, Florence Dixon was Stella and Adelaide Prince was Lady Seabrook in "Captain Swift."

D. W. Griffith Girls.—You say "June Elvidge is healthy, but not beautiful." Norma Talmadge is in New York, Natalie is about 19 and Constance 21.

Wm. H. Newsome, Jr.,
Huntington, W. Va.

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The Answer Man

Mildred N.—I really dont know whether Arthur Jasmine ever went to school in Minneapolis. In fact, I dont know whether he ever went to school at all.

Georgia Peach.—Ah, there, fair one! I'm glad you dont think I am sarcastic, for I'm not. Yes, one of the most important things to learn in this world is the value of money; and the quickest way to learn the value of money is to try to borrow some. I tried to borrow a quarter the other day, but the office boy told me he was the same way himself. Leo Delaney played in "Circumstantial Evidence" for Arrow-Steiner.

A. M. B. Beacon.—No, I am not another Diogenes. Perhaps if he was alive now he would throw aside his lantern and use an X-ray. Edmund Breese and Claire Whitney in "The Common Level."

A Convert to Wally.—You really stun me with your questions about Wallace Reid. You want to know if I ever met him, whether he "has a well-modulated voice, and does it flow along smoothly? Where did he accumulate all his strength? Is he just a big kid as he appears in some pictures, or is he real manly, stern and severe? He knows that he has a fine profile, doesn't he?" Wally, Wally, step up and answer the lady.

G. E. P.—That's some female football team you picked out. I would like to see them play.

Adaline M.—I must decline to answer your question because I am too old and wise not to know the folly of discussing the question of age and weight with a woman. You say you would rather see Charles Meredith than to receive your allowance. Of course, there is no comparison. Last year you liked Eugene O'Brien, but since he isn't playing with Norma Talmadge you like Charles better. So you liked ZaSu Pitts in "The Other Half." You want me to suggest a dignified class motto. I'll think it over. You remind me of my school days, many, many years ago.

Peggy L. F.—In Greek mythology, Diana was the daughter of Jupiter, and Latona, goddess of hunting, chastity and marriage. I dont know why they combined hunting and marriage, but I guess they go hand in hand. So you received a handsome picture from Geraldine Farrar, and you think her most wonderful. Betty Compson is in California. Enid Bennett is in Culver City, Cal., and Tom Moore is in California. Thanks for all the kind things you say.

Jane B.—It isn't being done any more, Jane. The companies dont want scenarios, now called continuities, but just a detailed synopsis explaining the story. You refer to Eva Novak in "Desert Love" with Tom Mix as Buck.

Flo S.—The almond trees of Spain yield about 25% of the world's supply.

I like them salted. No, I dont wear an apron when I do my inquiries, it's not dirty work, and there's no mud throwing. No indeed, I never eat spaghetti. I have to give my whiskers a bath after eating it, and the finger bowls aren't large enough. You me n Margery Daw.

Happy.—Tho married. How awful! Writing to a man you never had an introduction to and breaking all the laws of society. I promise, holding up right hand here, never to tell your husband. I haven't the name of the maid who showed her pretty ankles in "Male and Female." They dont cast them by that description. Some letter, Happy. It made me laff out loud like a hoss.

The Lobster Kid.—There's plenty of them in New York. Usually in the front row of a musical comedy. You want to know what time I retire. Well, I try to make it ten; but it is more often eleven. I go to bed with reluctance, yet I quit it with regret. I make up my mind every night to leave it early, but I make up my body every morning to keep it late. Everybody should hit the feathers not later than 10:00 every night. It is Na zim ova. Accent on the zim. You dont like the way Anita Stewart makes up her eyebrows. You think they ought to be arched instead of a straight line. Anita thinks she knows best.

Kiswaski.—Yes, I know some of the small towns are bamboozled into getting old revised pictures, and I dont know how it can be stopped. Theda Bara is playing in "The Blue Flame" on the road.

(*Continued on page* 108)

SELZNICK PICTURES

OLIVE THOMAS

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

August is the Month of Fulfillment

GROWING things are reaching perfection and the Harvest Moon turns the world to gold.

This August is marked by the fulfillment of Selznick's promise to give you the stars you want in the kind of pictures you like to see—pictures that charm with sentiment; lure with mystery; thrill with adventure; delight with romance.

That's why two new stars have been added to the Selznick firmament and why

SELZNICK PICTURES

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¶ And with the PLAYERPHONE your choice of musical selections is unrestricted—it plays every make of disc record without change of equipment, giving the fullest tone values to each record. This is possible because of the distinctive features of our own tone arm, reproducer and weight adjuster, exclusive to the PLAYERPHONE, which makes the operation so simple and accurate for the personal eccentricities of its richness.

¶ The [illegible] PLAYERPHONE is our own [illegible] from the delicate [illegible] the fine hand carving of the beautiful cabinets to the absolutely [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Alice the Efficient

(*Continued from page 33*)

many furs and other things when I really have no time to wear them outside of my work, but for the most part I go sanely on doing what I have to do each day as it comes and planning for the morrow. The stage is not new to me, of course, and only playing at matinées twice a week, unless a holiday creeps in, gives me all day for my picture work. Sometimes we cant get a studio in the city when we're on tour with 'Forever After' and I utilize that time by planning new clothes, attending to the details which have collected and in reading new books with an eye to their adaptability to the screen; reading manuscripts and plays. I think my screen work helps me with my stage work and my stage work with my screen work, so you see it's probably not much more difficult doing both than it would be to do the one.

"During the summer months, too," she went on, "we are going to take a pretty little bungalow in California. I'll work only in pictures then, of course, and it will be a rest for both of us." She paused and smiled—"A second honeymoon——."

Even in her dressing-room one witnessed flashes of her innate efficiency—and yet to simply term her efficient paints an untrue picture of her, for we have come to think of efficient people as almost tersely capable—Alice is, with all her efficiency, more wistful than almost anything else you could say. While her maid assisted her and she accepted her help graciously, you felt with a certainty that Alice herself could do things. While she dressed, she anticipated things she would need that evening, having the little maid place them where they would be available, and you ceased, in a large degree, to wonder how she has been able to crowd her life so full and yet do everything successfully.

Her eyes are even bigger than they appear—quite bigger and almost black they are so very dark—too, she's not as tall as she appears on either stage or screen. I mentioned this to her. . . .

"You see," she explained, smiling into the glass at me, "I always wear long lines,—they make you look taller. The modiste who furnishes me with my clothes knows I dont go in for the frilly things—ingenue things. I have a contract with him by the year and in this way I dont have to explain just what I want every time I order a new wrap or frock. I describe it to him generally and he can do the rest."

I asked her if she had thought of doing "Forever After" for the screen.

"I hope to do it for the screen next year," she told me, stepping into the simple black velvet dress with white net collar and cuffs which she was wearing to dinner. "By that time I will have opened with my new stage play and it will be interesting to do 'Forever After' for the movies. It has always been my contention that it is a motion picture story and I know it will adapt itself to the screen very well. I'm really anxious to start on it."

In a way it may be the very fact that she has had such a large measure of success which has kept her from a distinct realization of her achievements. She has been too busy earning it and, having earned it, keeping it to sit down for any length of time and think of the success which has come to her.

And she has not in the slightest degree become blasé. She told me enthusiastically of a smart boot shop which was

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Your complexion, hair and scalp require more than just ordinary care these enervating days. Yet it is no task to keep your skin fresh and youthful if you—like scores of beautiful stage and screen stars—will rely on home electric massage. Here is the one really scientific way to beauty. Convenient. Delightful. Inexpensive. Get a "Star" today. Ideal for week-end trips. On sale at drug, department, electrical stores, or direct from us. Costs only $5. (In Canada $7.50.) Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

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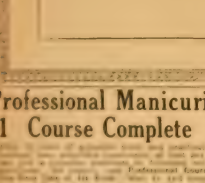

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holding a sale the next day and of how she was going to buy several pairs of the special high black satin shoes she wears—it would really be economy in the end; of how it took just three minutes to be married and how she wanted to giggle all thru it; how she had discovered that a matinee audience always cried more audibly than the evening audience; and how she thought she liked "Her Bridal Night" better than any other of her pictures,—she liked the clothes she wore in it.

As she clapped a tight-fitting black straw hat upon her hair, Mr. Crane came in ready for the street . . .

Then the maid returned to inform her that a crowd was waiting at the stage door. The fact that a nasty rain was falling had no dispersing effect whatever.

The maid was right—when we stepped forth at least half the audience stood there beneath shiny black umbrellas, dripping rain.

"And dont you ever get cross and irritable when you are tired from all your endeavors?" I asked in parting.

Alice looked at Mr. Crane questioningly.

"Never," he answered for her as I left them . . .

And he ought to know!

Another Star Comes to the Cinema Firmament

(*Continued from page* 53)

But, when you talk to her you are impressed with the idea that she's a solid individual—that she wears considerably more under her hat than just mere blonde hair. She talks about interesting things, rather than the affairs of her friends. Moreover, she seems genuinely pleased when you ask her to play the piano for you. And, if you request an autographed photograph of her, she's literally "just tickled to death."

Her success on the screen has been due to the fact that she's extremely sincere.

"What's the use," she interposed, "of feeling one way and acting another? Or, for instance, having certain tastes and subverting them merely because some one tells you it's policy? Silly thought!"

Speaking of policy—I asked her what she thought about vampires. She looked at me rather wonderingly, as if she thought I hadn't quite good sense.

"Why," she exclaimed, surprisedly, "I never thought much about it. Vamps must be very uncomfortable, always thinking up new 'gags' to lure away the men. But, you see," and she smiled knowingly, "I dont *have* to vamp anybody. My husband wouldn't like me to."

And this husband of hers, she tells me, is a huge success as an automobile tire merchant. He uses his wife in all his advertising.

"All my spare time," she remarked naively, "is used up posing for pictures with some new brand of wheel-gear. It's good publicity for me—and I dont believe my face in conjunction with one of Burton's tires hurts the tire any.

"I like tires and autos so well that if I couldn't act I'd sell 'em. Why, do you know that I'm the best booster my husband's business has ever had? I go out to see some of my cinema friends, and before I've left the tea-table I've induced them to buy something. All the commissions I get I put back into the business, because I dont think it's right for people to take money out of their husband's business when they dont actually *need* it, do you?"

...e other thing that ...ming, fascinating little ...een flower—likes better ... music and auto tires."

"...e," she interjected. "I'll ... get it. It's the joy of my ...tle and cute and I always ...e when I go out motoring."

...ons of a baby or an alarm ... sofa pillow, but the thing ...ut to be a diminutive .38 re... blue-black, shiny object of gun... ...st large enough to scare a ma...rauder to death and just small enough to fit into Wanda's sweater pocket.

Not that on her motor trips thru Hollywood she goes hunting for game. Not at all! She merely expresses herself as extremely fond of going shooting with her husband, and of feeling safe when she goes out in the evening to pay a call.

"Every woman"—ladies, this is real, good advice—"should know how to protect herself. If anybody tries to hold you up, it's undignified to scream so that the whole community'll know what's happened. Likewise, it isn't ladylike to try to scratch your adversary, or to bite him. Merely show your authority, and, if you have to shoot—shoot straight."

Lady policewomen infest Los Angeles. Some day, says Wanda, she may be fortunate enough to be nominated one. A supreme opportunity to get a true slant on life and to get a real thrill.

But, even tho Wanda would crave to be a sort of Diana of the golf links, or a lady drummer, she's cut out to shine for five years in the very brightest electrics Mr. Edison's factory can manufacture.

It has all come to her so quickly that she's bewildered. It's like waking up from a dream and not knowing whether or not the day is night. It's all that, and a lot more, she says. A mere two years ago she played opposite Tom Mix in a thriller where they made her ride a horse when she'd never ridden before. Then, she was known as Wanda Petit. A year and a half ago she went to Lasky's to play supporting parts, among them the sister role in "For Better, For Worse."

When they wanted a colleen to impersonate Laurette Taylor's delightful Peg in the screen version of Hartley Manners' "Peg o' My Heart," they cast Wanda in the part, and also as Beauty in "Everywoman" because her blondness is of the fresh, unspoiled type peculiarly indigenous to youthful personages.

She says that there is nothing she so thoroly dislikes as a "sleezy-sleezy" ingénue, as she calls these taffy-haired creatures who hop thru the picture like an educated flea. And, what is more, she promises us that she'll retire from the screen if she ever has to play one.

And if you've seen her opposite Wallace Reid in "Double Speed," or Bryant Washburn in "The Six Best Cellars" or "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," you know what I mean. Even in "Held By the Enemy," where she furnishes the comedy relief when the *drammer* gets too heavy, she doesn't sleeze—merely falls off a chair or something.

It's because she's blonde and pretty, and because she has large quantities of what the high-brows term "personality" that Wanda has been made one of the stellar luminaries. While she's not a bit more upstage now at the thought of owning her own fine home, of having her dressing-room on star row, and of being given the privilege of selecting her own screen vehicles, she's nevertheless excited.

And who wouldn't be, when they're just barely twenty and only last week suffered a deletion of their only wisdom tooth?

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Yet they are major foods, with every food cell steam-exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

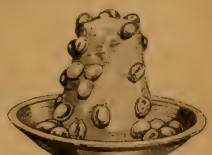
They will take the place of pastries, sweets, etc., if you serve them all day long. And at meal-time they will make whole-grain foods tempting.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

The Three Bubble Grains



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For Men and Women

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter

Enthusiasm Great in Popularity

Mary Pickford Still Leads, Altho There Changes in Positions of Other Pla

day and of how
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s she wears—
in the end;
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nd how
Night"

Almost every day finds the incoming votes changing the positions of ures, listed in the Popularity Contest; some of those who were high in the begin slumped a bit during the last month, while others have gone forward in splack start.

The votes pour in—hundreds arriving at the magazine offices in every mail, and those who take charge of them work constantly that they may be immediately counted and the players listed accordingly.

Last month William Hart headed the men, but in the last week Wallace Reid has gone forward to first place, with Bill Hart standing second. Mary Pickford still leads with a great majority of votes, but in view of the fact that others have come forward so rapidly during the last month, it would be difficult to make any predictions concerning the next report.

And again we are amazed at the universal interest which this contest has aroused, for no part of the world is absent in representation—movie fans in far away Japan and South America are as enthusiastic in heralding their favorite as are the fans in every hamlet of America.

If you have not been among those who have boosted their favorite or favorites it is not too late to start now; if you have not entered your guess as to who will come out ahead you still have time. All the rules and regulations, together with a description of the beautiful and useful prizes, are presented on a nearby page.

Mary Pickford	39,400	Wallace Reid	13,700
Norma Talmadge	21,251	William S. Hart	12,954
Pearl White	16,307	Richard Barthelmess	11,551
Mme. Nazimova	10,511	Douglas Fairbanks	8,550
Constance Talmadge	6,108	Eugene O'Brien	4,357
Bebe Daniels	4,153	William Farnum	2,708
Viola Dana	3,459	Charles Ray	2,701
Elsie Ferguson	2,614	J. Warren Kerrigan	2,458
Lillian Gish	2,600	Tom Mix	2,158
Mary Miles Minter	2,091	Charles Chaplin	1,789
Theda Bara	1,850	Douglas MacLean	1,658
Olive Thomas	1,653	Rodney La Rocque	1,352
Dorothy Gish	1,404	Thomas Meighan	1,256
Anita Stewart	1,400	William Duncan	1,249
Ethel Clayton	1,356	Tom Moore	1,150
Ruth Roland	1,351	Jack Pickford	1,057
Gloria Swanson	1,108	John Barrymore	968
Marguerite Clark	1,100	Antonio Moreno	963
Baby Marie Osborne	1,100	Ralph Graves	954
Dorothy Dalton	1,100	William Russell	901
May Allison	1,018	Kenneth Harlan	861
Irene Castle	950	Harry Northrup	759
Marion Davies	850	Earle Williams	757
Pauline Frederick	850	Louis Stone	751
Geraldine Farrar	749	Bert Lytell	711
Alice Lake	657	George Walsh	709
Mae Murray	611	Bobby Harron	661
Alice Joyce	609	Lloyd Hughes	658
Margarita Fisher	557	Harrison Ford	614
Mme. Petrova	551	Marshall Neilan	610
Marie Prevost	551	Louis Bennison	607
Edith Johnson	501	Elliott Dexter	603
Wanda Hawley	500	Eddie Lyons	558
Katherine MacDonald	500	Eddie Polo	458
Alice Brady	454	Henry G. Sell	456
June Caprice	452	Harold Lloyd	452
Vivian Martin	450	Tom Forman	407
Dolores Cassinelli	407	Wesley Barry	364
Priscilla Dean	404	Bryant Washburn	357
Doris May	401	Lon Chaney	354
Marie Walcamp	400	Robert Gordon	307
Juanita Hansen	359	Cullen Landis	304
Ann Little	358	Monroe Salisbury	301
Madge Kennedy	308	Webster Campbell	259
Betty Compson	301	Emory Johnson	256
Billie Burke	300	Milton Sills	253
Doris Kenyon	300	Owen Moore	253
Gladys Leslie	261	Monte Blue	211
Jane Novak	258	Lew Cody	205
Dorothy Phillips	253	Will Rogers	202
Jean Paige	215	Robert Warwick	200
Blanche Sweet	206	Raymond Hatton	161
Lila Lee	167	Theodore Roberts	158
Mae Marsh	158	Charles Meredith	156
Bessie Love	151	Lee Moran	152
Enid Bennett	116	David Powell	152
Virginia Lee Corbin	108	Sunshine Sammy	150
Corinne Griffith	103	Conway Tearle	150
Mildred Harris	103	Fatty Arbuckle	114

(*Continued on page* 120)

110 Piece Dinner Set

Famous Bluebird Design

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"The MAYBELL GIRL"

Every Inch an Actor

(*Continued from page 65*)

profession chose him. His work means everything to him not only for the money and fame he gets from it, but for its own sake as well.

He told me of his desire to play "Beauty" Steele in "The Right of Way" on the screen (he has played it often on the stage), some months before Screen Classics secured the story for him.

"I have always liked that character," he said. "To me, the man is a man who wants to believe in God but cannot. I think that the whole key-note of his character is in the scene, where the tailor says, 'Don't you believe that there is a God?' and he answers, 'God knows.'

"But above all, I want to play the death scene. It can be done on the screen as it never could be done on the stage. And now when the whole world is interested in spiritualism and when more people than ever before have come to believe in the existence of the personality after death, I think that the meaning of it could be brought out with telling effect."

You remember the "business" of the monocle all the way thru the play? On his deathbed, the lawyer asks, "Who is that at the foot of my bed?" and the priest answers, "It is the spirit of death."

"Beauty" Steele screws his monocle into his eye and says in gentle mockery of his old scoffing way, "Pardon me, have we ever been introduced?" and the priest says, "At the hour of your birth, my son."

The picture has been made with two endings. By the time this is published, it will have long since been decided whether the death scene is to be taken out or left where it belongs. Without it, the picture will lose much of its strength.

Bert Lytell was born in New York City. Both of his parents were prominent in the theater. His father, W. H. Lytell, was Kiralfy's principal comedian, and his mother, Blanche Mortimer, was a daughter of J. K. Mortimer, who was a star in Augustin Daly's company. He has a younger brother also on the screen.

Bert made his first appearance in "The Lights o' London," when he was three years old, by walking on the canvas water of a "set" of the river Thames. This was wholly unexpected alike by players and audience. The curtain was rung down in great haste and his father came down from "London Bridge" and gave him a spanking, which he never forgot.

He became a leading man at the age of nineteen and appeared in stock in Albany, Boston and San Francisco. His last stage appearance was in "Mary's Ankle"; his first screen appearance, in "The Lone Wolf," under the direction of Herbert Brenon, which brings to mind another well-known trial of an actor's life—the speed with which things move. For instance, the first *Lone Wolf* was Bert Lytell, then Henry B. Walthall played him in "The False Faces," and made him a little bit more mature. Now along comes Louise Glaum as the *Lone Wolf's* daughter.

"What I want to know," said Bert Lytell, "is what relation Louise is to me? I'd like to do another *Lone Wolf* story, but under the circumstances, I'm afraid it will be impossible."

In appearance, Bert Lytell is the ideal man of every girl's dreams. He has the square chin, sensitive mouth, wavy brown hair and eyes-that-hold-a-hint-of-sadness with which almost every girl in her teens has endowed her future husband. Add to this a naturally rich and sympathetic voice and the picture is complete.

Madame X

(*Continued from page 72*)

sane, thru the dreadful days but undoubtedly it was part of the Plan. When they led her into the court-room, filled with its hundreds of eyes, eyes curious, morbid, evil, peering, even the haggard ruins of her beauty were gone. Her face was blotched and smoothed like a badly drawn crayon sketch, with scarred bitten lips and sunken cheeks. She was forty-three years old. She looked seventy.

"She doesn't realize what it means," whispered one to another, watching the bent head, the still, folded hands; "why—unless a miracle occurs they will hang her!"

A young man with closely cropped yellow hair, that would have shown tight curls but for the cropping, came to the prisoner's box and spoke to the bowed figure. He was handsome, well-dressed, standing on the very threshold of Life. Beside this wrecked woman the contrast was cruel.

"I have been appointed to defend you," he said kindly to her, blushing painfully, "wont you help me? If you would but answer a few questions——"

At the first sound of his voice she had started, and looked up, but the glow of whatever emotion it had aroused faded. She shook her head. "Nothing. I dont wish to be helped. Leave me alone."

A man in the audience watched the young figure standing beside the lost creature, with an adoring light in his stern, sad eyes. Beside him a slender girl—lovely as a flower in her gay clothes—leaned forward, unconscious that her blush was a betrayal of her heart. "But I wish he could have had another client for his first case," she murmured, "did you ever see such a horrible woman! They say she must have been refined once. That makes it worse—one can forgive creatures who are born in the mire, but not people who deliberately plunge into it." Thus the bud, who knew nothing of storm or wind havoc or the perils of burning suns.

"I, too, am sorry to have his life work begin so inauspiciously," the man beside her frowned. "It is not likely he can do anything for a self-confessed murderess. And then, everything is against her. She is a drug addict. She refuses to give any excuse for her act, but—see! They are beginning. We will wait and hope."

"The People against the woman known as Madame X. Counsel for the state, Monsieur Valmorin; counsel for the defense, Monsieur Raymond Floriot——"

The woman in the prisoner's box lifted her head with a jerk, as tho a current had gone thru her. She strained forward in her chair, breath coming sobbingly between loose, open lips, peering into the face of the young advocate at her side, then following his eyes she looked out across the court-room for the first time and saw the elderly man and the girl at his side.

Raymond Floriot was amazed at the change in his client. It was as tho the grey face were a mask thru which he looked at flame. "Who is that man with the white beard?"

"My father," he answered simply, "and the president of the Province of Toulouse. His name is Jacques Floriot. The girl beside him is Mademoiselle Helene Banette, a—friend." He blushed boyishly, tried to look stern and professional. "Madame, let me entreat you again to defend yourself. Your silence may lose your case. You must not have too great hopes of me—this is the first case I ever tried."

The illusion that the face turned to him was a mask which at any moment might fall and reveal something quite different thrilled him with a strange expectancy, but she only shook her head. "I shall never speak—now." Madame X said quietly. Motionless in her chair she heard the clack of voices as at a great distance, but their words were meaningless to her as a nursery jingle. "My boy——" she thought. There was a black rushing thru her brain like the sweep of wings. "My boy is defending me. Jacques does not know. He is happy, successful, and that pretty girl—I must not let my shadow fall on those happy ones, these happy, happy ones."

The man beside her had risen. She listened, eyes screwed tightly shut as tho to keep her secret from escaping. "And you say her words when you found her were 'I killed him that he might not bring disgrace to one I love'?"

The shock-headed porter was the one addressed. He nodded, a spark burning in his dull eyes. "Yes, Monsieur. I have cause to remember everything about that day, for my wife, Marie, the maid at the hotel, ran away that afternoon with a pert-limed actor in a burlesque show."

"One she loved," repeated the young lawyer, slowly, deliberately. "She killed Laroque to save from disgrace *one she loved*. Gentlemen, there is her defense." Very young, he looked standing there, head thrown back, the earnestness that is one of Youth's passions glowing in his vivid boy-face. "Think of it, gentlemen! This poor woman, whom life has beaten down into the lowest deeps of wretchedness, still *loves*. A woman's love is a strange, wonderful thing. We stand on holy ground when we enter its domain. For love a woman gives her soul away, for love she endures the agonies of bringing another soul into the world, for love she becomes a criminal; for love, gentlemen, this unfortunate woman is even willing to die."

He spoke on, while the audience wept openly, and the jury leaned forward forgetting its boredom, forgetting even to be comical. But Madame X heard no more. Her boy pleading for her—her baby boy—if just once she might hold his yellow head between her palms and kiss him. A great tear rolled down her sunken cheek and into the mouth, open for painful breath. No, no—she must not think of such things. She was going to die. She had killed a man and they would hang her, and then there would be no more craving for drink, no more hungers and thirsts of body or soul, only the great darkness, only—if God were good—the dreamless sleep.

The sound of thunder brought her thoughts back to the present,—but the thunder was that of people's hands, clapping. The young lawyer for the defense, flushed with triumph, was bending over her, hand laid gently on her arm. "Madame, do you hear? Not guilty! You are free!"

She struggled to her feet, aided by the gendarmes, tufning her wild, ravaged face desperately upon his face. "I am not to die?" she screamed flatly, in anguish. "No! That would be too cruel! Have pity, messieurs, let me die!"

The distinguished looking man with the grey Van Dyke beard standing beside the railing of the witness box, smiling complacently over the victory of his son, looked up at the cry, and for the first time saw the face of the prisoner. The smile did not change, but his face was suddenly wet with sweat. It was that of a man stricken

(*Continued on page 118*)

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She Would and She Did

(*Continued from page 36*)

the interview, urging "Aunt Grace" to please hurry disappearing quickly and willingly upon being given a dollar "to spend."

Miss Davison talked earnestly of her present favorite outdoor aeroplaning. Quite casually she mentioned that she knows all there is to know about an aeroplane, that the first time she went up, she went on the outside instead of the inside, that she has taken any number of pictures in mid-air, that she knows not the slightest fear and could go on flying forever and never tire.

"I've so much to learn," she said; "and I'm studying every step. My rôles so far have been heavy ones, and being inexperienced, it takes a great deal out of me. So after each picture I take a month's rest, for I must keep fit.

"Yes," she said, in answer to the inevitable question, "I should like to go on the stage—but not yet. I must make a real lasting success in pictures. That's what I want more than anything else in the world."

Some one, perchance, will say: "Any girl may become a success if she has the money to star herself!" Not so. It takes something besides cold hard cash to bring the success nothing short of which will satisfy Grace Davison.

She has youth, beauty and that "certain something" called screen personality. Not only that, she has brains in her pretty head and from her big brown eyes there shines forth a sane, calm determination, a boundless ambition, the sure knowledge that lasting success is won only by unmitigated hard work. And that's no fairy tale!

Doth Thee Like Quakeresses?

(*Continued from page 79*)

The manager emerged and hastily looked over the group. "Step this way," he said, hooking his finger at the little Quakeress.

Let us pass over the optical daggers hurled after her as she vanished into the manager's private office.

Next day Mildred was on her way to a studio to work in Mutual comedies. Next a Universal casting director saw her on the screen, sent for her and put her in Bluebird productions. Then Metro threw out its grappling hook and made her Viola Dana's leading lady. Next Pathé made it worth her while to come over and support Bryant Washburn, and when Bebe Daniels left Harold Lloyd to move into the Cecil B. de Mille group of hand-picked charmers, Pathé without a moment's hesitation transferred the bubbling and now experienced Quaker lass to Bebe's place in the Rolin laugh factory.

And there she is now—but for how long?

There has been of late a surprising hegira of comedy princesses to the soberer fold of straight photodrama—Alice Lake, Mary Thurman, Louise Glaum, Claire Anderson, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Juanita Hansen, Billie Rhodes, Priscilla Dean, Francelia Billington, Edith Roberts, Betty Compson.

It's becoming a maxim: If you want the best combination of beauty, talent and experience, go to the comedy studios for leading ladies. Perhaps it's the training—but that's another story.

Youth Speaking

(*Continued from page 61*)

of the place a reminiscence of melancholia, but I did see in Miss Rubens a sensitized instrument responding, vibrantly, to ever so slight a touch. I concluded, *almost* concluded, as far as one can make *any* conclusion in a talk of half an hour or so, that she *was* like a character from an introspective novel . . . only . . . which is a paradox when one considers the word "introspective" . . . she doesn't know it, has no consciousness of it.

"Summer makes me sad," Miss Rubens was saying, in the quiet voice synonymous with the whole of her. "I dont suppose the reason is anything more than a pathological one of being wilted by a high thermometer, but something in me sort of shrinks when the first warm waves of the season hit me. Somehow, you dont feel that way about it in California. It isn't this sort of heat."

We got around, with inevitableness, to the screen and the things thereof.

"I am going, from now on," Miss Rubens said, "to do only the great things as I see them. I have served my apprenticeship, I think, at the lesser tasks, and I shall do *nothing* rather than go back to them now. Every so often in life, in work, in whatever you may be doing, you reach a certain limit, a certain definite outpost, and I have reached mine."

I asked her what she meant by great things. She said she thought that the truly great things were the conservative things properly exploited. There were only two releases, she said, really doing things in a large sort of way. One was International, the other the First National. If she could not do things thru the medium of one of the two she wouldn't feel justified in doing anything.

I asked her what she meant by proper exploiting. She said that she meant much less, perhaps, than the average person would mean. "I would rather," she explained, "do without publicity than have a cheap brand of it. I think the publicity that Elsie Ferguson, Nazimova and Mary Pickford have is ideal. It has a dignity which enhances the dignity of what they do. There is not enough thought given to the *dignity* of what we do in this profession. There is not enough reserve. Everything is blated forth, in every way. Especially is this true of publicity. I do not think we are inclined to place sufficient reliance on the imaginations of others. We think we must fill every nook and cranny. In this way we do not stimulate so much as we encumber. I have very definite ideas of the strong yet quiet, the dignity and the yielding with which I should like to do all things pertaining to my work."

In answer to a further query of mine, she said, "Yes, I *should* like to go on the speaking stage. But not to the exclusion of pictures. I want to do both. I am never happy when I am not working to the top-notch of my time and ability. The idea of working furiously, exorbitantly, even, appeals to me, even tho I have a nervous breakdown as a result. I have a pell-mell feeling when it comes to working. One of the curious and most interesting phenomena of life to me is the beautiful, pampered women walking Fifth Avenue . . . doing nothing. I cannot comprehend them."

Mother Rubens, "putting her eyes out" as she expressed it, over a steel-beaded bag and also fondling a new "Peke," smiled and said, "That is youth speaking, Alma . . ."

And Alma, smiling back . . . "I am going to hold on, Mother, to the things Youth says . . ."

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The Luck of Monroe Salisbury

(*Continued from page 49*)

peculiarities about his personal appearance, is a collection of rare Japanese prints and a student of art and music.

In conversation he uses his hands a great deal and you would notice his long, artistic fingers. He dresses quietly and his car is painted a conservative "battleship" gray. Also, there is no luxury known to cars which it does not possess.

And yet, the bizarre and the unusual has its fascination for him, too. I noticed in his apartments curious draperies from the South Sea Islands, (material that would make wonderful sport hats), odd weapons, a necklace of claws. "Mother says that if I bring any more stuff in here we'll have to move out," he remarked. His favorite part is that of Alessandro in the picturization of "Ramona."

"I have had a romantic fondness for Indian stories always," he said.

A believer in reincarnation might fancy that he had, at some time, been a chief of one of the more advanced tribes, such an Indian as the Indians described in their legends from which Longfellow drew the material for Hiawatha, and that, in trying to lead his tribe away from savagery he had, himself, severed all connection with it so that, in this incarnation, "Karma" would give him the civilization he had worked for and material success as well.

(All you need to believe this is a little imagination.)

Monroe Salisbury was born in New York and was in Metropolitan productions practically all the time he was on the stage. His season with Richard Mansfield was followed by seasons with John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, Kathryn Kidder and Nance O'Neil. He also appeared with the K. & E. stock company at the Castle Square Theater in Boston. It was in 1913 that he went on the screen, appearing in Lasky's first production of "The Squaw Man."

"This was when Hollywood was little more than a bean patch," he told me; "and, if the picture people are not treated more considerately, it may be little more than a bean patch again some day!"

Other pictures that he has appeared in are "The Eyes of the World," "The Red, Red Heart," "That Devil Bateese," "The Sleeping Lion," "The Light of Victory," and "The Phantom Melody." It is interesting that with all the varied types he has played, Salisbury never uses a heavy make-up. "I study the character I am going to play until I understand his viewpoint of life and then, the way in which he would walk, the characteristic expression of his face; the way in which he would show love or fear or anger follows naturally. The principal difficulty for me is to stop playing the part when I leave the studio. I played an old man in 'Eyes of the World,' for instance, and at night I used to stand around with all my muscles flexed and my cheeks sagging; old, really old, clear thru!" It seems that his mother thought he was going to be ill and was dreadfully worried. "The Phantom Melody" was his last picture with the Universal Film Company.

"I am to have a company of my own now," he said. "It will be known as the Monroe Salisbury Players and we will make not more than four pictures a year, but I am going to be particular about those four! They will be cut to the natural length of the story. Also, I want to have as good parts for myself as possible, but I would rather have a well balanced picture than a starring vehicle, and nothing will be cut from any other player's part because it is 'too good.'"

He may go on tour with his first picture, but that he had not decided.

"You believe in luck, dont you?" I asked.

"Yes, I do! I believe that luck is one's own thoughts and the thoughts of others helping. That is why it is so difficult for a man to get a start in this work. As a rule, no one believes in him and he comes to doubt himself until all that accumulated doubt makes for bad luck and unhappiness." We had driven to Universal City for his mail before starting for the beach (he had offered to drive me to my home in Ocean Park when the interview ended) and he had great stacks of letters on the seat beside him; letters from Japan, where he recently won a popularity contest, as well as from every part of the United States. Thousands and thousands of people who believe in him and wish him every good fortune; that is the luck of Monroe Salisbury. "I believe that if all these people wish me well, I cannot fail," he said. But there is another reason why he had to succeed. He will let nothing interfere with his work. For instance, recently when it was necessary to make a scene for "The Phantom Melody" showing him in a real coffin, he climbed in and permitted the glass to be fitted over him so that the scene could be made —something not one sensitive person out of a thousand would have gone thru. Afterwards, the undertaker who had made the coffin, very cheerfully asked him for a testimonial.

"I wrote him one, too," said Salisbury. "I dont remember exactly what I said, but it was something to the effect that having used his beautiful and comfortable coffin, I hoped to use no other for many years to come!"

Guilty of Love

(*Continued from page 60*)

darling, end this make-believe—make it real—make it true. Not for David, for me—for you and me—I do love you. I am different. Wont you see it?"

Thelma drew away. "I am sorry," she said, "but I cannot."

A week after the doctor pronounced David to be on the mend, Norris came to Thelma one morning and told her that he would do whatever she might wish, in whatever way she might wish.

"I will leave you alone," he said, "with David to do as you most wish. This is the greatest thing I can do for you. This is the only way I can atone for the great wrong I did. If you will tell me you forgive me I will go, now, at once."

The amazing thing happened. Thelma's arms stole around him. He felt her mouth on his. He heard her whisper his name, a loved name, over and over again. She said, "I love you, sweetheart, I always have, all these bitter years, always, *now*, all the time. But, once before, you gave me—such a cheap, unworthy brand. I had to be sure there was no dross mixed in—this time. I had rather have had nothing than a lesser thing. Norris, Norris, Norris, kiss me, dear . . ."

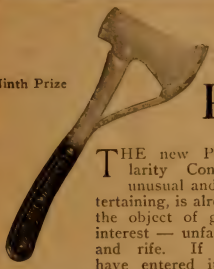
And then they went in to David, and knelt, hands clasped over him, and the small boy, observing, planned how he would "show them off" to the "other fellers," now that they were acting like regular parents at last.

Third Prize

Second Prize

Fourth Prize

Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize

Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

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First Prize

SECOND PRIZE

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THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

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SIXTH PRIZE

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Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

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NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes

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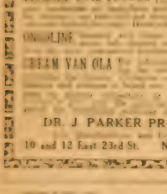

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Romance---and Helene Chadwick

(*Continued from page 45*)

—the eyes for awhile. (Perhaps she was wondering whether, in the near future, her work might interfere with her home life—or, perhaps, it was the other way around.) At any rate, when I saw her she had finished "Please Scratch My Back" and was about to begin on a picture with Will Rogers. In the time between, she had moved from Los Angeles to the beach, bought a new motor-car which is said to be a sort of cross between a dressing-room and sitting-room, with all the comforts of home thrown in, an apartment on wheels, as it were. She was also moving to a larger and prettier dressing-room, situated well towards the front of the building and near the stairs. "Because," as the matron said, affectionately, "you're in stock now." She was also preparing to leave the following morning for Barstow, Arizona, where the company expected two weeks on location.

She wore a "harem" gown of some very heavy black silk crêpe. "What is this material?" I asked, and she answered, with a little note of personal curiosity, "I really dont know," so it will have to remain unnamed. Her hair is light; I think it could best be described as a brownish yellow, and her eyes are brown and set rather far apart. She is fond of her work and is a good actress; she is also fond of having a good time and is a good dancer. She is an aristocrat; her great-grandfather was Lord Chadwick of England.

Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, New York, a town named for her family, where her father was a prominent manufacturer. While she was going to school she met a little girl who posed for illustrated song slides.

"I used to go with her and I became quite fascinated with it," said Helene.

However, as Helene grew older and, after the death of her father, it became evident that she would have to learn something that would make her independent financially, it was to stenography, that good old stand-by, her mother turned.

"I attended a business college for a while and I hated it," she went on. "I was never made for a stenographer! Finally, I told mother that there was no use in my going any longer. I wasn't interested, and I didn't pay the least attention to anything I was told; of course, I didn't make any progress; it was a waste of time and a waste of money. I said that I wanted to pose for artists. I had already thought of moving pictures as being interesting work, but I did not even attempt to go on the screen at that time. In the first place, it seemed to me that one had to be very talented and, besides, I would never have been willing to begin as an extra.

"It was the advertising manager of the Coca Cola Company who was the cause of my getting a screen opportunity. I had been posing for some time. (She posed for a number of famous artists, among them Harrison Fisher and Penrhyn Stanlaws.) This advertising man, I have even forgotten his name, asked me if I couldn't like to go on the screen. He had been talking with Louis Gasnier, who was then general manager of Pathé, about me, and said that I might possibly be given leading parts to begin with. I joined Pathé at a salary of $25.00 a week after I had told Mr. Gasnier three or four little fibs, such as, that I could ride when I had never been on a horse before in my life."

But even tho she didn't begin as an extra, she sacrificed something for her ambition, for she had been earning very much more money posing.

She came west two years ago.

Her first picture was "The Challenge." Then followed "The Iron Heart," "The Double Cross," "Blind Man's Luck," "The Naulahka," "The Angel Factory," "Convict 999," "The Yellow Ticket," "The House of Hate," "Open the Window, Mary," etc.

"There was a great deal of trouble after I came to Los Angeles," she said. "And I left them, finding myself here, where no one had ever heard of me, and without any immediate prospect of getting anything worth while." Fortunately, she was properly started thru the efforts of an agency, being given parts in two Lasky pictures, "A Very Good Young Man" with Bryant Washburn, and "An Adventure in Hearts' with Robert Warwick. Followed "The Cup of Fury," and her scoring of a personal success.

As I said earlier in this story, she does not appear to be in that state of high elation which one so often sees in the young successful. She was frankly glad of her success, but mixed with her happiness she wonders about the future; a wondering if she can repeat her success over and over again in the years to come. For instance, it transpired that she had been afraid of her part in "Please Scratch My Back."

"But it turned out all right," she said. Certainly, ancestry counts for much! It is characteristic of the thorobred to be not only a good fighter and loser but a good winner, too.

As Others See Him

(*Continued from page* 31)

and more than endless expenditure. Any person who thinks a directorless picture possible is fed up on Ego."

I asked him what he thought the greatest handicap to success might be.

He said, "I know men who have been ruined by jealous wives, and vice versa." He went on to expatiate upon the good part with which Mrs. Thomas Meighan (Frances Ring) takes his career and its inclusion of fan letters, *et al.*

"Would you be as broad, take it all in the same good part," I probed, "were the cases reversed?"

He considered, with rather a wry face. "No," he said, at length, "no, I'm afraid not. I guess it's . . . well, against a man's instinct. Men are naturally jealous. They cant help it. Professionalism goes so far . . . and then . . ."

One or two little incidents throw illuminating lights, not altogether *side*, on Thomas Meighan. There was a girl on one of the papers in New York, most anxious to interview him. The day before the interview was to have taken place she fell and sprained her ankle. It was painful, naturally, and in the sense of disappointment she felt. Despite the hurried preparations for Cuba, and all the endless *etcetera*, Mr. Meighan found time to slip away to the hospital and make the interview possible. It tells a tale . . .

There are many little tales of him that might be told along the same lines. Nice, heartwarming little tales of consideration that made the man, and from the man are fashioning the artist.

"What has given you the boom, as it were, of the past two years?" I asked.

"Good luck, good plays, good directors," he told me.

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Flavor of Fame

(*Continued from page 55*)

about pictures in England. They have not taken hold, she told me, as they have here, altho she believes the war is largely responsible for that. And then, things do not take hold over there as they do here. A vogue is not so likely to happen. Now, however, Lord Something-or-Other is forming a very expansive producing company, and, doubtless, the hour will have struck! Fresh-faced English girls and monocled, bored English gentlemen will be numbered among the frantic fans of the films.

I asked Miss Keane her personal ambitions. She told me that to have her own theater is the chief of these. And, by the way, in speaking of her own theater, she told me that she thought the *little* theaters in this country were the real hope of the drama. In the little theaters, almost alone, in the independent movements, she has come upon the finest, the most earnest, in endeavor, in achievement. The little theaters, Miss Keane believes, will keep alive the spirit in the decadent flesh of the drama.

"As for myself," she said, in part, "I have had success, and I have studied for it and suffered for it. Now I want to do the things I *want* to do for the sheer joy of doing them. I want to have a theater of my own, a *little* theater. I want to pick here and there from the different dramatists, not Ibsen exclusively, nor Shakespeare, nor Molière, but discriminately, certain things of each that I care for most and care most to interpret. I want to direct and produce as well as act. I love the drama and all things appertaining, and I want to have a finger in all things in the way I want to do them. I believe that the great dramatists will be the American dramatists—and the Irish. Ah, the poetry of the Irish! Dunsany, for instance—and your own Eugene O'Neill. It will be a joy to give these things as I see them!"

I asked Miss Keane whether she saw for herself a future in pictures. She was more or less indefinite and said that that depended on many things. She was returning to England shortly after I talked with her. Apropos of England and things screenic, she told me that interviews in England are frightful things. They have not, it seems, acquired the Art (Art, I say!) of the personality interview. They still cling to the stereotyped horror of where were you born, when, why? What color is your hair? Your eyes? Why was your mother? *Why* was your father? *et al.?* "One of the most amazing things to me in connection with the screen is the truly amazing interview. I think they are wonderful! One could not help but be famous with such unique, such piquant publicity."

After that Basil Sydney, Miss Keane's husband and leading man in this picture, supplied us with a special brand of cognac and still more special cigarets, and then, round about morning we reluctantly made our adieus, feeling tinged and aromatic with the flavor of fame.

NAZIMOVA

By Norine S. Wintrowe

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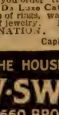

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 92*)

KITTIE C.—Well, well, you see I was so busy advising President Wilson about the Peace Treaty that I didn't get to answer your letter. No, Kittie, I didn't intend to slight you. You want Dorothy Gish to always play opposite Ralph Graves? I'll try and arrange it for you.

MARIE L. Y.—I dont know who wrote "Oh love, Oh fire! Once he drew with one long kiss my whole soul thru my lips, as sunlight drinketh dew." That's away out of my line. Afraid the picture would be too small for reproduction. Thanks just the same. Write me some more.

HELEN.—No, Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd are not married.

COLLEGE GIRL.—Rah, rah, rah! Whom do I hear about most in my letters? Let me see, well, Norma Talmadge and Richard Barthelmess are not on the wane. You see everybody knows all about Mary Pickford and some of the others.

BUBBLES.—Violet Heming was Pauline, and Ralph Kellard was John in "The Cost." Pauline Starke played Delight in "Dangerous Days." Viola Dana and Milton Sills in "Dangerous to Men," Metro. Yes, but there is nothing more humiliating than to bark up the wrong tree a long time and find nothing there.

CURLY R.—I wouldn't try it if I were you.

ANTHONY K. D.—So you have declined a leap-year proposal from a charming young lady merely because she could cook and keep house. Pshaw! She might have been able to pay your board bill. You might marry her and hire her out to support you. Marion Davies lives in New York. Tom Mix played in "The Daredevil," Fox. Yes, Frank Lanning was one of the gangsters in "Daredevil Jack."

HENRIETTA D.—That's right, when you gain new friends, dont forget the old ones. John Bowers is with Goldwyn, Los Angeles, Cal. Carlyle Blackwell at Lambs Club, N. Y. City, and Johnny Hines is with Master Films, 135 W. 44th St., N. Y. City.

THE KIDS.—Well, personality is best and the most permanent. Beauty is the first present nature gives to a woman, and the first it takes away. You say you have a club and its title is M. I. O. B., meaning mischief is our business. Haven't we enough mischief-makers in this world already? Gish is their real name.

SUE B.—Mighty clever, Sue.

MARG.—I admire your literary style. You refer to Matt Moore. Sister, I guess. Mahlon Hamilton played with Blanche Sweet in "The Deadlier Sex," Pathé. Metro produced "Burning Daylight," the Jack London story.

BILLIE, 18.—Bill Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. Nitroglycerin is a heavy, colorless, poisonous oil obtained by dissolving glycerin in a pure mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids and precipitating it with a large volume of water. By percussion nitroglycerin explodes with fearful violence. You couldn't help hearing it—if you could hear anything at all.

IRISH.—You back again so soon? So the people in your town didn't care for "Broken Blossoms." They want love stories, eh? You liked "Male and Female." There is no accounting for tastes. Maurice Costello played Paul Klocke in "Deadline at Eleven" (Vitagraph).

A. W., SAVANNAH.—Julia Marlowe isn't playing now.

ASPIRANT.—Better join the Fame and Fortune Contest. See note at end of the contest, in this issue.

(*Continued on page 122*)

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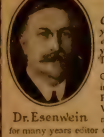

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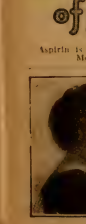

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Ninth Honor Roll
Galaxy of Beauty

(Continued from page 47)

Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

This month's roster of honor roll winners is unusual in both the beauty of the girl winners, and in the fact that they represent such a wide territory.

Mildred Johnston, of Marshfield, Oregon, is an artists' model of great beauty. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.

Margaret Sousa, 307 West 79th Street, New York City, has had some stage experience, having played in musical comedy in England and France; she also had a small amount of screen work in England. Margaret is a piquant blonde, with fair complexion and hazel eyes.

Ester Rhodes, 1657 Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles, California, is a concert harpist. Her eyes are grey-blue, and her fair complexion and blond hair make a very effective combination.

From Kansas City, Mo., comes this photograph of Mrs. Ethel Gentry, who has had no professional experience. Her hair and eyes are brown, and her complexion fair.

Lillian Cundif, 1616 Ave. G, Galveston, Texas, piques the interest with her dark blue eyes, brown hair and fair complexion.

The male honor roll winner is William R. Carew, 1805 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Carew has had no previous dramatic experience. He has blue eyes, brown hair and fair complexion.

A Soldier of Fortune

(Continued from page 68)

Corps. I was wild when I couldn't get across, so when we came in I got my discharge and enlisted in the Tank Corps. This is a tough branch of service and we worked like boiler makers but I liked it. *Again*, I didn't get across. *Rotten luck!*"

At the close of the war, Norman joined Allan Dwan in New York, and after making a couple of pictures he came west with this director, who signed him up for two years as a feature player.

"'Soldiers of Fortune' was a great picture," he declared, with enthusiasm, "and there was enough romance, adventure and excitement to suit even me. The best part of it was that I could wear my uniform during most of the scenes and I really lived the part. We had a lot of fun making it, but it was work, hard work. Why, once out on the desert, it was 120 in the shade and even the rattlers refused to move." And the boyish laugh rang out at the recollection of those scorching days.

Listening to this young actor, I realized that it is just his own cheerful, devil-may-care spirit that he gives us in his screen portrayals and hope he will never become serious or sedate and thus rob us of one of the most refreshing and natural characters we have today in pictures.

"My next role?" Norman repeated my question. "I dont know, but I hope I can wear a red flannel shirt and shave off my mustache."

He is not consumed with any wild ambitions to accomplish wonderful things and says, "All I want from Life is the chance to live fully each minute, travel and *see*, and to enjoy the good things the world holds. Why not? It is all for such a little time, why should one worry and strive and wear himself out?"

Why, indeed! Perhaps this adventurous youth with his smile and his viewpoint, is blessed with a rare wisdom!

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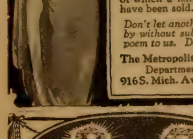

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 77)

because of these things and a generally artistic cast. "Humoresque" will find its place on the silversheet among the better pictures.

The story is a pure from-the-telling of its years and, by the same token, its laughter. Really, the genius violinist would seem to be the principal character but the title sheet says, "Featuring Alma Rubens."

The genius is born to a Hebrew family living in the ghetto of East Side Manhattan. Then his violin he brings wealth and prominence to those about him. Then comes the call of war and he shoulders the musket, returning with a wound in his violin arm. It is a deeply rooted fear rather than the seriousness of the wound which defers its healing and for months he is a semi-invalid. In a fear-forgetting moment he finds restoration and there is the popular happy ending.

Altogether, it is an artistic production, finding beauty in the slums, crowded with motley humanity, rumbling elevated trains and narrow, dingy streets—finding an inspiration here equal to that which it later finds in Venice with its romance and eventually, *of course*, on *bon ton* Fifth Avenue. Almost all pictures come to Fifth Avenue sooner or later.

Alma Rubens is very beautiful in many of her scenes, but inasmuch as she is not called upon for any great emotion her ability is not in evidence. Bobby Connelly plays the genius as a boy and is all that could be asked for. Gaston Glass characterizes the genius as a man and he too gives some fine bits of acting, altho, it must be admitted, that he is not especially of a Hebrew type while all of the others fitted the story exceptionally well. Also we would like to give special mention to Vera Gordon who plays the rôle of the mother. And perhaps she, as the mother, in describing the musical Humoresque describes the cinema "Humoresque" better than can we, when she says:

"It is like people—crying to hide its laughing, and laughing to hide its crying."

THE DANCIN' FOOL—PARAMOUNT

Lately Wallace Reid has centered upon automobile stories in which he could wear good-looking reverted caps and tear madly over the screen in wild racing cars. Now along comes "The Dancin' Fool," with the popular and ever-pleasing Wally as a rube character who comes to the city in the hopes of putting his old uncle's pottery business "on the map" so to speak. However syncopation gets the best of him and while he ultimately does that which he purposed doing, he makes a great hit as a cabaret dancer with Bebe Daniels as his dancing partner. The dancing scenes are known-to-goodness flashes of these popular people dancing together and we knew from the minute they stepped upon the floor of the second-rate cabaret that they would get a splendid engagement. In the movies they do it, y' know, and then too, they were, without a doubt, very attractive dancers.

Raymond Hatton plays the old uncle and deserves more recognition for his excellent character work than it is likely he will ever receive, for such rôles rarely receive what is their just due.

The story is not new, nor is it startling and if there is any suspense whatever it is but a mild seasoning. Yet in its amiable little way, it is pleasingly entertaining and with Wallace Reid becoming more and more popular it will tend to prove to his followers that he is quite as adept upon the dancing floor as he is at the wheel of a dashing racer. At any rate, it is doubtful if the most blasé fan will be able to resist the Reid smile.

DONT EVER MARRY—FIRST NATIONAL

As a two-reel comedy with wild chases and episodes bordering almost on the slapstick, "Dont Ever Marry" might be made into a good picture. As a feature production, it is a rambling affair; the most amusing scenes are those having in them Wesley Barry, and it is most evident that Marshall Neilan has caused such scenes to be made simply to use that young man. They are not in any way essential to the story. It is about as entertaining as a musical comedy without its coloring and music. In fact, the plot with its grand jumble of brides and mixed identities is not unlike the plots of many musical comedies which we have seen. The delightful Micky Neilan touches are conspicuous by their absence. Marjorie Daw plays the girl and Matt Moore the man.

BENEATH THE SURFACE—PARAMOUNT

This is a story of a provincial New England town—a very provincial town with the busybody postman and the quaint little cottages leaning towards the sea—and of a man named Flint, played by Hobart Bosworth, and his son, played by Lloyd Hughes, who are divers. The story is quite as provincial as the town in which it is laid and you are not one whit surprised to see the schemer from the city arrive with his beautiful accomplice. Later the accomplice lures the son on so that he will risk his life in diving to the wreck of an old treasure ship and bringing up a few coins so that they can float shares in the enterprise and accumulate a fortune.

Hobart Bosworth is very likable, tho handicapped by a theatrically melodramatic rôle and Lloyd Hughes gives a creditable performance. Grace Darmond, however, as the beautiful adventuress inclines towards the obvious and you really wonder at the boy's eventual fall. It seems that he would have realized her intent. In some scenes she is really beautiful but her work had none of the subtleties which make for more artistic characterizations.

The diving scenes and the episode dealing with the sunken submarine are very well done. There is a collision, too, between the Boston night boat and a vagrant craft in which the craft stands while the night boat crumbles to bits and sinks beneath the waves! The thrills are efficiently extracted from the collision by flashes of the passengers dancing in the salon and of the firemen in the engine room. Every screen collision is heralded by these flashes so far as we can learn and from the present looks of things it will be so forever and ever.

TREASURE ISLAND—ARTCRAFT

This is now a comparatively old picture but because it has never been reviewed in these columns I want to make mention of it.

On the whole, Maurice Tourneur doesn't take Stevenson's "Treasure Island" nearly as seriously as did Stevenson. He gives it to the silversheet with less of the adventure with which the printed word en-

SHADOWLAND FOR AUGUST

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Does it represent the object of a moment's interest—and then perhaps the waste-paper basket?

Have you any conception of the thought, the labor, the involved process of detail on the mechanical side; —of the human offerings of hope, love, fear, joy, despair, and all the emotions of the heart that go to make up this moment's interest for you?

The purpose of SHADOWLAND is to build and build —until it shall reach you, a literary creation that will satisfy the most fastidious and discerning of readers, until it shall become more than a momentary interest.

In the August number it takes a seven-league-boot stride in accomplishing this purpose.

Walter Pritchard Eaton contributes one of his always welcome articles,—this time on the standards of acting.

There is a story about Siegfried Sassoon, the lyrical discovery of the recent war, by Harold Stearns.

The newest portraits of the stars; the latest offerings of art.

Heywood Broun, Benjamin De Casseres, Louis Reid and others offer literary articles of unusual merit.

dowed it and more of the whimsy. Generally, it runs true to the story with combination of incidents now and then and at times a deviation which was evidently done for a better continuity in the necessary length. The settings are exquisite and the atmosphere redolent of the yesterdays when the Jolly Roger flew from the masthead and the buccaneers' battle-cry was

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo, ho ho and a bottle of rum.
Drink and the devil have done for the rest—
Yo, ho ho and a bottle of rum."

The pirates? They are quite frightful enough to instil fear and awe into adult as well as childish breasts, and we vote it a happy thought which brought this beloved book of American literature to the screen.

Shirley Mason plays Jim Hawkins with a whimsical touch and is always extremely good to look upon, altho she might have registered a little more terror when surrounded by the burly pirates.

Taken all in all, it is a good production and one which is ideal for the family to enjoy together.

THE LOVE EXPERT—FIRST NATIONAL

Every now and then someone sets up a hue and cry that the story is the thing. Everyone agrees that it is one of the main things, at any rate, but now and then along comes a picture which we find enjoyable without any thanks to the story. "The Love Expert" stands to us as one of these times. Whether the star system is good, bad or indifferent, is another thing, but one point is certain, without the star system, there would, of necessity, be fewer productions.

So—with Constance Talmadge doing all of the improbable things, even the most improbable farce becomes amusing. And even while you realize that the flapper heroine would be heartily disliked should she, in reality, attempt the things she does on the screen, you continue to enjoy her escapades and wonder what she will dare attempt next.

When the characters blush, their faces are tinted to become suffused in red while their hearts beat violently against their waistcoats or frocks as the case may be, and this proves very amusing.

However, we cant imagine "The Love Expert" without the sparkling Constance —it just couldn't be—with her it glides amusingly along.

THE CITY OF MASKS—PARAMOUNT

This should have been a good picture but for some reason it falls quite flat, even in its uniqueness of plot. The title itself gives a broad hint as to the story and we find people who are anything and everything but what they seem—the woman in the pawnshop was a princess of some foreign principality and the governess in the home of the *nouveau riche* with their ne'er do well son, a lady of noble birth.

Robert Warwick is featured in the rôle of a chauffeur which calls for little or no ability, and he wanders thru the mildly interesting reels adequately, altho he fails, in any instance, to bring a poignancy to his scenes.

MY LADY'S GARTER—TOURNEUR PRODUCTION

They tell us that "variety is the spice of life,"—if this be so, it is altogether fitting and proper to liken the Tourneur production, "My Lady's Garter," unto a hot

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M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clear, nicely perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable aid is a rare and expensive organic compound which is unexcelled for the purpose of stimulating and nourishing the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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tamale. With its frock-coated and bespatted crooks, it smacks of Arsene Lupin—the onrushing trains which escape a collision by a mere hair's breadth suggest "The Ninety and Nine," while the wild chases and thrilling experiences remind us of "The Perils of Pauline." There is so much action that the story really doesn't matter, and those who like melodrama, real mellow melodrama, will, on the whole, find it entertaining. You find yourself wondering what *can* happen next.

Sylvia Breamer plays the girl who throws her jewels from her window, thinking the man beneath is her sweetheart with whom she has planned to elope. He's the crook and, of course, he flees—with the case of jewels. Then, all thru the story they suspect the famous detective with whom she comes to realize she is really in love, of being the master crook, the same notorious person who stole My Lady's Garter, a priceless jeweled relic from the museum. The last reel finds the numerous tangles which stand in the way of the happy ending unraveling so fast that it is difficult to keep track of them. Naturally, the supposed crook proves his honesty and the girl is happy to know that her heart prompted her aright.

Our Animated Monthly

(*Continued from page* 84)

carpenter, when he was seen by Mr. Taylor, who decided that he would be the perfect prototype of Huck. Another interesting boy in this company is the son of William Collier, Willie, Jr., while the little girl, for whose smiles the boys struggle, is to be Lila Lee. Clyde Fillmore is to play the lead.

Poor Sessue Hayakawa—it seems there is no limit to the pronunciations which his name can be given. The other day as I walked down the Hollywood Boulevard, two kiddies were chatting and the three-and-a-half-year-old was saying to his chum:

"My muvver is gonna take me to see Sissy Hiawatha tonight."

The matinée girls of the neighborhood have found themselves in a flutter of excitement. Ralph, the son of Francis X. Bushman, who is every bit as handsome as his father, is in town. But Ralph is not a mere child—he's nearly twenty. At any rate, Ralph came West to play leads in Christie comedies. He finished a part and was cast by Goldwyn to play the juvenile in one of those Booth Tarkington two-reelers that they are making. Ralph is tall and blond, with eyes like his father, and the same way of making the maids of a nation think that he is the handsomest thing in the world.

George Kleine—remember the producer of Billie Burke's "Gloria's Romance" serial?—is back in the game sponsoring Grace Darmond in a serial written about the famed Hope diamond. His company is known as Kosmik Films, and Kleine declares that he has something new in a serial idea—one where the heroine doesn't depend upon a lot of stunts to add suspense to the story. Really, since her return from the East, Miss Darmond looks lovely. She was ill when she left the colony a few months ago, and now that she's back, about sixteen producers have been after her for their star. The serial she is making is called "The Mystery of the Hope Diamond." The story was written by May Yohe, the American actress who went abroad some years ago, married Lord Hope, inherited the diamond, and finally lost it to intriguers. She sold the story rights to Kosmik, and we

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now see Miss Darmond acting for the screen what was in real life one of the most exciting chapters in contemporary history.

Do you remember that despicable—cinematically, of course—Bob McKim? He, whose path was strewn with tortured souls, and whose grin made us shudder for lo—these many years?

If you would spare your illusions or disillusions—whatever you choose to call 'em—then, read no further.

I have lost my faith in villains forever and ever—

"Mean Bob" has become a proud daddy. Mrs. McKim is, you know, Dorcas Mathews, and the baby was born early in May.

Too, Bob declares that he'll go on villaining, just the same—world without end.

A Crusader Against Provincialism

(*Continued from page 74*)

nobody on earth can foretell what the public wants. That is beyond the public itself. But the exhibitor holds your photoplay in an iron-bound rut.

"Motion picture audiences have been educated down to accept drivel until they have lost all perspective. It will take time to again build up a sane balance and an artistic judgment. The happy ending is an instance of this fallacy. Stage audiences accept a tragic conclusion when it is logical and inevitable. Then why not in the films?

"Beyond this I see the American photoplay bound by, let us say, a moral provincialism. The hero goes spotless thru the story, a Christ-like bit of perfection. The villain must pay for his crimes in the last reel with his life. Continental audiences will smile at my 'Blind Husbands,' because, in my rôle of the Austrian officer, I am caused to expiate my very human longings by falling over an Alpine ledge and losing my life. Judging from American photoplays, men must be white or black morally. There is nothing between these extremes. Either they are completely and angelically good or they are completely worthless. Yet we know in our hearts that everyone is moved by human impulses and weaknesses, by sex longings and desires, by dreams and disillusionments. How long before we can present *real* people on the screen? If American producers do not watch out, European photoplays, possessing this very breath of life, will step into our theaters.

"I want to do the Continental type of story because I understand the life and viewpoint better. There are, of course, American stories I would like to film. Frank Norris' 'McTeague' for instance. But something like Schnitzler's 'Affairs of Anatol' would be better suited to me. I want fearlessly to reveal life. I say this, not as a film producer, for I am just beginning to learn how to produce, but as an observer of humanity."

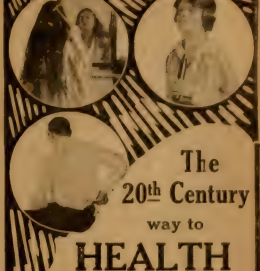
THE REFUGE

By Doris Kenyon

The autumn leaves whirl from the trees,
Or the last leaguered rose
Before the onset turns and flees
When the fell north wind blows.

Or, as a butterfly is borne,
With rain-wet vans enmeshed,
High o'er the bowed and beaten corn
Midsummer hail was threshed.

So turns my heart, in storm and scath,
To find your sheltering breast,
Wherein to hide from scorn and wrath,
As in its own dear nest.



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The Marriage of the Muses

(Continued from page 43)

a hurt," "Lee," "Thirty, Knee," "Here Comes My Daddy Now," and several other songs of wide popularity. Morris Gest, who acted in the early Vitagraph productions and played the piano when his pictures were shown in the metropolitan district, and Walter C. Simon, who had an extensive repertoire of popular songs.

With few exceptions, no player of advanced musical knowledge was attracted to the motion picture, altho the films themselves improved with startling rapidity. In fact, the year 1905 saw the single reel still a flickering novelty, but at the same time the means for projecting a complete story. But after all, the fakers who played for them fitted the atmosphere of the early photoplay perfectly. It must be remembered that only a small percentage of the population of any town had been won over to the motion picture, and that the so-called photoplay theaters were loafing or resting places rather than places of amusement, the majority of them converted grocery stores.

This condition continued for about four years, during which time the pictures themselves began to improve in another direction. Mechanical improvements in the projection machines, the application of new ideas to the photographic and developing processes and new ways of preparing the canvas screen itself, helped to give us a photoplay far better than the musical setting in which it was found.

About this time, motion picture trade journals began a movement which had for its object the elimination of music, whose sole reason for being in the photoplay theater was the ridiculous thing-suggestion it contained, and the substitution therefore of music which bore some *emotional* relationship to the scenes which it accompanied. Ernest Luz, of the *Moving Picture News*, and Clarence E. Sim, of the *Moving Picture World*, began the agitation for an improvement in music for the photoplay. They were both professional musicians of long experience and wide and thoro training.

After a year's campaign in the trade journals, the chances for better music seemed hopeless. The Pathé and Kalem companies were the only producers who were prepared and anxious to print music suggestions for exhibitors to use. Their idea was to prepare a sheet with the names of various classical and popular compositions which would form an appropriate musical accompaniment to every picture they produced. But their attempt was nullified by the combined efforts of the poor pianists in the theater, most of whom could neither read music of any difficulty, nor give it an intelligent interpretation. In looking back over this period, the attempt of these inefficient players to keep the motion picture public from hearing good music is pathetic. Their agitation was nothing short of a campaign to standardize ignorance and bad taste; and like every other such attempt, it was bound to fail. But the way in which they were pried from their strangling clutch on the photoplay of that period is a startling argument for the international nature of music.

At the Lyric Theater in Minneapolis, an unknown motion picture theater manager collaborated with a musician of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra in writing a complete musical score for a three-reel feature. The picture was called "Columbus," the symphony orchestra musician who wrote the score was Julius K. Johnson, and the unknown manager was Sam Rothapfel.

In 1910, word reached America that Max Reinhart, the internationally famous impresario and producer, had made a wonderful photoplay in Germany. Furthermore, this news was supplemented by a hitherto unheard of announcement. D. Humperdinck, the composer of the delightful opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," had written a wonderful original musical score for the Reinhart photoplay, "The Miracle." The picture was bought by English interests and produced on a mammoth scale in Covent Garden, London, where it had a long run. This was the longest photoplay made up to that time, and proved to motion picture producers thruout the world that good music must accompany a good photodrama.

Shortly after the triumph of Max Reinhart's "The Miracle," another version of the same story was made by the Continental Film Company of Berlin and sent to America. Ernest Luz did for the second "Miracle" what Humperdinck did for its far better predecessor. But the important point is that in America a full score had at last been written for a long photoplay; not an entirely original score, be it remembered, but a selection of appropriate themes and excerpts from classical scores which synchronized emotionally with the photodrama on the screen. This version of "The Miracle" was shown in several of the larger theaters in America, but achieved only a moderate success. Later, the Reinhart-Humperdinck version was brought to New York, but the attempt to produce it here failed for two reasons. First, the choral, organ and huge orchestral effects that were so impressive in the original production, could not be obtained here; and secondly, the picture was condemned by the Catholic clergymen in America.

Despite the negative failure of this marvelous photoplay here, steps had already been taken to produce feature pictures with definite regularity. Adolph Zukor organized the Famous Players Film Company to produce photoplays in which the best known actors and actresses of the legitimate stage would be seen in the leading rôles. His first release was shown to the public on Labor Day, 1912. The picture was an imported production entitled "Queen Elizabeth" and the rôle of Elizabeth was played by Sarah Bernhardt. Her leading man was Lou-Tellegen, now the husband of Geraldine Farrar.

The musical score for the picture was written by J. Carl Briel; and the first performance of this five-reel feature with special music was given by Marcus Loew at the old Bijou Theater at Broadway and 30th Street, New York City, with a full symphony orchestra. This was the first *successful* endeavor in America to unite good music and photoplays on a large scale. But the attempt to extend the idea very broadly met with a serious handicap. There were not enough good musicians thruout the country who could be induced to play for a photoplay, and many were skeptical as to the permanence of this new venture in the photoplay world.

Up to this time, few multiple reel pictures had been made in America. "Queen Elizabeth" was an imported film. But in 1911 and 1912, American companies began to make two-reel pictures, and a few three-reel features. These were shown in

(Continued on page 116)

Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland,** the **Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
July	1920 ballot
August	1920 ballot
September	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
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the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
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I believe that .....
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... votes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

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THE FAMOUS

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The Marriage of the Muses

(Continued from page 114)

connection with vaudeville entertainments. This was the period when the cheap picture-house had to do ten and twelve changes a day to fill in the time between the showings of the two- or three-reel features. Usually two or three vaudeville acts were used to pad out a photoplay entertainment.

The next development in the growth of the photoplay in its association with good music was due to the pioneer work of Marcus Loew, who leased the old Herald Square Theater in New York City, and converted it into an exclusive photoplay theater. He added a ten-piece orchestra and showed only feature pictures. This experiment took the fancy of the ever increasing number of motion picture goers. The typical "movie fan" was already in existence, and Mr. Loew's venture was imitated within a few weeks in almost every large city in the United States. However, no systematic attempt had been made to arrange scores for these two- and three-reel features. Heretofore, Julius K. Johnson's score for "Columbus" was perhaps the only original American contribution to classical motion picture music. The orchestras, for the most part, simply played popular melodies and some classical selections, often inappropriate to the picture.

In March, 1912, Mr. Loew was ready to take another step in the wedding of music and the film. He took over the Broadway Theater, at 41st Street and Broadway, New York, which had hitherto been the home of musical comedy, and there tested Mr. Ernest Luz's idea of preparing a special musical score for every picture shown. Thru his wide knowledge of orchestral and piano music, he prepared excerpts from various compositions which synchronized with the varying moods of the picture that was to be shown. Thus, in some scenes, we heard Grieg's "Death of Asa," in others Schumann's "Waldscenen," excerpts from "Tannhäuser" and "Oberon;" and in still others, "movements" from symphonies. The twelve-piece orchestra installed at the Broadway Theater was a genuine success, and convinced music publishers as well as theater owners and managers that the future development of the photoplay was closely connected with the movement to coördinate music with the motion picture.

The place which good music was destined to occupy in the film theater was again demonstrated in the second large production of the Famous Players organization, "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James K. Hackett in the leading rôle, established the long feature as the form of the photoplay for several years to come.

About this time, Sam Rothapfel came from Minneapolis as musical director for the new Regent Theater in New York. He conceived the idea of staging elaborate productions in connection with the showing of a feature picture; and so built up his entertainment that his performance included vocal or instrumental soloists and other special numbers. Among the great productions staged by him were "Quo Vadis" and later "Macbeth," with Constance Collier and Herbert Tree. It was he who originated the idea which resulted in such magnificent theaters as the Strand, the Rivoli and the Rialto theaters in New York. The success of these theaters demonstrated the firm hold which the photoplay, in conjunction with good music, had upon the public.

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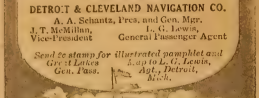

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During the growth of Mr. Rothapfel's ideas, musicians began to see the value of the photoplay theater, and were persuaded to play in them. Next, the music publishers, who were at first strongly opposed to the agitation for better music in the picture houses, saw the light.

Before this time, the publishers of ragtime music had monopolized the motion picture theaters. Not so many years ago, we were tormented by the publicity efforts of these publishers who placed one of their singers in almost every picture theater to advertise their songs. The obvious effort of this sort of advertising was to popularize the ragtime and cheaply sentimental song to the detriment of good music. A strange commentary on the situation is the attitude which the publishers of standard music assumed. They were actually short-sighted enough to ridicule the movement for better music in the photoplay theater, while their own compositions were permitted to go out of print.

And here must be mentioned the nation-wide furor caused by David Wark Griffith's production of "The Birth of a Nation." This monumental photoplay in twelve reels was the first shown at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles, under the title "The Clansman," February 8, 1915; and in New York at the Liberty Theater, under the title with which it has been identified ever since, on March 3rd, 1915. A full symphony orchestra played the accompanying music. In this beautiful and stirring tale, Mr. Griffith used music themes from Rossini's "Semiramide" and "Tancred"; Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"; Beethoven's "First Symphony"; Franz Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony"; Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots"; Richard Wagner's "Rienzi"; and several others. Those who had the satisfaction of hearing the musical accompaniment to "The Birth of a Nation" began to realize the tremendous possibilities which lay in the synchronization of colorful music to the motion picture.

Nevertheless, the publishers of this music were not yet won over to the idea of publishing scores for the use of photoplay theaters. As a consequence of this attitude, and the impossibility of musical directors associated with photoplay theaters to obtain arrangements of standard classical music suitable for their needs, Mr. Ernest Luz, in the spring of 1915, organized the Photoplay Music Company, which produced original melodramatic music that paralleled in spirit the pictures then being shown. Most of this material is now obsolete; but it stimulated two publishers of world-wide reputation to try their publications in the photoplay theaters.

G. Schirmer, Inc., was the first large music publisher to assist the movement for better music in the "movies." They contracted with Mr. S. M. Berg to make cue sheets which were to be distributed among the musical directors of various theaters. The cue sheet suggested compositions, which the Schirmer people published, that were appropriate for particular pictures. The first cue sheet for a multiple reel picture was published in the *Motion Picture News*, which succeeded the *Moving Picture News*, one of the trade journals which began the agitation for good music for the motion pictures.

The following year, Mr. Max Winkler contracted to do similar work for Carl Fischer, and from this time forward, the musical requirements of the motion picture theaters were assured. The demand for cue sheets became so great that the photoplay trade papers commissioned their music editors to view all feature pictures

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and make up our sheets which were printed in the magazines, and in this way we sold off exhibitors who subscribed.

Now the publishers of music especially adapted to the photoplay cannot print it fast enough to meet the demand. The leading singer has almost entirely disappeared from the photoplay theater; a large number of good musicians are assured regular engagements; and the musical baker finds himself crowded out.

The music in the motion picture theater of today is often far better than the picture shown. The technical difficulty of presenting appropriate musical themes to form an emotional background for different pictures has been solved; and the Wagnerian idea of the music drama has actually been applied to the film. But there is still a lack of flowing continuity in pictures themselves—a deficiency which results in a consequent snapping of mood in the music which accompanies it. The action of many a photoplay of today jumps all over the continent and back again with but the insertion of a title to justify this sort of dramatic gymnastics. However, an experiment is being tried at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, which may immeasurably advance the status of the photoplay as an art form.

The plan, in brief, is to produce a photoplay of such continuous action, and with such a gradual infiltration of plot threads, that the unity of the whole will be so much closer than we do expect in the motion picture, that it will approach in spirit the symphonic music form.

Here the hand and the brain of Sam Rothapfel again appear. In his association with the Goldwyn organization, he is endeavoring to have scores written for finished photoplays. According to his plan, the dramatic theme of the story will be accompanied by a melodic theme in the music; and every character and every action will have its interpretative counterpart in the music. Thru the development of this idea, which is similar to the music-drama theory of Wagner, many scenes need not be repeated in the form of flashbacks, as the music by a reiteration of the motifs representing the scene, will sustain the mood that formerly had to be objectified on the screen. Furthermore, as in a symphony, the music will build up a climax parallel to the dramatic climax on the screen. And so, tho we have lost the voices of the actors, we shall have replaced them by a musical interpretation of their moods and of their actions. The success of the venture depends largely upon the finesse and originality of the musician who writes the score.

Whether this latest experiment to bring about a closer unity of the best music with the photoplay will develop the art remains to be seen. It is an important attempt to unite two arts; and its success will be a step in seven-league boots for the photoplay of tomorrow.

Madame X

(*Continued from page* 101)

with paralysis in the act of smiling. President Florint of Toulouse laid a shaking hand on his son's arm. "Raymond—I must speak to you," he gasped. His step as he moved away beside the younger man was that of one suddenly very old and feeble.

"That woman—you saved," he said, as the two sank each in an armchair. "Raymond, it is I who should have stood on trial today for I sent her to this courtroom twenty years ago. I murdered her soul with my disbelief, my unforgiveness. She was—my wife, Raymond—your mother——"

If he had thought to see horror and repugnance in the young face before him he was mistaken. Raymond Florint spoke very softly. "My—mother——"

"She was innocent—it was I who was guilty of believing her faithless," the father groaned. "For years I hunted for her, and today I have found her——" He sank into a chair, burying his stricken grey head in his hands. "What atonement can I offer for such a sin as mine? Did you see her? God! And she was such a pretty girl, so gay and happy——"

But he spoke to emptiness, for Raymond was gone. A little crowd had gathered around the prisoner's box. A stout, professional-looking man holding a glass to the purple lips of Madame X answered the question in the young lawyer's face crisply. "Collapse. Heart worn out—question of minutes only. After her life, it was to be expected. They always go that way."

Madame X opened her eyes. The world had grown very small. All that she could see of it was the quivering young face bending over hers. "God is kinder," she whispered difficultly. "He has brought in another verdict. I shall soon be free——"

"Can you hear what I say?" asked Raymond Florint, gently. "Yes? Then I want to tell you that two things have happened to make today the happiest day of my life. One—I have won my first case. The other, I have found you—mother dear——"

She had gone a long way down into the Valley, but his words stayed her. She would have heard them if her poor laboring heart had ceased to beat, she would have heard them if she lay underground with the deaf earth heaped upon her breast. "You know," she faltered, "I didn't mean for you—to know——"

"I know," he smiled resolutely, "we're going to be happy, mother; we're going to make up to you for everything. There will be a garden, full of all kinds of flowers, for you to sit in and get well——"

He bent lower and his young lips pressed her shriveled ones. The drawn face was lighted with a great ecstasy. "A garden!" whispered Madame X, "I can see it already—great red roses swinging in the sunshine——"

The ragged grey head fell back heavily. But the worn dead face was as bright as that of one who looks upon something beautiful. Perhaps—who shall say, since God is merciful—perhaps she stood indeed among the wondrous blossoms that grow in the gardens of Paradise.

THE "FADE-AWAY"

By Howard Grant Cogsdill

Unconscious of the world around,
A youth and maiden strolled,
With daisies carpeting the ground,
The sun, a ball of gold.

A pause, a chasm yawns below,
Beyond, the ocean lies.
They stand against the evening glow,
The love-light in their eyes.

He gently takes her in his arms;
What matters the abyss?
They have no fear of rude alarms,
As silently they kiss.

The while a man, not far behind,
With megaphone in play,
Directs them as they start to grind
The dreamy fade-away.

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True Facts About Censorship

(*Continued from page 81*)

the assistance given by this public-spirited group, and agreed to submit all their product for pre-publicity criticism. Since 1909, the National Board has daily inspected and passed upon films until it now views 15,000 reels, or 15,000,000 feet a year.

As for legalized censorship, I found out that this only exists in four states. Thoughtful people have recognized the lack of wisdom in entrusting intricate and complicated problems of morals and society to small boards of political appointees. Many men, whose judgment and vision have made them prominent among their fellow-citizens have expressed themselves *against* official censorship and *for* the National Board of Review, altho the latter has no authority to enforce its decisions. This board puts a ban on degrading exhibitions, and their display becomes a deliberate affront against good taste.

The board is "national" in that it sits at the gateway thru which all motion pictures must pass before they reach the American public. It has affiliated with it more than seven hundred skilled persons and agencies in the different cities of the Union. These groups in co-operation with the board in New York, express and enforce the public opinion in their own locality. The National Board sends them weekly bulletins for their guidance, giving the eliminations made and the list of pictures rejected, also the names of all films passed during the week.

All votes and decisions on pictures are made by volunteers who are in no way connected with the motion picture industry. The National Board, constituted exclusively of unpaid workers—the fee the motion picture companies have to pay to have their product inspected goes merely to defray office expenses—is composed of a General Committee of thirty-five members, self-perpetuating, from which is selected an executive committee of nine. These in turn select and elect members of the Review Committee. This committee is divided into sections which attend from twenty-five to thirty separate review meetings a week. All pictures are first reviewed by these committees.

The General Committee, with eight members necessary for a quorum, acts as a court of appeal for pictures which may be held for further consideration by any section of the review committee, or which are appealed by the producer from the decision of the original reviewers.

A review committee inspects a number of pictures, but after each story or comedy there is a pause for discussion and for the registering of opinion on individual ballots. The people composing the committee are artists and authors, preachers and prison wardens, prominent settlement workers, librarians, attorneys and statesmen, and physicians, in short, people in every walk of life, with varied interests and varied tastes, but with a unity of purpose, and that purpose is—To serve the public, without hope of reward or personal gain, by insisting on and making possible, better motion pictures.

Better pictures! A truly noble and worthy goal. I am not a bit sorry that I investigated and found—instead of the old-fashioned censor, the fit companion of the bogy man—an up-to-date committee of sensible people, who can be trusted to do the right thing by the motion picture public, which includes you and me.

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The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page 94*)

Miss Tenth's Telegram—D-7.
Hazel Wordsworth—Paramount.

Mystery Castle—MD-6.
Sylvia Breamer—Paramount.

Other Women—CD-7.
Mae Miles Mayer—Realart.

On With the Dance—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.

Penalty Time—CD-6.
David Mason—Selznick.

Pink—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.

Please Get Married—D-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.

Pollyanna—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

Retaliation—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.

Right of Way, The—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.

River's End, The—MD-10.
All Star—Marshall Neilan Prod.

Romance—D-9.
Doris Keane—United Artists.

Scarlet Days—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.

Sea Wolf, The—D-8.
Noah Beery—Paramount.
Mabel Julienne Scott—Paramount.

Seeing It Through—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.

Sex—SP, MD-6
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.

Shark, The—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.

She Loves and Lies—C-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

Shore Acres—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.

Silver Horde, The—MD-9.
Rex Beach—Goldwyn.

Sins of St. Anthony, The—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.

Six Best Cellars—C-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.

Soldiers of Fortune—MD, SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.

Stolen Kiss, The—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.

Street Called Straight—D-5.
Naomi Childers—Basil King—Goldwyn.
Milton Sills—Basil King—Goldwyn.

Stronger Than Death—SP, MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

Third Generation, The—CD-10
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.

Thirteenth Commandment, The—SD-9.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Tom's Row—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

Toll Gate, The—MD-9
William S. Hart—Paramount.

Treasure Island—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.

Two Hours' Leave—CD-10.
Marie Lean & May—Paramount.

Two Wives—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Victory—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.

Vision of Yamboot—SP, MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.

Vixenous Vamp, The—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Water, Water Everywhere—CD-6.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

What's Your Husband Doing?—C-7.
Marie Lean & May—Paramount.

When the Clouds Roll By—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

Why Change Your Wife?—D-11.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.

Willow Tree, The—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.

Women Men Love, The—MD-6.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Woman in the Suitcase, The—MD-6.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.

Woman in Room 13, The—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

Woman and the Puppet, The—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.

Woman Game, The—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.

Woman Who Understood, The—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.

Yellow Typhoon—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

Young Mrs. Winthrop—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Reader Critique

A Lady in Love—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Atlas Jimmy Valentine—MD-8.
Bert Lytell—Metro.

Amateur Wife—D-7.
Irene Castle—Paramount.

Behind the Door—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.

Blooming Angel, The—C-7.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.

Dancin' Fool—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

Double Speed—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

Easy to Get—CD-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.

Excuse My Dust—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

His House in Order—D-8.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.

Human Desire—D-8.
Anita Stewart—First National.

Idol Dancer, The—D-7.
Seymour-Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

In Search of a Sinner—CD-9
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Sacred Flame, The—MD-5.
Emily Stevens—Schromer Prod.

Enthusiasm Great in Popularity Contest

(*Continued from page 98*)

Constance Binney	100
Mary Garden	100
Mildred Reardon	100
Winifred Westover	87
Kathlyn Williams	84
Peggy Hyland	84
Mary Thurman	79
Betty Blythe	68
Catherine Calvert	63
Lina Cavalieri	62
Marguerite De la Motte	61
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Mildred Davis	52
Marjorie Daw	52
Bessie Love	49
Louise Lovely	49
Carmel Myers	46
Ruth Stonehouse	43
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Francis X. Bushman	110
Sessue Hayakawa	109
Percy Marmont	109
King Baggot	59
Nigel Barrie	57
William Desmond	53
Jack Dempsey	53
Francis Ford	51
Mahlon Hamilton	51
Jack Holt	49
Frank Keenan	49
Elmo Lincoln	48

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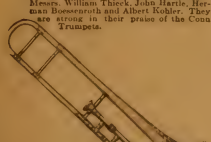

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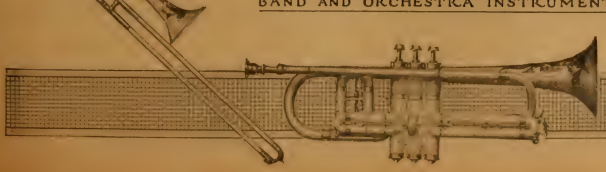

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 108)

TWO QUESTION BOXES.—No, I have never been divorced. In fact, never been married. I am a young bachelor, and have been for nearly three-quarters of a century. Kate Price played in "The Devil's Riddle" for Fox. You have traveled some haven't you? It is said that the lowest grades in Rome never pass under the arch of Titus, but walk around it, because it commemorates a victory over their race.

KAY.—Thanks for what you say. You like Tamar Lane. Glad of that. Ever since he's been writing we've been trying to tame our Lane, but he's as wild as ever. A good many of my readers keep scrapbooks of the plays they have seen. Betty Hilburn was the Girl of the Sea, and Chester Barnett was Lieut. Tom in "Girl of the Sea."

LORNA A. W.—No, you cant conceal cross eyes in a picture, but it is possible to correct a defective nose. Pimples, yes, you can cover them with grease paint. No, I haven't read "Film Folk." Yes, and our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

ROSE.—You just tell your mother we wont get along so well if she thinks the players pay for what I say about them. I'm afraid some of them would pay me not to say some of the things I do. Tell mother she's all wrong. Victor Potel is with "The Heart of a Child" cast. Nazimova had the lead.

CAMILLE.—Thanks for the billet doux. Better not dance so much, and take care of yourself. So you liked Edith Roberts.

ROSE N. Y.—Read your letter with a great deal of interest, and I wish I could help you. Get in touch with the different studios.

JOSEPHINE S.—Yes, the world is Ouija mad. The word is made up of the French "Oui" and the German "Ja" and each word means "Yes." In English, then, it is the "Yes, Yes Board." I am not sure about Douglas Fairbanks going to college. I do not know what Bryant Washburn did before he was a "lens fiend," as you call it, nor do I know what his great-grandmother did before she became his great-grandmother. You finish by saying "Yours until they use 27.5 for a tooth paste." Ship ahoy! Keep your ivories clean while you are young, so you can chew when you are old.

DOLORES T.—You say you think I am simple. Well, I hope so. Always glad to be of service to you, tho. You dont like the way Douglas Fairbanks is getting his publicity, and think George Walsh should be getting more. That isn't my fault, darling—I mean Dolores. No, I haven't seen Wallace Reid in "The Dancin' Fool." I can imagine him dancing, but I cant imagine him any other kind of a fool.

WANDA B. I.—May you never be "roasted" except by the glass of your friends and may you never be "roasted" except at a congenial fire on the hearth. Them was the happy days! That's ancient history. Yes, I do believe Arthur Johnson would be very popular if he had lived today. Why, Augustus Carney went to Universal, you know.

CUTIE.—Quit your kidding there, Cutie, and dont ask me to describe a pie-throwing Bellboy to the Keystone comedies.

YVONNE.—Thanks much, I was terribly glad to get the sugar. It may be the last I'll ever get. William Hart in "The Toll Gate," and Doris Keane in "Romance." Yes, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver—my address is 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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You will read with interest the interview our coast correspondent had with Bryant Washburn.

You will enjoy the whimsical article written about the literary side of Mary Miles Minter—at the age of eight, by B. F. Wilson.

Bayard Veiller, the famous novelist, has talked to James Fredericks on the difficulties of a playwright writing for the screen.

La Bella Sevilla (Beatrice Dominguez), the newest Universal star, has been interviewed by Fritzi Remont.

The vacation pictures of the stars at play; the newest novelizations, and the interesting bits of gossip by one who knows.

Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUSSELL E. C.—Not at all. The greatest happiness in this world comes from making others happy. You cant bring sunshine into the lives of others without getting deliciously sunburnt yourself. Of course you can buy the players' pictures in the five- and ten-cent stores. I thought everybody knew that. I have a charge account in one of them myself.

CLOSE OBSERVER.—Yes, do come in. We expect to have an interview with Carlyle Blackwell very soon. "Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears Today of past Regrets and future Fears," is from the Rubaiyat. The "rubiat" or "rubaiyat" is a metrical term and means "quatrains," four-line verse. The name is pronounced as spelled, O-mar Ki-yam, long "o" in first name and accent on last syllable of second name. I have answered you at length because you said such nice things about me. You see a little praise goes a long ways.

IMA BUM.—You weren't very choice about the name you chose for yourself. Thanks for the verse. Sorry. I cant use it here.

EMILIE D.—Certainly, but no man can succeed unless he has faith in his own ability. No, I am not George Walsh, nor am I Rip Van Winkle. Sessue Hayakawa in "The Devil's Claim."

BILLIE W.—He is a famous film fanatic. You see, it's this way. Grace Lamb fictionized the scenario from the story of Booth Tarkington—"The Country Cousin." Lew Cody in "The Butterfly Man," Robertson Cole production.

EDWIN.—All right, you say if I answer you you will write to me every month. Here goes! Yes, we have had Ethel Clayton on a cover, but it has been a long time since. You often see her on the inside cover, tho.

GERANIUM.—You hate? I am flabbergasted! Hatred is nothing but settled anger. Get it out of your system. Anyway, you say you wont stand for anybody picking on Wallace Reid. If they want to find fault let them pick on Bebe Daniels. Why pick on Bebe? Whoever you pick on you will be treading on some one's bunions.

IRISH.—Your letter was a surprise and a joy. Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome. You say you were always under the impression that I got paid for what I know. That's very little in both cases. Never have been to Cincinnati, alas, alack!

MARGARET MC.—No, I have never had any other name than Answer Man. You see, the New Zealand infant, I am told, has the privilege of selecting its own name. This is accomplished by a long string of names being repeated to the child until it cries or gives forth a sneeze, which is taken as a sign that the last name uttered is the one chosen. When I first asked the editor for a job I probably sneezed or emitted some sounding like ? ? ?, so he named me Answer Man. Elsie Ferguson, Theda Bara, Crane Wilbur are all starring on Broadway in stage plays.

MISS PUSS.—You say some one told you I could answer any question that was asked of me. A regular human Ouija, hey? No, child, just a little about the movies, and that great organ, the human heart, is all I know. The rest I look up. Conway Tearle played in "April Folly" and he also played in "Atonement."

THE VAMP.—Timid about writing to me? How come? Yes, indeed, we lead, others follow. We were the first. Jack Richardson was Pat's Paul in "Duds," Goldwyn

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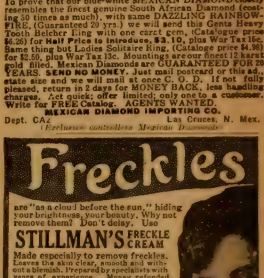
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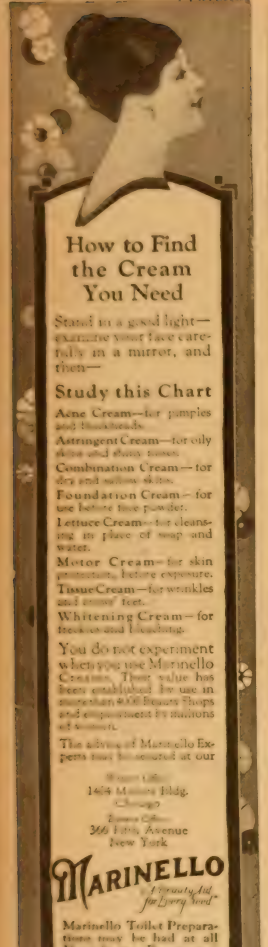
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COLLEEN LOCKS.—Join the Fame and Fortune Contest. All screen aspirants should.

EVELYN AYE.—Write Mary Pickford, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes H. Cooper Cliffe did play in "The Blue Pearl." He has a charming presence. Fan Bunney had the lead.

LUCILLE.—You say I wield a sword of wit when I never let grow rusty, and this many times you are mirthier than I am. You couldn't Beerkwell did look more like a young stone than a sweet young thing in "Flames of the Flesh."

KATHRYN RADCLIFFE'S ADMIRER.—How glad her face is admired! Now you offer to darn his socks and sew on buttons. Poor Richard!

CHRISTIANA.—My motto is, if you would have your readers merry with cheer, be so yourself, or, at least, appear so. Well, I should say comedy comes from the animated vaulted rooms, not from Coney Island. Betty Blythe played Helen, and Frank Mayo was Ned in "Burnt Wings." Universal.

BETTY.—Seems to me that railroad strike had a return ticket. Yes, a lot of old friends in "A Child for Sale." Gladys Leslie, Creighton Hale, Julia S. Gordon and Bobby Connelly. No, I haven't seen it yet. That's right, tell us what you want. It's your magazine, you know.

RACHEL VOLINSKY.—So you had a dream about it. Why dont you make that dream come true some time? Never sneeze in public places. It spreads germs. I always carry an umbrella to protect myself from them. Come in some time, Rachel.

JOSE JACKEL.—God bless the publicity man! Without him many a player would be born to blow up unheard and to go to seed unseen. I dont know why Wallace Reid always wears grey suits. What suits him ought to suit you. Frank Keenan in "Dollar for Dollar." Wesley Barry was the bell hop in "Dont Ever Marry." Yes, Matt Moore, brother to the other Moores.

M. M. S.—What's all this about? You write me and sign "your mother." What are you trying to do, kid your old Answer Man?

QUESTO, LIBAN.—Yes, marry in haste and repent in Nevada. Take your time, girlie, it's a long, long road. Nazimova is a Mrs. The Irish flag, sure Mike. The white, placed between the green and yellow, stands for the union of the North and South of Ireland. The fact is, however, that green is not the true Irish color. An early standard of Ireland has three golden crowns on a blue field. Another Irish flag represented a crowned harp on a blue field.

MARGUERITE B. O.—You are funny, Marguerite. Yes, yellow takes black in pictures, therefore gold teeth are not choice and must be enameled white. Katherine MacDonald is in Hollywood, Cal. But consistency is a jewel—not a fashionable one, tho.

CHARLES MEREDITH ADMIRER.—Yes, there is an interview with him here. Dorothy Dalton wore a wig in "Black Is White." It is always the people who cry "I told you so" who never do anything themselves. Yes, I remember the old-time egg meat that the butcher used to "throw in with a 50-cent roast? Now they call it "strained beef." Have no fear, as it is a sad fact guilt pays to conscience.

MARY K.—Yes, but what is home without another? I live alone, deep alone, but most always eat alone. Eugene O'Brien had the lead in "The Moonstone." William S. Hart in "John Petticoats." Very interesting letter you write, and let me hear from you again.

DICK.—Yes, Creighton Hale was the sick man in "The Idol Dancer." Write Anetha Getwell, care of this office. Yes, I saw "Humoresque," but did not care for it. Dragged too much, and not particularly interesting. Some of our critics think highly of it, however. Louise Fazenda in "Down on the Farm." Marie Prevost was the "Faithful Wife," and Ben Turpin was the husband.

URSULA H.—You want all the information you can get about Lynn Harding. Lynn, step forward and tell the lady what she wants to know.

HAZEL D., NEW ZEALAND.—As I never stand it, Marguerite Clark is engaged in domestic duties at present. If you wish to have your answers appear in the *Classic*, please write *Classic* at the top of your letter and not at the bottom.

ANGIE LEE.—I am glad you enjoy going to school. Some of my readers prefer coming from school! So you saw Madame Petrova on the stage, and you liked very much her charming little lisp. She is making a big hit. Yes, I am strictly temperate. I became so by cultivating a strong will and also a strong wont. Elsie Ferguson played in "Eyes of the Soul," story of which appeared in June issue.

S. PRESCOTT.—Thank you! You say our three magazines are like Ivory Soap, 99 44/100% pure, and the Answer Man 100% pure. You wou'l like the numbers of our pages to appear in the upper corners where they belong. Say not so. There are good reasons for our methods. You are all wrong about the German stuff. Nothing to it. Write to Brentano, Fifth Ave., New York, for such books.

WARATAH.—I dont know anything about his private life, but there's a skeleton in every closet. You bet I eat taffy, and my teeth stay in when I do.

MARIE C.—Your story reminds me of the chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, but which of all animals has the nimblest tongue. Yes, I remember in "Julius Cæsar" where Cassius, in speaking of Cæsar, says to Brutus, "Upon what meat doth this, our Cæsar feed that he hath grown so great?" You want to know what meat I eat that I became so witty? Sweetmeats, mostly; I am a regular chocolate soldier. Address the players in care of the studio.

ROSE O.—Yes, "A Dream of Fair Women," the Fame and Fortune film of 1919, is being shown in the various theaters. Ask your theater manager to get it. Yes, rather a sort of wit who lashes the town, than an elegant moralist who instructs the world. Agnes Ayres and Charles West are directed by Marshall Neilan.

ALBERTA, CANADA.—On bended knee, I thank you, most gracious lady. It's too good to keep, so here it is: "I have been getting the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE thru our local dealer for the last two years and I have found the 'Answer Man' most interesting. What a wonderful amount of brain and tact you have, and patience! I always read the 'Answer Man' first and I most always have a good laugh." I'm glad I can make at least one person laugh. Laugh, and the world laughs with you. You know the rest. I wish I could help you with your rheumatism. Stop eating meat and sugar, and drink more water. Holbrook Blinn is playing on Broadway. Do write me again. I enjoyed every word of yours.

PUSSYWILLOW.—No cast for that play. Yes, I like to be called a woman about as much as a barber loves a safety razor. No, I am really and truly 79, and I want you to understand that my whiskers are real.

MAY B.—Selznick's "The New Butler" has been changed to "The Servant Question." It seems the first number of *The Tatler* was published April 12, 1709. Addison was at this time in Ireland. Secretary to Wharton, the Lord Lieutenant. *The Tatler* was a kind of newspaper as well as a diary. It was published three times a week. No, chicken is not meat, it is fowl. I would say she is an entertaining rather than a fine writer.

BRIDGET K.—Sorry I cant give you a list of the Polish actresses on the screen. Ruth Roland can be reached at Los Angeles, Cal. Madge Kennedy was born in California. She has played in several stage plays, and she is also known to be quite a cartoonist. Mabel Normand is as busy as a bee working in "Rosa Alvara, Entrante," whatever that is. Will Rogers in "Cupid, the Cowpuncher."

WEALTHY BACHELOR.—How many thousand did you say you had? Thousands mean nothing. The girls are now looking for millions.

AGNES M.—Rush on. Keep moving. You say ail is no longer homophonous because ale is no more. A fellow asked me the other day when prohibition went into effect. Apparently it has not gone into effect yet. You strike a discord in the great harmony. It might be worse.

NIGGY.—All about William Scott. You will see an interview soon.

BETTY C. B.—Your lines are quite good enough to print, so here they are:

Who knows everything that there is to know?
The Answer Man.
To whose font of wit do the questions flow?
The Answer Man.
Who fills our hearts with undying woe,
By saying that Constance has a beau,
Or to "Is he married?"—"Yes" or "No"?
The Answer Man.

Who tells us that Theda's eyes are green?
The Answer Man.
Or that Mary Miles' freckles dont show on the screen?
The Answer Man.
Who tells us that Norma is happily wed,
And sends us sadly weeping to bed
By stating that F. X. B.'s hair is red?
The Answer Man.

FLORENCE D.—Glad to get yours. Good luck to you. Yes, Gaston Glass who plays the violinist in "Humoresque" was a pilot in the French Air Service during the war, and first came to this country on a mission for the French Government. Francelia Billington is at Hearts Are Trumps."

NEWTON A.—Ahah! How in Sam Hill am I going to make up a list of the players who smoke and those who dont? Zounds! What do you care if Alice Brady smokes or not? What if she does and what if she doesn't? Mary Thurman is being directed by Alan Dwan.

HARVEY G. W.—I accept. Run in and see me some time. Met Olga 17 on Fifth Avenue the other day. She is married, you know. Yes, Anita Stewart played a dual rôle in "The Yellow Typhoon."

M. M.—Write to our circulation department.

EILEEN.—That is a very profound question you ask. "Is life worth living?" Once more this oft-repeated irksome task must be accomplished—it all depends upon the liver. Yes, I wonder what has become of L. C. Shumway and Welma Whitman. Bebe Daniels was born on Jan. 14, 1901. She has played in Shakespearean rôles. She is 5 feet three, weighs 116, and has dark hair and brown eyes.

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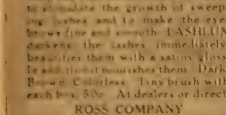

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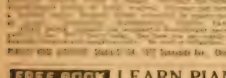

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MOVIE STARS ON POST CARDS

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Blue Eyes—Dont flare up in that way. You want to know all the Roman Catholic prayers and you want to know what prayer weigh over 140 lbs. You dont want an Answer Man, you want an encyclopedia and a library, and then some more.

Izy—So I have you puzzled, too. No, I don't scoop my hair. And you are mad at me, are you? Well, friends, truly friends, can never long be foes, so you will soon get over it. Ernest Truex is going to play in "Face Mr. Cupid." He should have been paged long ago for some people.

Brown Eyes—Calm yourself, calm. You will get answered in time. I didn't say what time. Might be Christmas time. I'm doing the best I can, and working twelve hours a day and night.

Socrates—You say, you read both the Classic and this magazine and yet you want to see more of me. Come in some time when I am taking a bath.

Tetrahedron Operator—How can you listen to it? I mean the jokes they pull about you girls. You say you talk all day and write letters at night. Yes, I see you do. As I have always said, pleasant company is always accepted, so stay around.

Clara S.—Shee! You say my beard is razor food. If clothes make the man, what was Adam? *Ne fronti credo.* Sol Lesser is producing "What Women Love" with Annette Kellermann and "One Man in a Million" with George Beban. Dont know why that couldn't be "What Men Love" with Annette Kellermann instead of women.

Peggy 19—Well, as a rule negroes have better hearing than white people. Sometimes you wouldn't think so. You say my feet must be fatigued after carrying such a burden all day, Zowie, they understand. No indeed, Doris May isn't snobbish. Charlie Ray, every time. I have a picture of him in front of me always smiling. I guess Mary Pickford is still most people's favorite.

Hermit, Copper Mt.—Well, I never have any pity for conceited people because I think they carry their comfort around with them. I dont know whether Irene Castle inherits her big feet from her mother or father. Didn't know she has big feet, has she?

Anita Fan.—Thanks. Rudolph Cameron is playing with his wife, Anita Stewart. Yours was a dandy. Louise Huff is with Selznick in "Dangerous Paradise" and "False Pride."

Pig.—You want to know how I get along on $975 a week. It's a secret. Marguerite Namara, the opera singer, and wife of Guy Bolton, is playing in "Stolen Moments" for American Cinema. Ask me anything, anything at all. No harm in it. How to cure corns, how to grow hair, how to get rich quick—anything; I know it all.

Bonny A.—You're right. Wish I could print it, but I wouldn't dare.

C. H. Oor.—Why, the Bastile was a celebrated prison in Paris in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, strongly constructed of stone and flanked by defensive towers. It was destroyed in 1789, but the term is often applied to any penitentiary or jail. Better join one of the correspondence clubs.

Clara E.—Success Fido. You say, "Dollie dear is a sour old maid or a jealous lobster and wanted something to say when she said Wallace Reid is a nice." Go to 8 Cars and see Cowan, Miriam Cooper and Helen Ware in "The Deep Purple," Pardon.

M. E. C.—Write again.

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—back to the

Good Old Card Game

What with the war over, the little old bonds tucked safely away in the tin box, the boys home, and the Bolsheviki on the run, isn't it time we got back to normal and proceeded to enjoy life in a useful, healthy, good old-fashioned way? Before the war—remember those peaceful, homey evenings—the good-natured jibes, the jolly little round at cards?

Now's the time to get back to those good old days, and you'll need some new cards to start the game rolling again—your only pack is probably past recognition. Therefore—as long as you have to buy a new pack, let us furnish it. We have on hand cards we call the STAGE PLAYING CARDS, each card bearing the photograph of some popular player on its back. There are 52 cards and joker, tinted in pastel shades of pink, cream, green and gold, gold-edged; flexible, highly finished, lively and durable, at 65c. a pack.

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ERMA H.—Kenneth Harlan is out west. You want him on the cover.

R. 33748.—What make is it, Elgin or Waltham? Yes, Fannie Ward is older than Fannie Hurst. Both are married. The latter had a sort of five-year trial marriage.

FITZGRATH SISTERS.—Probably Los Angeles, Cal. You write a very clever letter.

MARION D.—So you are rooting for William Scott. He is talked of a lot after "Flame and Flesh." Percy Marmont is so busy these days. He is Billie Burke's leading man in "Away Goes Prudence" and after that, Norma Talmadge's in "Branded." How I'd love to be a leading man!

JUST RUTH.—Ruth, you ask too many personal questions about Jane Novak. No, I am not Frederick James Smith—I was here seven years before he was—guess again. Miriam Battista was the little girl who afterwards became Alma Rubens in "Humoresque."

MABEL C.—It would take up too much room here to give you the addresses of all the players you mention. Call again, however.

PAULINE O'B.—Some verse of yours, this: "You say your whiskers are long and grey; Are those whiskers ever in your way? Do you ever chew them in your sleep; And think you're eating shredded wheat?" Keep it up, you will some day undo or outdo Milton.

HELEN E.—Guess there was no special reason for Elliott Dexter not playing. You want to be careful. Tact and deceit are always touching fingers delicately, but you should be careful not to let them clasp hands. Eddie Polo in "The Vanishing Dagger."

BENZINE BERT.—I'm sorry, Bertie, but I haven't the address of Peggy L. F. You see, when I have finished with my letters I file them in the waste basket. Not alphabetically. Yes, I detest a liar. Liars are good roadsters, but they never run very long without meeting something that causes them to shy and throw their riders.

CECILE.—*N'importe.* Why, ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. She is 5 feet 6 inches, weighs 115, has blue eyes and brown hair. Plays comedies.

MILTON SILL FAN.—Thank you, I dont mind the hot weather at all after our severe winter. Why, I take on an average of four glasses of buttermilk a day. Doctors?—well, I will have to say I believe in them, because a good many of them patronize my columns; but that's no reason why I should patronize them. I am my own doctor.

MARGARET N. O.—Yes, you will see Charles Ray in some of Whitcomb Riley's rural comedies. Charlie will certainly walk away with the parts. You bet, I like him.

SOUR FIFTEEN.—'Tis a base thing to betray a man because he intrusted in you. Yes, Elsie Ferguson and Naomi Childers are both Americans. Yes, to your three marriage questions. You want the names of all the pictures in which Douglas Fairbanks has played. Bring on the smelling salts. Have a heart. You want a picture of Naomi Childers. Yes, it's about time.

AUSSIE.—Hello, Australia! I cant help you to get a girl of about 18 to 20. You cant pick them that way any more. You cant tell the mothers from the daughters. Write to the correspondence clubs.

GEORGE R.—Yes, I saw Kitty Gordon on the stage, and heard the joke she tells about Madame Petrova. Cant imagine who the musical comedy girl is that you refer to. Do you mean Hazel Dawn?

At last! A New Idea in Talcum Powder!

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What's What in America

by

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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DEAFNESS IS MISERY

A. O. LEONARD

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

Tall Possum. Come forth, pretty dearie, it is time you were out. You say you are ten years old and in the sixth grade. That's good, study hard. Wish I had done so at your age. Elsie Ferguson is not playing now, expects to take a trip to Japan.

Norvell.—Books influence manners and manners in return influence the books. I try to read something super-delightful before going to bed. Thanks for all the nice things you say. Rod La Rocque is playing in "The Common Sin."

Camille.—It may not be as hard as it seems, Camille. Even the sheep in the meadow nibbling dewy grass on the margin of a clear stream, often feel that they are having a hard time. Dont cross the bridge until you come to it. Albert T. Barrett opposite Martha Mansfield in "His Brother's Keeper." I am told that pure white vaseline applied with a tiny camel's hair brush will make your eyebrows and lashes grow, but I doubt if anything will. I dont like these long, narrow eyebrows. I dont trim mine, altho I have been advised to.

Violet.—Your letter made me feel as tho I was absolute. You say, "Dear Granddad. I feel so sort of safe writing to you because you're so old you must be harmless." But's there's no fool like an old fool, is there? Why dont you join the Fame and Fortune Contest?

Lonesome One.—Thank you. Compliments, carried to an extravagant extent, become rude offenses. There is a material difference between prettily asking for a look of hope, and taking the whole scalp. You say, "Excuse my writing, I have to wash the dishes now." You're excused, because I'll have to do the same thing in a few minutes. Bessie Love is playing in "Old Curiosity Shop" for the Andrew J. Gallaghan Productions.

Maria L. P.—No, I dont read Spanish. I can talk it better than read it. Yes, write to the Talmadge studio, 318 E. 48th St., New York City, for Talmadge pictures.

Portsmouth.—Golly, but I enjoyed yours. You say in order to economize nowadays one must live on the following: "Breakfast, one dried prune or apricot. Dinner, one glass of water. Supper, same as dinner. The glass of water taken at dinner will swell the prune sufficiently to fill the void seat of hunger." You also say if money talks, it needs a cough syrup. Yes, but the trouble with money is, when it does talk, it doesn't say much.

Sophomore; Bess G. V.; Francescan; Kid Ambitious; Dick Barthelmess' Best Friend; Sweet Sixteen; Buffalo; Aggie Reilly; The Amused Reader; Emily B.; Dolly; Peg A. Brick; Brownie; Balcony A. Sophomore; Evelyn and Louise; Virian F.; Peggy-O; L. A. D.; Eva R.; Jimmie W.; Iona Maxwell; Ruth; Kathed S.; Adeline; Diana; S. M. F.; Pretty; Dardanella; Elsie U.; A. T. Admirer.—Sorry I couldn't answer each and every one of you, but your questions have been answered here somewhere. Help yourself. I'm perfectly willing to guess you all a personal answer preceded you will give me the inspiration.

Margaret B.—Your letter was most interesting and I hope to hear from you some more.

Florida Friend.—Thanks for yours. Found it mighty interesting. Ruhye De Remer was born in Denver, Colo. She was a "Molasses Foots" girl, you know. Has light eyes and blond hair. King Baggot and Marguerite Fisher in "The Thirtieth Piece of Silver."

Elizabeth.—Yes, no.

Swanky.—Of course, I'll tell you. "Poor as Job's turkey" is a subject of interest to the patriotic and well-fed American bird of the same species. As the turkey did not show his strut in Europe earlier than the 16th century, it is a matter of wonder how one could have found its way in the land of U. S. The Hindoos use the proverb, "Poor as turkey in summer," which means that the turkey was reduced in flesh greatly by his wanderings for food in the lean summertime. Blanche McGarity has not accepted a contract yet because she is to play the principal part in our own feature play, "Love's Redemption."

Norman A. B.—No, I couldn't go to war. Recent statistics show that 1,725 British girls married doughboys, and over 216,000 women in the British Isles were widowed by the war. Yes, Marie Walcamp is West. Thanks for the jokes. They were corkers.

Esther R.—Ye gods! Ask me something easy. How do I know whether Robert Ellis can make perfect love? Describe perfect love, anyway, and then tell me how to make it.

Barthelmess Friend.—Spanish dance, isn't it? The women of Spain are generally credited with being the best dancers of any women in the world. You refer to the "Idol Dancer." *In transitu* let me say that I dont mind a good joke once in a while. It helps digestion.

H. V. S.—You see it in every-day life—a miser grows rich by seeming poor, and an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. Probably the letter to Constance Talmadge will be forwarded from Selznick to her correct address. There is nothing you can do about it now. Possibly the mail clerk at the studio threw it in the waste basket to save himself the trouble of remailing it. Yes, Lew Cody and Louise Lovely in "The Butterfly Man." Augustus Phillips plays Mr. Trend, and Rosemary Theby as Mrs. Fielding. You're very welcome.

Bessie M.—Thanks for the invitation to the round-up. Wish I could attend. Nothing like the open and the country, but the country folks dont seem to appreciate it.

U. P. A. Whiz.—You should all drink buttermilk. No, it never goes to my head. Only to my stomach. I doubt whether you will ever see Charles Ray and Dorothy Gish play together. They dont often favor us with two stars in one play. No, I try not to get jealous, for you know it is like an extra clapper in a bell; the more you give way to the noise, the more you are jangled out of tune. A sailing vessel can sail faster than the wind.

Arthur H.—I will get you a biography on Virginia Lee Corbin later.

Kansas Sunflower.—So glad to hear from you, little one.

Harry P.—That's good stuff, Harry, but it's a poor mule that dont work both ways—not a poor rule, for a rule that works both ways is no rule at all. Wallace MacDonald is not married. You ask, "Is he strong in appearance?" I should say—a regular Hercules. I'm afraid you are asking too much of the players. Remember they only have 24 hours in each day.

G. W. H.—So you think we have too many young girls playing leading parts. You will perhaps agree with Mae Marsh, who said, "I dont believe a woman can become a true artist until she has experienced the joys of motherhood." No, I am not worse than the Office Dog of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Dick Travers is not playing now. He was seen on Broadway the other day, but is not working.

ANETTA STRUTHERS.—Never heard from your town before. You say you have 5,000 souls and 10,000 soles, with a city hall and you still have poor old horses to pull the fire wagon. Boy, oh boy, that's the place for me, no fear of ever being run down by a Rolls Royce. Muriel Ostriche is in New York.

SAGE BRUSH STATE.—Yes, but I am afraid these columns of mine are getting to be more voluminous than illuminous. No, not William Courtleigh. The same Harry Pollard. Call again.

CONSTANCE H.—Here are the nicknames of the states you mention: Lone Star, Texas; Silver, Nevada; Sunflower, Kansas; Turpentine, North Carolina; and Creole, Louisiana. Of course I dont mind, that's what I get paid for.

DOUG FOREVER.—Why, Louise Lovely was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1896. She was educated in Switzerland and she was in musical comedy in Australia. Better inquire at your post office. The exchange from Canada is very high.

BLUEY.—But the power of absolute memory is one thing, and memory by association of ideas is another. Both should be cultivated. Ethel Clayton was Barbara and Harrison Ford, Brent in "A Lady in Love."

PEGGY M.—I never saw so many Peggys. Glad to hear about your experiences. Write me some more. Mollie King made her first appearance in New York in 1898. She played at the Winter Garden and Century Roof. Her hair is reddish brown and she has hazel eyes.

ALINE H.—Dont flare up in that way, I am always serious. Honest, the Bible is being produced in pictures now. You ought to hear me some time. As Milton says, "Shall I go on? Or have I said enough?"

EDNA REID, CLARENDON STREET, HAMILTON, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, wants some good-looking young Americans to write to her. If you are not real good-looking, dont write.

JANET R.; Y. R. A. WONDER; INA A.; SNOODLES; TALMADGE ADMIRER; ELLA S.; GERALDINE P.; ALICE MACK; HELOISE S.; B. V. DOT; CARTY KID; FLUFF; MABEL B.; BILLY, 18; AMIGO; SERIAL LOVER; DARN DUMMY; PISH; J. C.—Sorry to put you in the alsorans, but your several epistles failed to inspire and you asked nothing that has not already been answered. Time is short and space is scarce, and Shakespeare never repeats.

MISS INIQUITY.—I realize I have been a little late with my answers, but I hope to be on time from now on. Watch me.

JESSIE A. N.—No, I dont mind working these warm days. I have an electric fan right alongside of me, and lots of fans in front of me. William Henry Harrison, ninth President, was in office less than a month. He died of pleurisy. Yes, Beauty is a priceless possession, but personality is even more so. Thomas W. Ross in "Checkers."

FLOSSIE C. P.—Aha, but not the original. I never will forget her writing. Yes, Theda Bara played in "A Fool There Was" for Fox in 1918. Edward Jose was "the fool." But what a difference there is between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

M. K. AND L. C., JERSEY CITY; YTOLE; L. H.; BILL HART'S BEST GIRL; THE SADDEST GIRL IN THE WORLD; MARGARET JANE; IGNORANT GIRL; HOPE; AN OHIO SAL; A REGULAR GIRL; F. S. A.; GREASED LIGHTNING; OH! HOW I WANT IT; PEGGY.—Come see me some other time.

THE PICTURE-LAND LOVER

By JEAN DALE

Here's to the dashing young blade-o'-the screen!
Never a thought for the morrow!
Running the gamut of passion and pain,
Draining the wine-dregs of sorrow.
Proud in his weakness and weak in his pride,
Primitive man to the girl at his side,
Blood-lust and murder and death for his bride,
Pride of the movies, we hail you!

Here's to the lover who languished in chains,
Victim of plots and of scheming;
Pawn of misfortune, injustice and hate,
Torn from his rose-colored dreaming.
Brave with the courage that reeks not the cost,
Valor rewins that fair maid you have lost—
Back o'er the Bridge of Sighs once you have crossed—
Into your own we hail you!

Laugh that's infectious and mirth that is free,
Smile that's incredibly tender,
Lips that cajole the warm mouth of a maid
Into a willing surrender.
Daredevil, gay, debonair as you will,
Virile and volatile, versatile still,
Quaffing the cup of romance to the fill,
Man among men, we hail you!

Lasso'-the-movies, with dreams in your eyes,
Dreams of yourself and That Other,
Let him but take you a step on that Dream Road,
This magical, Picture-land Lover.
Masterful, wistful, caressing in turn,
Setting the flame of love's incense a-burn,
Unlatching the door to enchantment, we yearn,
Men-o'-the-screen-world, to hail you!

THE REAL VERSION

By JAMES GABELLE

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled.
"I'm sure to be the hero of
A photoplay," he said.

RIMES OF A MOVIE FAN: FATTY ARBUCKLE

By FRANK E. CUDDY

Ho! It's Falstaff again, making us laugh again!
Wooing—the rascal!—as wonted to do.
With his obesity (more than necessity
Calls for), he struts in a modern milieu.
Look at him! Amorous, courting a clamorous
Woman who—Bop! (That's a bump in the eye!)
Full is his cup of vim. Get a close-up of him.
Regist'ring sorrow—right after a pie!

Note the simplicity of the plasticity
Shown by his features, and—joyfully groan.
Laughs are quite numerous when this most humorous
Fellow relieves us of woe with his own.
Rugged of quality, yet in its jollity
Flashes the brilliance of jewels and gems.
Yes; it's Sir John again, playing the Don again,
Crammed in a basket and dumped in the Thames.

Ho! but it's Jack again! Yes; he is back again;
Born reincarnate returned to the earth;
Bent upon plundering, still is he blundering—
Hey! we're at Windsor, a-bubble with mirth!
Fun that is furious, void of the spurious;
Fun, like the frame of him; that is, immense.
So I reiterate, you may obliterate
All your depression at Fatty's expense.

AN ADVENTURER OF CINEMA DREAMS

By WRIGHT FIELD

The chains of circumstance may bind
My body for all time;
But the soul of me adventures forth
On the winds of every clime.

I sit with my cottage door set wide, and the whole world calls to me;
The breath of Ceylon from afar, the salt tang of the sea.
The dusky cheek of an island maid, an orchid's dying scent,
The roar of the monsoon, where its path thru the quaking forest rent;
The pallid ghosts of far-off sails in an opalescent mist,
The milk-white mane of a desert mare, by Arabian breezes kist,
The ruby gleam of an idol's eye, where the heathen bends the knee,
The shadows of pyramids on the sands are familiar things to me!

I have mushed thru the snows of the frozen North, where to live is to endure,
And flung my soul to the hungry winds; I have known the fatal lure
Of the molten gem of an iceberg's heart, that spills its liquid beams
When the sun strikes thru to the dazzled eye, in a thousand rainbow gleams;
The crunch of the ice when the good ship feels the ache of her grinding sides,
And knows that never again she'll lean to the wash of the sun-warmed tides;
The cold that cuts like a thin steel knife, and stings like an adder's tongue,
And stiffens the corpse of a comrade true, who lies unshrived, unsung!

I have shared the night with the paradise-bird, and the orchids strange and rare,
When the haunted jungle breathed of Death, and my lightest thought was prayer;
I have stalked the mirage o'er the burning plain, with a blackened, swollen tongue,
And felt the sand-storm's scorching breath cut into my shriveled lung;
I have skimmed the wave with an island maid, her cheek to my cheek prest,
As we floated on with the lazy tide, in a dream of tranquil rest;
On the coral lips of a tropic isle has my gallant bark been wrecked,
And my white bones cleaned by the vultures black, where the seas with blood were flecked!

Oh, the chains of circumstance may bind
My body for all time;
But the soul of me adventures forth
On the winds of every clime!

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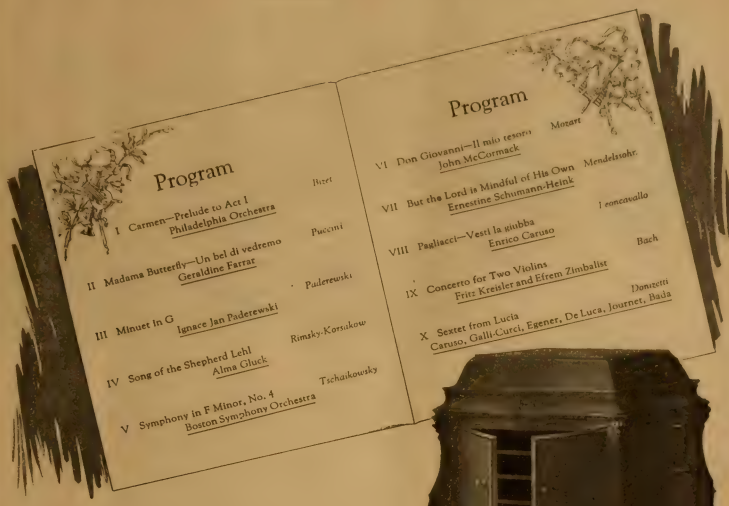

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W. Lepas

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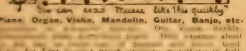

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

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By "JUNIUS"

Cohan's—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Empire—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Century—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Cohan's—"The Hottentot" with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Van Andrews lends pleasant assistance. Full of laughs.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox." Weak adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel. Alma Tell in the stellar role.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

Greenwich Village.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult role.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Knox Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Cushing Cushing's "Kitty Mackaye." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Shubert Theater. "Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Con-

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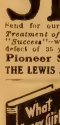

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(*Continued on page* 12)

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Upon her arrival in New York, she devoted herself entirely to illustrating and her first introduction to the footlights came thru amateur theatricals, when she played the leading rôle of a soubrette.

The sketch was such a success that it was again presented at Sconset, Massachusetts, before the actors' colony, and it was at this time that she received a number of theatrical offers, one from Henry Woodruff, which she accepted, playing the feminine lead in the Nat Goodwin play, "The Genius."

After this came "Little Miss Brown," a stage play written especially for her. Madge of the brown eyes admits that there was no weary climb up the ladder—success came swiftly and it has remained with her always, even during her very first venture into films.

Perhaps she is remembered mostly for her stage work in "Fair and Warmer" and "Twin Beds," for it was in these successes that she delighted her audience with her delicately risqué comedy—they loved her big eyes and her expressive hands and feet. Madge had arrived.

She was an ideal screen type and the movie magnates were on her trail—then she settled the question by signing with Goldwyn, where she made her film début in "Baby Mine," from the pen of Margaret Mayo, the author of her stage success, "Twin Beds." And right there and then she became a screen star. Again Madge found success almost awaiting her, as it were.

In talking about her work and the work of others, Miss Kennedy says that she feels a good story, one that rings true and seems half-way human, is the greatest asset a player can have.

She declares that she did not find it difficult to adapt herself to the screen probably because she had only been before the footlights for a comparatively short time—and then, too, she liked the silent drama, offering such delightful entertainment as "The Danger Game," "Leave It to Susan," "Thru the Wrong Door," "Strictly Confidential," and many others.

And since her début in filmdom a few years ago, Madge has done nothing whatever for the stage, devoting her talents entirely to the silversheet. In fact, she has spent so much time journeying back and forth between Los Angeles and New York that it has left her little time for anything else. First one picture would be produced in the West, then the next would be scheduled for the Eastern studios. Too, she has always felt that constant studio work made it unwise to attempt anything else; she has always said, however, that she would like to make a few pictures every year—good pictures—and do some stage work at the same time. And along with these desires she is announcing new plans:

In September she is sailing for a vacation trip to Europe, when she will tour the interesting cities and rest up generally. It is what she has always planned to do, and she feels this an ideal time in which to carry out her plans.

She will not remain away long, however, returning in the early fall to begin rehearsals for a new play which will open on Broadway. It is not to be the sort of thing she did before, so she says—something different, and there is a knowing look 'way down deep in her brown eyes when she tells you about it. Somehow you know that Madge Kennedy loves her work, plans for it and dreams for it—that she is happy when her work is good.

However, this return to the stage does not mean adieu to the shadow screen. Far from it. There is a new company which has been formed under the name of the Madge Kennedy Pictures—there will be four pictures a year. This means time to worry about every little detail—to select good stories which adapt themselves to the silent drama—time to rest in between and keep a clear perspective.

There can be nothing further said about her new pictures just now—the first story has not been definitely selected—neither has the director, and the distributing medium is still to be announced. But news will be forthcoming soon and we are assured of worth-while things—delightful pictures, with Madge endowing them with all the whimsy and charm she possesses so very abundantly.

"Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!"

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "*The Wonder Book for Writers,*" shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

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(Continued from page 7)

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"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce." "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

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I know, Love, I shall nevermore
Walk with you down familiar ways,
Nor see the human guise you wore
Beside me in the old, sweet days.

And when fond Memory strives to paint
Upon the shadows your dear face,
She trips and falters and grows faint,
Seeking each lineament to retrace.

Yet—strange Time mocks us thus, the churl!—
Of all your witchery, I recall
Only the wayward golden curl
That o'er your forehead used to fall.

The Classic for September

Will be an edition devoted exclusively to the younger set in filmdom.

The Magazine of Youth.

Frank Borzage, the young director who so recently upset all the usual rules and regulations of the silversheet with his phenomenal success "Humoresque," tells Frederick James Smith of his dreams and ambitions for the future.

Metro discovers a new find in Josephine Hill, the girl heroine of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

A star-eyed child of old Erin is Molly Malone. Elizabeth Peltret writes an enthusiastic interview with Molly, and when Elizabeth waxes enthusiastic—it's worth while investigating the cause.

For ballast we offer a discussion with Whitman Bennett on the influence of Wall Street on the Motion Picture Industry.

The fictionized stories this month are of the month's biggest photoplay hits.

The portraits of the stars are the most beautiful we have yet had, and that is making a broad statement.

All the way from the cradle to the chimney corner seat the September Classic will interest you.

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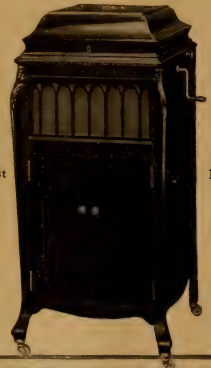

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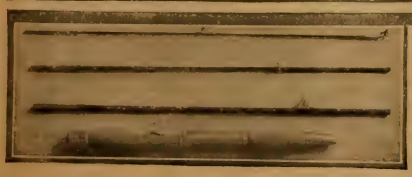

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Letters to the Editor

Re Billie Burke in "Let's Get a Divorce" or rather "Let's Get a Divorce" itself and one or two other things.

Dear Editor—Seldom do I criticise screen plays—certainly never before on paper—but when I saw "Let's Get a Divorce" featuring Billie Burke, my patience took sudden but resolute departure. So I suppose I'm going to tell you about it—or rather to confess.

In the first place, the play itself was absolutely impossible. I marvel that it was ever filmed. It is, no doubt, intended to be a comedy, and the subtitles are possibly supposed to be clever, but I fail to recognize either the comedy or the cleverness.

Miss Burke herself was charming as usual, but it she chooses her own vehicles, I am very much surprised at her judgment in this instance. On the other hand, if the thing was "wished on her," then she has my deepest sympathy.

And now a query. Since when do convent-school nuns watch the departure of a runaway charge, then turn away from the window faintly convulsed with laughter? Also, since when are Ursuline convents conducted by imitation Holy Cross nuns? I say imitation because no real Holy Cross Sister would be guilty of the "slept-in" looking cap worn by Helen Tracy in "Let's Get a Divorce," which brings to mind another similar thing in "The Isle of Conquest."

Norma Talmadge was in a Holy Cross boarding school, but when the Sisters appeared their habits were unlike those of any Holy Cross nuns I have ever seen. It would not seem too much trouble for directors to learn the habits worn by the different orders, and to have their characters garbed accordingly; it would make the production far more enjoyable to many in the audience.

Sincerely,
Irma E. LaRoe.

373 Y. W. C. A.
Prospect—Cleveland, Ohio.

Those who have marveled where the heroine found all her exquisite clothes when she left home with no baggage whatever, or a very small week-end case, and those who have marveled at artists who emerge from the ocean dripping wet, only to dry off perfectly in a very few seconds, will be in hearty accord with the author of the following letter:

Dear Editor—May I, as one of your readers, comment upon several motion picture plays I have seen recently?

I will start by criticising one of our greatest little actresses, i. e., Constance Talmadge. In her picture "Two Weeks," Connie is supposed to be an ambitious chorus girl who, thru circumstances, lands in the home of three bachelors. She arrives without a valise but, to our astonishment, she appears in some very attractive gowns in the ensuing scenes. I do not want to appear a crank, but I must say I was not the only one who noticed the fault in "what was otherwise an entertaining picture. And, let me add, also, that I think Connie is one of the greatest little players in the movie firmament.

Too, I have noticed in several pictures, the names of which I cant just recall, actors who were shot in the back and later developed a wound in the forehead. Another case of "movie magic."

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Do You Wish To Know whether you will be successful, win friends, be happy or the reverse? Wonderful results. The "Key to Success" and Personality Sketch for 10c and birthdate. Thomson-Heywood Co., Dept. 550, Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco.

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Write the Words for a Song. Any subject. We write the music and guarantee free publication. Submit words to-day. Chicago Music Studios, Dept. 293, 725 N. Western, Chicago.

You Write the Words for a Song—We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send Song Poem to-day. J. Lenox Co., 101 West 42nd St., New York.

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Writers—Have you a song-poem, story, or photoplay to sell? Submit MSS. now. Music Sales Co., 42 St. Louis.

Song-Writers—Manual and Guide Sent Free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 309 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

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In "Stronger Than Death," in which Nazimova is starred, Charles Bryant, as the physician, had an attack of the cholera. He seemed to be almost overcome, but in the next scenes he still continued nursing the sick natives. Did his director work a cure in one reel?

I am a great admirer of Cecil deMille's pictures. His "Male and Female" was a pictorial wonder. Gloria Swanson's gowns and coiffure were gorgeous beyond words. Thomas Meighan's Crichton was highly commendable too, and in my estimation Mr. Meighan was more human in this picture than he has been in some previous ones. Before seeing this picture I had dubbed him "The Male Katherine MacDonald of the Screen." However, I am now a great admirer of Mr. Meighan.

Before closing I would like to say that I fail to see how Douglas Fairbanks became popular. I, for one, am thoroly disgusted with him and his asinine smile.

Very truly yours,
FLORENCE PRONER.

791 Dawson Street, New York City.

A boost:

DEAR EDITOR—I am one of your silent readers in the far-off lands of the Southern Hemisphere known as Australia. I have been an enthusiastic reader of your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for fifteen months or more and have never before had the courage to write you.

It seems to me that the people of America should be very proud to have such a magnificent magazine as that which you publish. It would seem that you have your heads screwed on firmly and in the right way, for everything, from the first page to the last, is complete and well put together. This is now the month of May and I have just received the issue for February, but all the same it is now behind the times. Too, the price has been raised, but I dont mind paying the increase.

I am not going to criticize any of the plays or their pictures as done so often thru your columns, but—there is one picture which will live long in my memory and that is "Hearts of the World." What a wonderful production that was. Somehow I feel that it will always stand as one of the greatest things given the screen—and undoubtedly D. W. Griffith is a genius at motion picture directing.

Anita Stewart is my favorite star. When her last picture was shown there was a hush and then her name ran thru as one continuous murmur.

Thanking you for the time you have given me and wishing your publications every success, I am

A life-long reader,
J. G. RIDLEY,
Champaur, Forbes, N. S. W., Australia.

The editorial on "Expletives" from the March issue meets with hearty approval. Now and then, perhaps, the suggestion of expletives is expressive, but today they are undoubtedly overdone:

DEAR EDITOR—After perusing the leader on the subject of Expletives in the March number of the MAGAZINE, I heartily agree with the writer that swearing and slang should be excluded from the screen subtitles. In fact, in the production "Cheating Cheaters," the slang terms used in subtitling parts of this picture were utterly incomprehensible to the majority of British audiences.

And right here I want to indorse the

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And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions and are artistic, attractive and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	Theda Bara	Clara Kimball Young
Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent *free*.

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sentiments expressed in Mr. Gregory Allen's letter for better plays. It is, without any doubts, a noticeable fact that the stars who are at the top of the ladder are popular because they give the public clean, healthy portrayals.

And, in closing, I wish to give generous praise to the staff of the MAGAZINE generally.

Yours truly,
D. HARDING GRIFFITHS.
77 Davis Road, Acton, London, W. 3, England.

A word for the mothers of the movies who are ofttimes portrayed as scheming matrons with little love for their children—who are portrayed in a manner which would lead one to believe they were eternally selfish and self-centered instead of entirely the opposite. Now and then we meet a human, lovable sort of cinema mother, it is true, but the other kind is often in evidence, particularly in society dramas. Surely some mothers among the idle rich are pleasant folk!

DEAR EDITOR—It is to complain about the portrayal of the mother in the movies that I write. She, whom we have come to know as the most unselfish person in the world, is as a rule, portrayed as anything but a pleasant character. She smokes, drinks, plays cards, neglects her children and often carries on affairs with other men.

And, too, the movie mother is constantly forcing her daughter to marry a moneyed man, regardless of the fact that she does not love him. Titles, too, have a strange fascination for the mothers of the movies and all sorts of things are planned that daughter may capture one.

There are, perhaps, some mothers, scattered sparsely here and there, who are of this caliber, but they are the exceptions—we are always striving for realism in the movies—here, then, is a good opportunity to make some changes.

Before closing I want to say a good word for Kathlyn Williams and Ann Little. Both are cast in leading rôles and they should be stars if merit counts. They dress beautifully and are sincere and natural actresses.

I think your magazines are just splendid.

Sincerely yours,
C. F. GOODWIN.
417 Lee St., Bristol, Va.

A little matter of history is interestingly brought to light:

DEAR EDITOR—For some time I've had this on my mind and I wonder that some of the readers who write regularly haven't mentioned it before.

In Cecil B. de Mille's production "Male and Female," he uses the following genuine quotation from a poem of Henley's:

"When I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave."

Now in the time of Christ, Babylon was as much of a ruin as are the present "ruins of Babylon" in California. However, Cecil takes the liberty of restoring the kingdom, while—as to his architecture—his entire set was designed in an Egyptian style.

From a constant reader,
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N. Y. Times

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"Author and director have evolved a new technique of humor. . . "

N. Y. Telegraph

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N. Y. Sun-Herald

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N. Y. Evening Sun

"This is no cut-and-dried plot! If ever there is a picture that is chummy and chatty, it's Rupert Hughes' comedy, 'Scratch My Back.' It's the surest cure for the blues we know."

N. Y. Telegraph

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Gallery of Players

Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

ALICE JOYCE.

Alice Joyce is quite busy with her rôle of Mrs. Regan, wife of the hotel man, these days—but the fact that it is a comparatively new rôle does not keep her from giving her best to those characterizations she portrays in Vitagraph productions. Always, so Alice Joyce Regan says, she will want to give something to the screen.

Photo Northland Studios

ETHEL CLAYTON.

When Ethel's Famous Players contract expired recently, there were many film magnates who tried to get her signature to more remunerative contracts. However, she decided to remain with her old company and will shortly sail for England where she will appear in several feature productions

Photo © Apeda, N.Y.

BILLIE BURKE.

Every now and then, Billie goes back to the footlights for a time, but she never entirely deserts the silversheet, for which many cinema devotees are thankful. In her new Famous Players release, "Away Goes Prudence," she is quite as delightful as ever.

EILEEN PERCY.

Upon Eileen's completion of "Her Honor the Mayor," comes the announcement that she will shine under the Fox banner with this as her first starring vehicle. Too, we are informed that stories especially adapted to her type have been purchased for her use and Eileen herself is overjoyed at her rise to a star's estate.

Photo by Northland Studio

JACK MULHALL

For the last few years, Jack has been helping many productions to be a little more attractive because of his characterizations as leading-man. First he would be with this company and then with that. But now Paramount has decided to keep him for their very own, signing him under a perfectly good contract.

Photo by Anne Dupont, N. Y.

DORIS KENYON.

Doris Kenyon [illegible] about the stage this last season in all sorts of frilly boudoir things, lending a goodly share of [illegible] "The Girl in the Limousine." Intermittently, she has been carrying on her picture work and at present she is busily under the screen lights once more.

Photo by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

BESSIE LOVE.

After completing her Vitagraph contract, Bessie traveled about the country and rested up generally. Now, however she is busy completing "The Old Curiosity Shop," the second picture for her own company in which she will play Dickens' beloved "Little Nell."

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HOW fearlessly, how confidently, the girl with a fresh, soft, lovely skin meets the eyes of the world! Nothing to conceal! For almost always a clear, radiant complexion is an indication of a buoyant, well poised nature, healthful living and fastidious habits.

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For your skin is constantly changing. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. And your will find that this new skin, if given the care its particular need demands, will respond instantly and gratifyingly.

Perhaps you suffer from that embarrassing fault of so many complexions—an oily skin, and a nose that will get shiny. To correct this excessive oiliness use this special treatment:

Every night with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment regularly every night, and see what an improvement it gradually makes in your appearance—how much firmer and drier your skin becomes under this care.

Special treatments for every type of skin

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1920

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

Cinema Husbands

THE American husband is, as a rule, the most indulgent male that the development of the races has yet seen. His greatest demand of the wife upon whom he lavishes his Saturday night pay envelope is that she shall dress prettily and be pleasantly companionable. Granted these two qualities, the American husband's chief desire is to keep his wife interested in him. He is not even adverse to cooking his own breakfast providing wife is prettily ensconced in rose crêpe de chine.

The pretty American wife, who possesses an ounce of grey matter underneath her well-coiffed head, is the most pampered and spoiled individual on earth.

And yet—were you a foreigner—what impression would you derive from the husbands of the cinema?

That all husbands are fickle—that American men only marry a woman to grow tired of her,—that if she glances sideways at another man, nay, merely pins a rose in a masculine buttonhole, she is branded in her husband's mind as unfaithful.

Silversheet husbands are always ready to follow the baby vampire; they are never credited with wisdom enough to see thru the other women's wiles, nor remain appreciative enough of hers whom they chose "'til death us do part."

Movie husbands are always outgrowing their wives, if not in looks, then in culture and worldly attainments.

As a matter of fact, most American women's brains are as versatile as American men's minds. The sexes are running a race, neck and neck, in the circular track for knowledge and culture.

But what movie husband is ever depicted as imagining his wife's outrunning him, or even running a tie?

Such characterizations have mastered the stage long enough. We are tired of their rantings, of their disbelief, their fickleness, their general lack of home love and desire for bright lights; above all are we tired of their pictured indifference.

If an American husband is indifferent, it is his wife's fault.

Let us have a screenic burial of the movie husband. To the movie incinerator with "Blind Husbands," "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," "Women in Rooms 13," "Why Change Your Wives?" Let us be shown on the silversheet an honest-to-goodness American husband who stands just a bit in awe of his wife's appealing beauty, who appreciates her cleverness and who is only too glad to carry her parcels, help her on with her coats, trudge home promptly at six every evening and who is so busy keeping his own restless American woman interested in him that he has no time for passing glances from other calculating feminine eyes.

The average American husband is no fool.

The cinema husband is not only a fool but a blind egoist as well.

Name It!

Courtesy Paramount

Asked how she accounted for the fact that she had so much of the goods of this world, she said she supposed it was because she didn't try to. And when I observed that this was deep philosophy, she said if it was she didn't mean it to be. Above and below, two new portraits and center, ready for an aeroplane spin with Sister Natalie

she expatiates upon her philosophies, her inner self, her work, her play, her opinions, beliefs, *et al*. To me——The painful deduction is, therefore, but no, I will not shoulder the brunt of the deduction. Constance admitted in her sister Norma's dressing room, in between foraging expeditions for pastries and other edibles, that the matter rested between us as interviewer and interviewee. She said she shouldn't wonder but what it might be some hidden complex. It might even, she surmised, be something, have something to do with psychological phenomena. Who could tell? While seeming to be merely hilarious laughter, considerable pastry and then more hilarious laughter, there was probably, between us, a substratum of dark, Oliverlodgian meaning.

At any rate, she admitted to one-half, precisely one-half, no more and no less, the responsibility. She is the kind who will stick to the ship, be it ever so apt to sink. (Any minute this interview is going to sink.)

In the first place, to wax chronological, Constance almost didn't appear at all. How could she? It was the first day of spring, and she was shopping . . . You know

Photo by Abbe

WHEN is an interview *not* an interview?

There is a question. If you want it adequately answered, ask Constance Talmadge. She will tell you that, from every known and logical standpoint, an interview is not an interview when I, being I, interview her, being *her*. We simply are *not*, that is all. She has agreed with me that the one and only thing to do is to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. She does not, as we all know, believe in deluding the unsuspecting public. Neither, altho this is relatively unimportant, do I. However that may be, we have decided between us, Constance and I, that there is simply no use in leading the public to believe that this is an interview when it is not. And so we make a bow and tell you—*this is not an interview*.

Thereupon, or thereupon, the question arises—if this is not an interview, then what *is* it? I asked Constance and Constance asked me, and there again, quite gaily we were *not*. We didn't know. Which led to the still saltier deduction that if *we* didn't know, who would? You can see into what labyrinths a thing which is not a thing can lead one?

Now, as every one knows and most persons suspect, this is simply a case of incompatibility of interviewer and interviewee. Other people interview Constance with certain results. Brilliant results. To other people

By
GLADYS HALL

the shops on the first day of spring. (So, to my knowledge, does Constance), the adorable little frocks, the naive chapeaux, the intriguing lingerie. *Bien . . .* Constance was attacked by the shopping fever and she bought and bought *and* bought.

I was awaiting her in the humming office of her P. A. Said P. A. was reiteratively assuring me that Constance wouldn't forget. Suddenly the 'phone gave a prodigious ring. There was a breathless and quite audible voice; it said, "Is she *there?*" Then, "Jiminy! All right . . . I'll hurry . . ."

"That was Constance," unnecessarily explained the P. A.; "she'll be right here."

After an hour or two, so she was. She had on one of the new frocks. Seeing it, I didn't blame her. It was navy blue embroidered in rose-colored beads, tied, careless-like, with a rose-colored rope about the waist, and very brief indeed. Her hat, a perky black affair, also new, was not upon her head, which is the customary place for hats, but clutched in her hands. She leaned, gasping, against the wall, and announced that she was "dead, simply *dead*."

"How much money did you spend?" we inquired.

"Heavens, I dont know! I always believe in putting off shocks. I told them to send in the bills. It would have taken all the fun out of the day to know."

She then turned her scrutiny on me. "What do you want to know?" she asked, then, "Want something to eat?"

I said that I did. Constance jimmied her way, by vamping several studio hands, into Norma's apartment and began to forage. She succeeded to the tune of half a dozen amazing-looking pastries, tea and a mammoth box of Page and Shaw. On these edibles we collaborated with incomparable results.

I asked Constance, feeling constrained by duty to be at least mildly interrogative, how she accounted for the facts that she had so much of the goods of this world, youth, fame, all that go hand-in-hand with these.

She said she supposed it was because she didn't try to. I observed that that was deep philosophy. She said that if it was, she didn't mean it to be.

(*Continued on page* 104)

All photos by Charlotte Fairchild

I asked her if she was always in such high spirits. "No, really I'm not," she said, confidentially, "but you know I've just got to appear to be. I've started the pose now and I have to live up to it. If I ever draw a serious breath, there's an avalanche of questions. I have a lot of jinx hours, but *I* have 'em behind closed doors." Above, another new portrait, and, below with Norma

"Big Bill"

gives a peculiar little quirk to each corner of the strong mouth.

He was putting the finishing touches to "The Adventurer," before leaving for the Fox California plant, when I dropped in upon him at the Biograph studio. He was enjoying to the utmost the rôle of the care-free, happy-go-lucky Spanish cavalier. At that particular moment he was seated upon a horse, his leading lady, Stella Taylor, beside him, posing for a still picture.

"Now, once more, please, Mr. Farnum," the camera-man said, as he slipped a new plate into place.

"What's the matter? Did the horse laugh?" he asked. "Well, I dont blame him."

It is this continuous good humor thru the trying details of the day's routine that makes every one from extra to lead anxious to work in a Farnum production.

Of course, he has a million "likes"—he had when I knew him in a former existence—but he must also have some "dis-

He has two aversions: a man who speaks lightly of a woman, a person who has more than one country. They call him "Big Bill" Farnum. His intimates do it openly; every one does it privately. Above, a portrait study, and, right, on the veranda of his mountain home with one of his dogs

He has two aversions: a man who speaks lightly of a woman, a person who has more than one country. They call him "Big Bill" Farnum. His intimates do it openly; every one does it privately. His bigness consists not so much of stature—tho anyone who has stood up against him in his numerous studio fights will testify that he's "some husky little fellow"—as of spirit, of vision. His heart takes in the whole world and the world just as naturally takes him into its heart. In his blue-grey eyes, whether twinkling their usual greeting or pondering some serious problem, there always lurks a question, the kind of question that makes each one feel that he is personally interested in him. And last but not least, there's that famous Farnum smile. Most smiles go up, but when "Big Bill" was twirling his little big toe in his crib in Boston the Farnum smile resolved to be something different.

"What goes up must come down," it argued, and from that day to this the Farnum smile has the unique habit of first turning up and then down in a way that

By
ETHEL
ROSEMON

"Big Bill" is essentially a nature man, a King of the Open. His outlook upon life has all the freedom of the mountains, the calm vision of the wooded solitudes that he loves. Top, a view of his home in the California hills; center and left, two informal photographs about the house

likes"; every healthy, normal person has, and I determined, to learn what brand of the world's persons or things suffers his displeasure. Of course, one does not smile when one speaks of one's aversions—that is, if one speaks honestly, and that's the only language "Big Bill" knows. No twinkle lit up the blue-grey eyes, no peculiar little quirks lurked in the corners of his mouth as he discussed the two classes whose existence in no way meets with his approval.

"To my mind there is no punishment severe enough for the man who speaks lightly of a woman," he began, with a look that has made many a movie villain wish his lot had been cast along straighter paths. "And when I say 'lightly,' I mean just that. Of course, no man who in any way lays claim to that title speaks disparagingly of a woman; in other words, as the old saying goes, 'he never kisses and then goes and tells,' but he may be guilty of the thoughtless innuendo or the lift of the eyebrow that later forms the toe which kicks over a woman's throne. Woman is naturally and rightfully the most interesting topic to man, and what is more tempting than to discuss the most interesting topic? Poets do it more or less reverently, historians more or less accurately, humorists and playwrights more or less understandingly. But the women they take for their subjects are either abstract or deceased. If they do it with innuendos, with lifted eyebrows, the women whose thrones they kick over are powerless to hear them go clattering down around their ears. The rule is a good one to follow: If a man must talk of his rib, let it be nameless."

And "Big Bill" is one hundred per cent. American. He was born right on the scene of the famous Boston Tea Party, which our ancestors insisted upon conducting regardless of the future H. C. L., upon the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Of course, this doesn't make him really any more American than the rest of us, who were born in Hoboken or even Brooklyn, but it does put a mark of Old Glory's favoritism upon his forehead.

"No man can be faithful to more than one country, any more than he can be faithful to more than one woman," he remarked, as the camera ceased clicking and the Kliegs and

(*Continued on page* 101)

Forever After

Once upon a time there was a girl who wrote facetiously to the venerable Answer Man and she called herself "Naomi of St. Louis."

Now, Naomi's favorite silversheet hero was Romance Redding and to him she wrote many letters.

She pretended this screen hero and she were lovers and was in the old romantic city of St. Louis to meet the Naomi of his dreams.

He came again—and again.

And then, after a beautiful courtship, he took Naomi unto himself as his wife.

Now there's a child has been born,—a boy child with eyes like his daddy.

Mary lives happily forever after!

When the Circus Came to Movietown

Recently Cecil B. de Mille's company found themselves at the circus. Forgetting the scenes they had come to film, they enjoyed the pink lemonade and popcorn atmosphere to their hearts' content. Monte Blue adopted one of the snake-charmer's little pets, while Theodore Roberts and Elliott Dexter looked on,—not at all enviously, it might be said. Gloria Swanson treated Director de Mille to some of her crackerjack and later learned to vamp à la Hula Hula, while Monte Blue posed as the victim

Bebe's Behavior

the life of this Miss Daniels. There was a heavily upholstered divan, for instance, with one Chinese pillow. And also, there was a huge Chinese parasol inverted from the ceiling, which, Bebe told me, furnished a very soft and indirect light.

The room was extremely large, and there wasn't any grand piano. Nor was the "set" overloaded with furniture. Bebe has bought every stick herself, and, having that quality known as good taste, has steered clear of making her home look like either an antique shop or a furniture auction.

Because Bebe herself is rather a plain little girl with plaintive eyes and a desire to be happy. Moreover, she's an extremely intelligent and high-strung creature who, altho she's now a full-fledged Realart star, is quite as simple at heart as she was in the days when she played the pretty, girlish atmosphere to Harold Lloyd's comedy hero for Rolin.

The extreme brunette quality of her beauty lies in the fact that she's a little bit Spanish—Spanish to the extent that her grandmother was an Argentine lady, who married her grandfather when he was American Consul at Buenos Aires. Above, center and below, three new portraits

The dust-cloth interested me, because I had always thought of Bebe as a sort of peacock, who might look out of place shorn of her gorgeousness. But she isn't a "peacock" at all. When she "steps

H[illegible]
[illegible]
But I
never knew
a crowd
as much quaintness until I
saw the Cali-
fornia film
colony. I've
strolled it in
the homes of
various idols,
complete, as
guests, hous-
boy and—it?—
even film
grandmother,
and so I natu-
rally thought that I'd get another whiff of it when I hiked
out to the abode of Bebe Daniels.

But I got a shock. In fact, two shocks. First, there
wasn't any incense. Secondly, Bebe herself opened the
front door. (And really, may I explain, happening upon
shadows leading ladies who open their own front doors is
not commonplace, because the aforesaid L. L.'s have a
penchant for "help" hanging, such as maids and all that.)

But Bebe let me in herself. And I got another shock.
She didn't try to lure me into any noxious hole lighted
only by smoking candles. The room had all the windows
up and Bebe had been dusting, and the canary in a little
wicker cage was splitting his throat. And there were
only a very few evidences of the Chinese influence upon

By
TRUMAN B.
HANDY

Photo by Monroe

out," she wears clothes which would make a Parisienne mannequin gasp, but at home she puts on carpet slippers and gets chummy with her mother, who is a publicity woman at Ruth Roland's studio. She was dusting, she said, because it rested her and because she likes housework.

"But vamping?" I suggested.

Whereupon I was destined to hear the fatal words that one must work to live. Of course, Bebe doesn't want to vamp. Of course, she'd rather always get all the audience's sympathy than have them want to scratch her, she declares. Of course, she's been cast as a vampire because she has black, black hair and fiery eyes—and arms that can wind sinuously around a wall telephone, as they did in "Why Change Your Wife?" But of course, says Bebe, she dislikes talking shop, wherefore vamping is out of her line in *private* life.

"The penalty," she said, "that we of the screen have to pay is always having to look like a mannequin when we're in public view. If we're not always dressed fit to kill, women look at us and say, 'My, isn't that Daniels girl a disappointment in real life?' "

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Bebe is democratic. And when you ask if she ever thinks she's going to get upstage and forget all of her old friends, she pooh-poohs the idea.

A year ago, when De Mille started to pick his good-lookers for the domestic difficulties series he has been making, he took a look into comedy. Bebe had known him for some time, and once he had told her that some day—*some* day—he might give her a job. When last summer came on and Bebe felt the spark of genius burning away at her innards, she sent C. B. a new set of photographs, accompanied by a note asking him if he still remembered her. By return mail he answered that he did—and would she come to his studio at such-and-such a time? Which she made haste to do. "Male and Female" was in due course of production, and there yet remained the Babylonian episode. De Mille pictured in her a voluptuous vampire and cast her as the much-abused queen.

The extreme brunette quality of her beauty lies in the fact

(*Continued on page* 103)

The Camera-Shy Director

IT happened at the Claridge. Now, the Claridge is the Manhattan hostelry which is known to be the Mecca, as it were, of movie folk when they run across the continent, so to speak, for a week's vacation, perhaps, or maybe to shop or sign a new contract, and sometimes to attend a premiere of some new picture.

Allan Dwan had arrived two days before, bringing with him three new pictures which he had completed and a wholesale order for caps, mostly, judging from the comments he manifested over it, a wholesale order for caps. He really came, so he said, to buy a new cap for himself and every member of the company had commissioned him to get one for them. He was afraid of brain fever trying to remember the different colors and sizes. They run out of caps in Los Angeles there are so many directors there. And camera-men, too. The only difference between a director and a camera-man is that the camera-man always wears his backwards. The directors generally dont. Dignified, y' know.

Well, anyway, he invited me to luncheon. Mark Larkin, the press representative for the company, was with him—of course. Press representatives always are with celebrities. Sometimes they are nice people—Mark Larkin is— a nice person, I mean.

Well, anyway, I hoped he had reserved a table. The Claridge dining-room is always crowded at that hour. He hadn't.

I guess he knew *he* didn't have to. At any rate, he walked up to the head waiter and asked for a table for three, just as tho it wasn't a great favor to get a table at that hour. And the head waiter never turned a hair. He

"The motion picture is a phenomenal business. It has taken pictures from the stage and plays from the stage and from novels," said Allan Dwan. "Whenever you see a successful book and play on the screen, you may be sure that the producer has paid a handsome sum for the privilege. But a motion picture producer can afford to pay for the privilege of using an expensive book or play because he knows that he can make a picture that will be seen by millions of people."

By
BETSY BRUCE

just smiled, like I've seen headwaiters smile sometimes—for a very beautiful girl, the President of the United States or the manager of the hotel, and then he said:

"Right this way, Mr. Dwan, sir," and led us to one of the best tables in the entire room.

It's kinda nice, y' know—dining with someone like that. I've found, too, that it does make a difference.

We had a very nice luncheon. At least, I guess it was nice, but I was so interested listening to Mr. Dwan talk in that quiet, well-modulated voice of his, that I didn't pay any extra attention to the food the waiter brought.

A number of people pointed Mr. Dwan out to one another. Directors are appreciated among professional people. You see, they know just how necessary a director is and how helpless most players and all productions are without him. And then, his latest pictures, "Soldiers of Fortune" and "The Luck of the Irish," have been arousing special interest. I dont think he saw them, tho, for he's very earnest when talking and he was telling me about the Associated Producers—they're a number of the most eminent directors who have formed this combination.

He has lots of ideas—good ideas, has Mr. Dwan. You know before you've talked with him very long that he takes his work very seriously; thinks things out and finds nothing too much trouble if there's the slightest chance of its proving worth while. While he is open to conviction, he has opinions of his own, and he has brought players who were thought to be passe "back," as it were, with a bang. If he believes in a person it would not be

(*Continued on page 104*)

Photo by Woodbury

Right, a photograph of Allan Dwan's Hollywood home, and, beneath, Dwan at work on a script

Photo by Woodbury

He has a way with him of proving what he says . . . a goodly portion of sound logic . . . some philosophy . . . and dreams

At Home---

Photo by Monroe

There is no special day set aside by the Roberts household as At Home day. Theodore Roberts is there always, provided he is not at work at the studios. And at this love for the home fireside, you dont wonder when it means, as it does, a pretty bungalow with a glorious view of the golden California sunsets; big easy chairs, good books and pure Havanas; a wonderful aviary too, not to mention the rose garden, with Mrs. Roberts genially presiding over all

Photographs courtesy Goldwyn Studios Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Making the Movie

By JEROME LACHENBRUCH

FEW people realize that the modern motion picture studio touches almost every industry that supplies our daily needs. It reproduces all phases of contemporary life; and to do this, it must go to the same sources to obtain the materials it uses. The life of the studio does not cease with the making of "scenes." In short, the production of motion pictures is a constant application of industry and of business to the creation of this newest of modern arts.

Despite the apparent suggestion of confusion which the various activities in and about a studio present, there is a marvelous order in the execution of the minutest details. It is a droneless beehive, with every worker knowing his or her exact duties. Half a dozen heads of departments may be seen in shirtsleeves, engaged in heated discussion. These men have just left as many busy shops to adjust an important difference of opinion. It may be a question of costume, as often happens in the making of a play that portrays the costumes of a previous generation. And tho final decision in a matter of this kind is left to the wardrobe mistress, who designs and superintends the making of the costumes, these discussions enable her to make valuable suggestions on other details of a production. On the other hand, she receives suggestions from other departments and incorporates them in her own particular work.

Quite recently, a very successful stage play of two or three years ago was made into a photoplay. The play unfolded a love affair that was reenacted in the lives of the members of one family thru three generations. The first part of the story was laid in 1860, the second in 1885, and the third brought the tale to the present day. The photoplay was "put into production," which is a technical way of saying that work was begun on it, with no more worry or fluster as to where the costumes were coming from than if the play demanded entirely modern clothes and scenery.

There is a wardrobe room containing 5,000 complete costumes of different periods and designs. Moreover, the head of the department is a woman who has studied design in one of the foremost art schools

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

There is, too, a curio shop which contains everything from a bead worth a tenth of a cent, to bronze statues whose value is computed in three figures. Above, a general view of the studios, and, left, a section of the curio room

Why should they worry? Building No. 2 has a wardrobe room containing 5,000 complete costumes of different periods and designs. Moreover, the head of the department, a woman who has studied design in one of America's foremost art schools and who has had practical experience in stage productions for many years, simply consulted her old stand-by, Godey's "Lady Book," for reference. Here she found the "latest styles" for 1860. This old publication, by the way, was the forerunner of the modern fashion magazine, and had a tremendous vogue for many years. The result of the designer's consultation of Godey's and the application of her own ideas was visible to the director a few days later. He saw half a dozen models draped in the hoop-skirts of 1860 and as many more in the very latest bustle effect of 1885. Moreover, the five seamstresses who altered and elaborated the costumes in stock, besides finishing the new garments, helped to make some of the models for the men's costumes of the same period.

The men's department requires less care. Nevertheless, tailors are always on duty, ready to produce, at a moment's notice, dress suits or coats of mail, according to the demand of the production manager. In the men's clothing stockroom of a well-known studio more than 400 swords hang upon the walls, and 6,125 hats, of various sizes and belonging to different periods, may be had when they are needed.

An adjunct to the costume department is the hairdressing establishment for the ladies, where five hairdressers help the actresses to keep every hair of their precise coiffures in place. And when it is remembered that six huge stages accommodate about twelve companies all working at the same time, it is possible to appreciate the exacting work required of the assistants who see to it that the actors and actresses always look immaculate.

This perfection of appearance applies as well to the character rôles. It would be ridiculous for a tramp to forget his holey shoes or the particular hat he wore the day before. To obviate the possibility of such mistakes, one of the studio assistants has a detailed list of the costumes to be worn by every actor and actress in each scene. So, when several scenes are to be taken in the same room and a number of days are required in which to make them, all the actors are inspected and their clothes and general make-up examined before they are permitted to enter the scene.

It is interesting to note the motion picture definition of a "scene." Wherever a particular action changes, a new scene is introduced. Consequently, twenty scenes may be taken in the same room. From this one may understand how readily confusion in the costuming of actors from day to day may result. When the period photoplay mentioned in a foregoing paragraph was made, one of the

actors came on the stage with the same shirt he wore in a scene taken an hour before, but which represented the period of 1860. The scene in which he was to appear was set to represent a living-room in a fashionable house, date 1885. As the actor took up his position, the indefatigable clothes statistician remarked:

"I see you haven't changed your shirt in twenty-five years, have you? High cost of living, I suppose." A few minutes later the actor had changed his lace-frilled shirt-front for a broad, moon-faced, highly starched dress-shirt with cylindrical cuffs. Such incidents add a touch of gaiety to the exacting profession of motion picture making. Fortunately, actors in the movies learn the technique of make-up rather quickly, and oversights are comparatively rare.

The making of "properties," or "props," is an industry in itself; and the property shop employs a group of artisans constantly modeling all sorts of things in plaster of Paris, clay and wood

Costumes are returned to the wardrobe department when the actress or actor has finished using them. An elaborate card index system tabulates each gown, hat, suit and pair of shoes in the department. This business feature of the department enables its chief to tell the production manager how many new costumes she will have to make for every picture and how many stock dresses can be acceptably altered. In some of the larger costume plays, as many as eight hundred dresses have been prepared. On an occasion I have in mind, a theater was hired in one of the west coast cities and filled with gorgeously gowned women and perfectly groomed men. Mobs require quite as much inspection as do fashionably costumed throngs, but they are not so expensive, as most actors and actresses have enough old things to use in such scenes. Uniforms, however, are difficult to obtain in haste, so bell-boy, military, naval and other costumes of every nation are obtainable in the men's garment department.

Quite in line with the vast stock of costumes that are carried in a modern motion picture studio is the equally large furniture department, picture gallery and curio shop. Borrowing a term from the stage, everything that is placed on a studio set is called a "prop." It may be a grandmother's clock, a miniature golden Buddha or a typewriter; it is, nevertheless, a "prop." Simple as the general term is, in most motion picture studios a large, concrete building is needed to house them all. Here they are not all thrown together as "props." They are carefully classified and stored in various departments.

The large pieces are not so troublesome as the smaller ones. When one considers that 15,000 small decorative articles are usually carried in stock and are being constantly augmented, and that this old curiosity shop contains everything imaginable, from a colored bead

(*Continued on page* 112)

"Making pictures is like handling an army; everything is anticipated; there are no unexpected delays," said Maurice Maeterlinck, after visiting the various studios. Above, a view of the studio picture gallery, and, right, the men's wardrobe room

East vs. West

Above, Dorcas Perry, of Saranac Lake, N. Y., right, Shirley R. Schnapp, of New York City, and bottom, Lynne M. Berry, also of New York City

Photo (left) by Arthurs Studio
Photo by Lumière

LAST year the honor roll of the Fame and Fortune Contest which was held by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, proved that the girls from the West walked off with the major honors. The girls from the East were outclassed, much to the surprise of everyone.

This year, however, judging from the most recent relay of photographs, the girls from New York State are making the best showing, and in the final selection of winners for this month's honor roll members for THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, every contestant chosen is from New York. This fact reveals the curious phenomenon of a contest of this sort. In the next honor roll roster there will probably not be one single contestant from the State of New York.

The enthusiasm shown by our readers over the final outcome of the contest is terrific. Everywhere is felt a tense interest which has never been manifest in any previous contest. The readers evidently are beginning to appreciate the untold possibilities offered to the winners of the contest, and to the five-reel feature which we are producing in connection with the contest.

"Love's Redemption" is the name of this feature play. It is a gripping story dealing with human emotion in all of its phases. The preliminary scenes have already been filmed, and the production is moving along swiftly. The scenes in which the contest winners will take part, however, will not be taken until the final honor roll members and winners have been selected by the judges. The following players appear in the cast:

Edwin Markham, the world-famous poet; Hudson Maxim, the great inventor; Dr. Carroll Leja Nichols, Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero, Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, Wm. R. Talmadge, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred Rigali. Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Jr., William A. White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske, Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Mr. Hammer, Sr., Mr. McCabe, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Hervey, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, the Schwinn twins, Ruth Higgins, Marjorie Longbotham.

Our readers will learn with great interest that we have been fortunate enough to procure the services of Octavia Handworth, that popular screen star who has just returned to take up again her work on the silversheet. Miss Handworth will play one of the leading rôles in "Love's Redemption."

Photographs that have been mailed up to and including the date of August 1st will be accepted. After that they will be gone over very carefully and a final selection

Presenting the Members of the Twelfth Honor Roll

will be made by the committee. The winners of the contest and the final honor roll members will be selected by the following well-known people, who will act as judges:

Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

Look at this month's honor roll group. We think they are very fine, with ideal camera faces.

There's Miss Duoave Paris, of 28 Park Avenue, Saranac Lake, New York State. She has never had any professional experience, but we feel safe in saying that this difficulty will be soon overcome with her blue eyes, her light-brown hair and fair skin.

Shirley R. Schnapp, of No. 2 West 70th Street, New York City, has had no previous dramatic experience. She has dark-brown hair and

Photo by Lumière

Photo by Apeda

Photo © by Strauss Peyton Studios

Top, Beth Logan, of Bronxville, N. Y.; left, Betty Hale, of New York City, and, bottom, Theresa Valerio, of New York City

eyes, and very fair complexion.

The man in this case is Lynne M. Berry, of 549 West 113th Street, New York City. Mr. Berry has played in small bits on the screen. He has blond hair and dark-blue eyes.

Miss Beth Logan, of Bronxville, N. Y., has never been on the stage or screen. She is a brunette with very dark eyes, brown hair and olive complexion.

From the Ziegfeld Roof comes this fair contestant, Miss Betty Hale, of 269 West 73d Street, New York City. Miss Hale has also played a small part in "The Night Boat." She's a blonde, with blue-green eyes and very fair complexion. We like to look at Betty!

Next comes a photograph of Miss Theresa Valerio, from the Globe Theater, New York City. Miss Valerio has played with the Jack o' Lantern Company in a small part. Her brown hair shades a pair of large, hazel eyes, and these in turn accent a pink-and-white complexion.

This year's Fame and Fortune Contest officially closes on the first day of August, 1920. Needless to say, however, there will be a great deal of work connected with the closing which will have to be disposed of before the final decision of the judges is announced.

As soon as it is convenient to do so, after the closing date of the contest, the successful honor roll members will assemble at the country estate of Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, at Roslyn, Long Island, New York, and in the presence of the judges each honor roll member will be given a thoro camera test.

In this test they will have every possible opportunity to prove their screen talent. And immediately after the judges have decided upon the winners, their work for the five-reel feature, "Love's Redemption," will begin.

Old Dad

By
JANET REID

DAPHNE BRETTON'S sins, if sins they be, were rather of omission than commission. The sin of omission of a mother.

When Daphne was three, Virginia, her mother, decided that home versus a career resulted in a career rather than home, and took herself off accordingly. She went over Daphne the day she went and talked a great deal about the sacrifice of self to art, and that was all there was about it. Since then the columns of the papers, nurses and general talk, little more was heard by either father or daughter of the operatic mother.

Daphne grew up with a retinue of cooks, maids and governesses, some good, some bad, the average indifferent. Her father did what he could for her, and with her, but he felt generally rather hailed than otherwise. His scheme of life was in no way prepared him for the care of a growing girl child. He felt wofully unfit. He loved Daphne, all the more because her mother had not, but he made the mistake of not knowing that love was the least guide of all.

He went therefore, along the most generally accepted lines. He didn't have many talks with Daphne, because he felt inadequate. There were no women near enough to talk with her . . . she was very beautiful . . . very proud . . . very unprepared . . . and at sixteen "Old Dad," as she rather affectionately called him, shipped her off to a fashionable and very expensive boarding-school.

The night before she left she sat with "Old Dad" in the den. "I hope," she said, "that they have a mother in this school. I think, Old Dad, I'd get along better all the way around with a mother."

Her father shook his head, his eyes temporarily somber. "No doubt, my dear," he said; "no doubt . . . no doubt . . ."

"Why didn't you *marry* a mother, Dad," the girl pressed, "instead of an opera singer? *We* cant live on singing, even if we heard it."

"You wouldn't understand, my child," the man said, and thereby missed an opportunity to tell the eager young mind of love and the deceit of love, of nature and her false lures and alarms, of pitfalls to be avoided and fair roads to be taken. He might have taken the mistake of his youth and the blight of their joint lives and given it to her as a talisman, but he didn't dare . . . didn't know just how . . . The moment passed . . .

The next day Daphne went to the fashionable school. There was no mother in charge. There was a very fashionable lady, indeed, who did a great deal of very moral talking, but who didn't fit at all, according to Daphne's notions of a mother.

The girls had them, mothers . . . almost every one of

them. One or two didn't, but their mothers had died and they had tender memories to cherish and beliefs in their mother's love. Daphne had no memory. She had forgotten, fortuitously, the melodramatic scene with which the opera singer had bidden her home and only child farewell. There had been one or two pictures of her mother about . . . she didn't much care for them. She had heard talk of her . . . she didn't much care for that. She had, as she had told Old Dad, wanted a *mother* . . . you paid to hear opera singers . . . they weren't what she meant . . .

Mothers meant a lot, she found, to the other girls. Such a lot that the lonesomeness she had felt since early childhood swelled her small breast now, painfully. After a while, after twilight talks with the other girls during which "mother said" or "mother does" invariably and frequently crept in, Daphne began to feel a gnawing need of something supplementary.

She tried playing mother to a younger child, singing her lullabies, telling her marvelous tales, but it didn't seem to do. She wanted to *be loved*, not love.

Like a small, uninformed creature trying, in some trap of pain, divers means of forgetfulness and escape, Daphne plunged into studies, into athletics, into her music, into, finally, meetings and greetings with the boys in the neighboring boys' school. This last proved the most satisfactory. It provided a thrill which seemed to antidote the other painful lack

There was one boy in particular. His name was Richard. Daphne thought that a wonderful, brave-sounding name. It made her think of Cœur de Lion, the Princes in the Tower and all sorts of dashing heroism. It *looked* like Richard Wiltoner, too, the name. She loved to put Daphne underneath it and scratch out the corresponding letters and note the result, "love, friendship, marriage, hate" . . . Every girl of sixteen knows how to do it.

He told her how pretty she was, too. He said she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. And he understood all about how she felt about mothers. She had never, she told him, talked to any one about it before, just as she talked to him. It was wonderful, the way they understood each other and the things each had undergone in this sad life. It was quite, *quite* wonderful, altogether.

It wasn't very serious. Largely, it was a matter of stolen meetings, of surreptitious sundaes, fearful and extraordinary concoctions sipped, arcadianly, at the drug store, or, infrequently, a kiss when nobody was looking. If Love was there, his rosy wings were folded and his chubby face untouched by more than smiles.

Then, with blundering touch, circumstance and Miss Claudia Merrivane, presiding genius of the school, stepped in.

Most of the enormities of life have their inception in trivialities, accidental happenings, unimportances intrinsically.

There was a dance at the school. Young Wiltoner, in need of recollaring, went into Daphne's room to effect the necessary change. While there, he was cornered by a maid, and hid. Before he could make good his escape, Daphne came in, caught a glimpse of him, hiding, did not recognize him, and screamed. Miss Merrivane was on the scene in a trice. Almost, Daphne explained afterward, as tho she had been *waiting* . . . She was rather horridly eager. She had

She tried playing mother to a younger child, singing her lullabies, telling her marvelous tales, but it didn't seem to do. She wanted to be loved, not love

"That's just it," Richard made inevitable response.

"I suppose Dad'll raise Cain," Daphne said. It was what Miss Merrivane's tutelage had led her to expect of the older generation.

"He may not," Richard comforted, with some vague hope of an inherent justice in a male breast.

"He'll feel he'll have to," Daphne said; "he wont dare *not.*"

"There's not much initiative in parents, as a general thing," Richard agreed, "still, your dad looked a good sort when he came up to the last hop. Human, I thought."

"I never had a mother, you see," Daphne explained, "properly speaking. Old Dad has had to be both, and I suppose he'll feel his job very heavily just at present."

"Damn collars," said Richard, without much relevancy.

Old Dad proved to be a good sort, and with considerable initiative. He looked pretty hard at the two young people, and he seemed to like what he saw, because he took Daphne on his knee and regularly cuddled her, just as he had done when she was very tiny and her mother had just gone away. And he took young Wiltoner by the hand and talked to him just as if he were an equal and not a boy who had got himself and a girl into a miserable mess. He told him the world went this way sometimes, and, really, there wasn't a thing to be done about it but weather the following storm as decently as possible. The thickest mud, he said, dried up and fell away after a while. He said he thought it would be advisable for Daphne to go away for a while, and if Richard didn't plan to go back to school elsewhere and the law was what he was going in for, he thought he could find him a beginning in his own office.

The next few days proved Old Dad to be a wise man in his day. It was quite necessary for Daphne to go away if she were to retain any of her illusions about the inherent kindliness and understanding of human nature. Her dearest friends forgot to speak to her on

Like a small unstormed ... in some ... of pure sweet means of forgetfulness and escape. Daphne plunged into ... and ... into her ...

about her an air of virtuous and outraged justification. Miss Merrivane, being Miss Merrivane, immediately decided the episode to be incriminating, and the two conspirators in the "disgraceful proceedings" were summarily expelled from their respective halls of learning. Public ... was ... suppressed. Miss Merrivane, in an interview, said, in part, that she felt it her sad duty to tell the whole truth, no matter how detrimental, no matter how ... to herself, or to her school, which was her lifeblood ... she had always, she said, stood for ideals, tho the ... might mean her personal immolation. The press extolled her ... Her enrolments for the next term quadrupled. ... and had blown Miss Merrivane golden good.

Daphne always afterward believed that she really began to love Old Dad on the night of that horrid day when she and Richard crawled to the very ... to make a joint confession of their joint ... very much hurt by their real ... of the injustice of people and opinions, very much outraged. Quite ... frightened if they didn't know just what ...

"Well, he'll go along," ... kept repeating to ... resolution of the ...

OLD DAD

Told in short story form, by permission, from the First National production, based on the story by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. Adapted to the screen by J. Grubb Alexander and Madge Tyrone. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham and starring Mildred Harris Chaplin. The cast:

Daphne Everton	Mildred Harris Chaplin
Richard Wiltoner	George Stewart
Jeffry Everton (Old Dad)	John Sainpolis
Virginia Everton	Myrtle Stedman
Robert Kane	Irving Cummings
Peggy Kane	Hazel Howell
Prof. Pettigrew	Edwin Brown
Claudia Merrivane	Loyola O'Connor
Rock Pomeroy	Bess Mitchell
"Little Girl with Two Mothers"	Tula Belle

the street. The girl she had chummed with all her life said that she was sorry, but her mother thought it better if she and Daphne did not see quite so much of each other; people might think of the old adage, "birds of a feather," and just when a girl was getting ready to make her début any little thing . . . of course, they knew Daphne hadn't meant any *harm*, but . . . well . . . and all that sort of thing . . .

Daphne heard on all sides, sides expected and painfully unexpected, that "this was the sort of thing" that happened when a girl had been brought up without a mother. She didn't know just what they meant by "this sort of thing," but she did know that the implication was horrible and hurtful, and that it eliminated her friends, her acquaintances and most of her habitual comings and goings.

Even the newspapers seemed to need it to make up their front pages. Daphne and Richard Wiltoner were portrayed as sinister conspirators in illicit vices and Miss Merrivane as a mother with a heart that yearned over the wrong-doers. She was variously depicted with a broken torch in a suffering hand.

Thruout the storm, Old Dad stood pat. He took the young people to the theaters, motoring, walking, and when the strain began to prove too exhaustive, he sent Daphne to his camp in the Adirondacks with his housekeeper, where the newspapers were not and the tongue of scandal did not reach.

Daphne was in something of a raw state or she might not have found the tongue of persuasiveness so readily healing and beguiling. She was tired, too, and a trifle petulant. The seeds of young love engendered at the soda fountain meetings, tended at the last party before the expulsion, brooding during the weeks with Old Dad in town were, as yet, no more than seedlings. Loneliness, being, as she was, young and unlearned in the ways of love, kept the young seeds still covered.

When Robert Kaire, the young millionaire and rather notorious roué, caught his first glimpse of Daphne and formed his resolution to have her at any cost, his game was more or less easy to his practiced hand.

It was nice to have the handsome and somewhat mysterious stranger from the neighboring camp come over every evening and lie at her feet and listen to her woes and make her feel a woman of sorrows and experiences. It thrilled her to have him tell her that he, too, had suffered at the hands of the world. It thrilled her still more to have him go on and paint an idyllic scene in which two symbolical figures, not so symbolical, however, as to be definitely dissociated from herself and him, should live in an idyllic world, with love around them and about them, such a love as only these two might know, might be capable of.

Robert Kaire was a master hand at stages of transition. He played on the girl's only half awakened sensibilities until he had awakened them to a quivering consciousness. She had been a half-woman living in a half world of vaguely formulated rights and wrongs, between dreaming and waking; she became a woman living acutely in a world with the horizon Robert Kaire. She wondered at the child she had been before he came, masterfully, marvelously into her ken. Richard, she decided, had been "puppy love"—this, this that she felt for Kaire was such a love as those strange persons of whom he told her, of whom he read to her, might have loved. She and he were set apart, were glorified. She lived in a world of exaltation, shot thru the crimson of her rudely awakened senses. Kaire had seen to that. Her imagination he had found already quickened, already wakened and waiting. He had played upon her senses and she had come to him as speedily as any young thing will come to the call that arouses the blood, not asking why, nor caring . . .

When, finding all other avenues blocked, he asked her to run away with him and marry him, he *knew* what his answer would be.

"Will you *always* love me, Robert?" she asked him, her young arms holding him in a sort of desperate question.

"Does love like ours *ever* die?" he asked her, and kist her eyes and her lips and the warm palms of her hands, and the kisses were her answer and she questioned no further, unless it were that back in the tiny, remotest recesses of her brain a tiny wonder came at the difference she had felt for Richard when she had called him Cœur de Lion and had felt like

Miss Merrivane was on the scene in a trice. Almost, Daphne explained afterward, as tho she had been waiting . . . She was rather horridly eager and she had about her an air of virtuous and outraged justification

The seeds of young love engendered at the vista between marriage ended at the late party before the explosion. Sowing during the weeks were Old Dad in town were as yet no more than seedlings

going to church and praying about it to the shiningest angel of them all. Still, *this*, of course, was *love* . . . love didn't talk as she and Richard had talked about things to do in the world and missions and new crusades, and all that sort of thing. Love was this . . . just this close thing that stirred her face a vivid crimson and hammered her pulses and sought her, here in the dark, like a vise and would not let her go. Love didn't need to plan and talk and do. So sang her senses in her poor young head.

Late that same night they "ran away" in Kaire's car to the next town, where they were hastily married. To Daphne it seemed more like another fantastic dream. The little parlor, the young curate, the strangely beautiful, strangely solemn words, words that brought, somehow, the tears, Kaire's grip on her arm, reminding her that he was there, the instigator of all this, her lover who had made her aware of the dark flowers . . . all at once the young curate seemed to fade away and it was Richard standing there . . . Richard Coeur de Lion . . . ridiculously Richard . . . and the tears welled up and brimmed over and then Richard . . . no, not Richard, the young curate, very pale-faced, she found him, was kissing her, and she and Kaire were "man and wife." Kaire kist her, too, then, and she found herself smiling, once again, at the unexpected moment, that she had had a mother. Unexpectedly, too, she thought that if she had she would rather, so, to-night, have been in this little room facing the pale-faced curate with Kaire's hand burning and gripping her arm, till she had to wrench it away and remind him that he hurt her.

Some mother struggled far beneath the maze of her tossed tresses and evolved strange mental portraitures . . . Old Dad, with a scarlet hair on his face . . . her mother, pale and dramatically departing to fulfill her destiny . . . the nurses she had had, good, bad and mostly indifferent . . . Miss Merrivane, somehow triumphant . . . the curate again . . . and Richard, Richard of the Lion's Heart . . . Then Kaire was whispering to her, "It's over, Beautiful . . . you're mine now . . . you're mine . . ."

That night, just as the lights in Kaire's camp were to be extinguished, there came a tremendous rapping and calling, and in the ensuing confusion, somehow or other, there stood Old Dad and Richard Wiltoner, very white of face and blazing of eye and saying the most terrific things to Kaire, who seemed, to Daphne's distraught vision, to suddenly wither and rumple, become ineffectual, undesirable. Old Dad was accusing him of bigamy . . . Daphne knew that to be, in some sense, a terrible crime. In the midst of it all she fainted completely away, and when she emerged from a sort of whirling blackness she was back in her own cabin, and Richard, much more the man than the boy she had remembered, was very tenderly explaining to her that he and Old Dad had come to the Adirondacks for the very purpose of ascertaining what Kaire intended doing in regard to his wife, a rather notorious person with whom he had lived before he had finally married her to hush her up. "We had no idea," Richard groaned, in conclusion, "that you even *knew* the cad. Your poor father nearly went insane when we found out that you had run away with him. Oh, darling, you're never to be left alone again . . ."

"I never want to be," whispered Daphne, and she snuggled close to Richard and found out, with a suddenly revealing knowledge, what the difference had been, *was*, between Kaire and the strong young arms that held her.

The annulment was a simple proceeding, and, after it, Old Dad asked his daughter what she wanted to do as regarded her future.

"You've not been taught very clearly, I'm afraid, baby," he said; "it's not been so much my fault as just my lack. But I believe that you do love young Wiltoner, and I

(*Continued on page* 111)

Jean Comes to the Serial

Ever since Jean Paige arrived in California her life has been just one thrill after another. That's what comes of accepting a new Vitagraph contract and co-starring in a serial with Joe Ryan. However, these pictures would seem to prove that Jean has not suffered thru her hair-breadth escapes, for they were taken around her Hollywood home after a particularly thrilling day

Rose and Old Lace

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

"Most of us," said Marion Davies, "can play in melodramatic things with something happening every minute. The suspense and thrill hold the audience—but it is the acme of artistry to win and retain an interest simply thru a characterization. It is such things that I long to do"

INTO this old world come people, so it would seem, often born out of their generation. Some come years too soon and we call them fools, or idealists, perhaps. Others would have been far more at home in those mystery-enshrouded days of ancient Egypt when Cleopatra rode upon the waters of the Nile.

And there are others who seem to belong to the era but recently lost to us except in verse and song—to the days of chivalry and duels, hoop-skirts and the stately minuet, potpourri and genteel love ballads—to the days when people, living, took time to live to the utmost.

Among these people, seemingly belonging to those days which romance suffused in her roseate hue, I would place Marion Davies. And should you ask me why, I would find it hard to say. It may be her quiet manner of retirement—it may be her utter soft femininity—or perhaps the thought of this was suggested to me by the old lace which fell from the modish short sleeves of the clinging frock she wore and the pale rose crushed roses on the hat she wore. Rose and old lace—it seemed to fit her, somehow, from the first minute I saw her until she left me to keep another appointment.

She seems like a character who has stepped from the pages of one of Myrtle Reed's stories—and had Miss Reed met Miss Davies and written her into a story, she would have called it, I think, "Rose and Old Lace."

It was at Delmonico's that we lunched, at a table overlooking the beautiful Fifth Avenue, resplendent in the sunshine and thronged with those walking and driving, while flower venders cried their wares on every corner and, in their crying, told us it was spring. But the waiter, with solemn mien, doled out the cubes of sugar sparingly, and one felt guilty because he took two—even in a sugar shortage—and stopped to remember that the twentieth century was upon him.

Over the jonquils and pink roses decorating our table, Marion Davies smiled at me hesitatingly, a bit shyly, as she answered my question.

"Yes," she admitted, "I do believe in luck. I believe also, at least, most of the time I do—always in fact, except when something disappoints me so that I lose my perspective—that things happen for the best. When I was a chorus girl I begged for a part, if it was only to say 'The carriage awaits, my lady.' Then, in one musical comedy, I had a few lines. What happened? The play failed! And I dont think," she explained, naïvely, "that it was caused by my delivery of the lines—the failure, I mean; they really weren't important enough. Then, right after that, I signed a three years' contract in the films and Mr. Manager Man came along with a perfectly lovely starring contract on the stage."

I asked her if she thought this interception of Destiny, or Fate, or whatever you choose to term it, had been for the best, and she

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

answered that she felt it had probably been fortunate—very fortunate.

"Right now," she said, "I'm having a bit of bad luck. I have looked forward to doing the story which was selected for my next picture for months. Now, just when the entire cast has been engaged and they are ready to start work, my eyes are light-strained and I must take a few weeks' vacation."

I asked her if they would not wait, and she said if they could not get another story for the engaged company to do, that they would go ahead with another playing her part.

"It is such a good story, too," she explained, "not because of any great amount of action, but because of the character unfolding. Most of us can play in melodramatic things with something happening every minute—the suspense and thrill hold the audience—but it is the acme of artistry to win and retain an interest simply thru a characterization. It is such things that I long to do. Of course," she smiled, "people will criticise me at first and say, 'Marion Davies is attempting to do the most difficult sort of acting'—that is because I have never done anything of the kind, but somehow I feel that I'll come thru, and I *do* want to try."

When she spoke of acting, I asked her if she believed, as some do, that the greatest artists do not act—in the general sense of the word—and to this she took exception.

Photo Campbell Studio

Photo Campbell Studio

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Whenever I remember her, I will think of her as a character who has stepped forth from the pages of Myrtle Reed, or amid the blossoms of some old-fashioned garden—in a candle-lit ballroom stepping thru the graceful minuet—or at a harp in the still twilight, playing a love ballad

"I think," she said, slowly, "that even the greatest artists act, even if it be unconsciously. They do not suffer thru heroics, of course, but one must act in order to be natural. You act and I act—our waiter acts and that woman there in that pretty jade hat acts—all of us act, every day—some to a greater extent than others. No person is totally natural all of the time, and in a stage or screen story, where a large percentage of the emotions of life are experienced by the characters, it would be, I think, very unnatural if one didn't act."

As she talked, she surprised you with her knowledge of even the technical side of her work, but first of all by being so unspoiled by the success which has come to her.

I asked her how it felt to have arrived and, having arrived, to have kept right on.

"It doesn't mean anything at all," she answered me, "and in saying that, I am not ungrateful. Always, I think, it is the very unavailability of things which makes them so to be desired. Four years ago, had any one come to me in the theater dressing-room and told me that I would sit here today, worthy of being interviewed, able to satisfy my whims, even when it means buying a blue hat every time

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Pell Trenton Answers Two Questions

All photos by Evans, L. A.

"You cannot fool the camera, it is relentless in its truthfulness," went on Mr. Trenton. "You must feel your part to successfully look it under the stern eye of the camera"

"WHY did you come to motion pictures and why do you remain?" I asked of Pell Trenton, knowing of his many stage successes on Broadway.

"The answer to your first question is—the war you know how we blame everything on it!" laughed Mr. Trenton. "This is true, however, for otherwise I would probably never have broken away to come out to California, as I was congenially located and a move like this is somewhat experimental. I was at the Officers' Training School at Camp Fremont, up near San Francisco, when the armistice was signed, and as I had given up my engagement in 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath' in New York when I enlisted, I decided to come to Los Angeles on a little trip before returning East and getting back into the harness.

"A few years ago I spent eight weeks here with Florence Roberts in repertoire and fell in love with this country and glorious climate, determining to return some day, so this seemed the propitious moment. Then, as I had made several pictures with the Fox Company in New York, I naturally visited their Hollywood studio, and bless me if they didn't put me to work at once!

"Now the answer to your second question is, that tho I had made pictures

before, one or perhaps two a year, just between seasons, I had never considered them seriously, but after twelve months' steady work before the camera, I assure you I have no other plans than to continue in pictures, for

By
MAUDE S.
CHEATHAM

they offer splendid opportunities; in fact, the possibilities are limitless!

"There is a distinct stimulation in this work, afforded by the constant variety of plays and rôles which keeps the imagination and emotional faculties in fine trim. I believe, too, that one's acting becomes stronger, more clear-cut, and a subtlety is developed which is far greater than that of the stage, where so much dependence is placed on voice and lines building the character."

This was indeed interesting in view of the recent comments made on this very subject by the famous Belgian poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, now in this country, who declared that the motion pictures were establishing a new standard of acting, and thus creating a new and altogether delightful art of expression, while several of the foremost dramatic critics have said that the current theatrical season was emphasizing the marked superiority of the cinema acting over the present stage standard!

"Here is another reason I'm staying in pictures," confided Pell Trenton. "My mother is with me and for the first time in years I am having a real home—and I cannot tell you what a joy this is." Below, in "The Willow Tree" with Viola Dana

Photo by Evans, L. A.

"You cannot fool the camera; it is relentless in its truthfulness," went on Mr. Trenton, as we discussed this point. "Just as a false beard or mustache shows up in your picture, just so do false and insincere emotions show up. You must *feel* your part to successfully *look* it under the stern eye of the camera!"

Tho born and reared in New

(*Continued on page* 95)

Dorothy Decides

The time—and the place—make a great difference to the girl. And we doubt if there is any one who could resist the spell of the garden pictured above and we feel quite sure there would be a murmured "Yes." Dorothy Dalton decided in the affirmative, but—alas—it was only in another cinema wooing for her new picture, "Guilty of Love"

The Prey

By
GLADYS HALL

HELEN REARDON had had both mother and father—compositely in the person of her father. This may account for the great and deep devotion she felt for him. Or it may have been that hers was the great and deep soul of the devotionist. Motives are vaguely born. Her belief was that her father could do no wrong, and so when she came in upon the last of an apparently bitter quarrel between her father and Calvin, the man she had promised to marry, habit and instinct arrayed themselves on the side of her father.

Calvin was alone when she came up to him. Her lips, he thought, were sterner than he had ever dreamed her lips could be.

"What was it about?" she asked.

Calvin shook his head. "I am not at liberty to say, dear," he made answer. He had known of the mutual devotion of these twain since the long-ago death of Helen's mother. He knew that whatever methods Robert Reardon used, or was forced to use in his business transactions, he had been the soul of honor, of delicacy, of fine feeling with his daughter. He respected the bond between them and, dearly as he loved her, earnest as was his whole-souled worship of her, he felt his own o be the slighter bond, the lesser claim. Helen's was a deeply idealistic nature, and much of the idealism she had lavished on this father. Idealistic himself, Calvin knew how many roots would be torn up should he show her her father as he had, this evening, seen him.

"What do you mean, not at liberty to speak?" Helen pressed. "What was daddy asking of you that you would not do? I do not understand how you could refuse him what he evidently wants so much—refuse him as you did."

"I am sorry, dear. Cant you take this one thing on faith?"

"Not where it concerns my father. Not if my father cannot."

"Then what do you mean to do, Helen? Is this to be a breach between us? Surely, sweetheart . . ."

"Make friends with daddy, then. You must. Why, James, do you forget—everything? Everything daddy has done for you? You told me once that he had written his name in your very blood; that you didn't dream a man so big could be so painstaking, so essentially fine. And now you turn on him . . . like a . . . like an adder's tooth . . ."

"Please, Helen . . . please, dear . . ."

The girl faced him, her eyes blazing in her outraged face. She drew the ring she had been wearing as a pledge of their love from her finger. Her voice was very low and very cold.

"Here is your ring," she said. "I . . . I am my father's daughter before—I am your wife."

James Calvin took the ring and turned it over in his hand. Neither he nor the girl moved. The air was tense with the silence between them. It would have been so easy to speak. So easy to say a few clarifying words, (clarifying for him), and then to sweep her into his arms—crushed, disillusioned, even disgusted, but *his*. He knew that he could do it. But he didn't want her that way. He had always loved best the proud defiance of her head, the bravery of dreaming in her eyes, the outringing sound of her laughter. Not love, but cruelty, could set love a task like that.

"Very well," he said, "if ever you find that you are wrong, or, at least, that you can bridge this silence between us with your understanding, I shall be waiting. It wont make any difference how long, or where, or under

The girl faced him—her eyes blazing on her outraged face. She drew the ring she had been wearing as a pledge of their love from her finger. Her voice was very low and very cold. "Here is your ring," she said. "I—I am my father's daughter before—I am your wife"

would not have occurred to her. The loss of these funds, with the ensuing complications, would have been to her the lesser of the evils. She would, her father knew, have done some high, absurd thing such as going out herself to, in some way, rehabilitate the guilty loss. The injured other parties would have pleaded for her pity. Her father knew . . . he had made her spirit the fine, unbending thing it was. Neither would she have gone back to Calvin, not readily. She would have felt that she had done him an irreparable hurt in her swift misjudgment of him. Oh, he knew . . . the thing his daughter was, what conditions or circumstances. Loving you as I do, I love you finally, for all time. If only you will remember that . . ."

Helen nodded. She did not want him to see the tears flooding her eyes. It had all been so sweet . . . so terribly sweet . . . They had been so happy. The future had loomed ahead, flower-bordered as well . . . She turned away.

The hope that her father might give her an explanation which would enable her to send for Calvin died that same night. It was manifestly impossible for the father to tell the daughter that he had asked the young man he had befriended, the man she was to marry, to join him in an illegal, an unscrupulous enterprise. In a different and yet in the same way he lacked James Calvin's courage to break her beautiful faith in him and thru him, in all things . . . He misused with a tender motive, the quality of mercy.

She could never, reared as he had reared her, understand a man using trust funds in speculation. The sheer dishonesty of it all would have been the appalling fact. The little temptation according and submerging delicate, unerring, *right*, was that swift and lovely thing that had been his own youth. His daughter's eyes were the eyes of the boy that he had been, looking back at him, steadfast and unchanged.

And then, Lowe . . . she had hated Lowe so deeply. Had refused to marry him, had even accused him of specific dishonesties. When his name had appeared in the papers her indignation had been flaming.

"Profiteering, daddy!" she had said, on one occasion, "the contemptible thing. How can he buy food and drink and his odious possessions with money filched from other people like that? I should hate to have to be him and try to sleep at night. And to think that he dared to ask *me* to marry him. Every time I rode in his automobile I should be thinking of millions of tired feet . . . dead tired and walking endlessly . . ."

"You must not be so extravagantly imaginative, my child," her father had said. But he remembered her face as she had spoken, the quivering resentment in her voice.

She was the one remaining thread in his life, untarnished, unfrayed.

His son, Jack, had not maintained what Helen had maintained. The weaknesses of his father had cropped out in him, lamentably. The appeal his father had was not the appeal he had for Helen. The gambling fever hit him, and he went down under it with

THE PREY

Novelized, by permission, from the Vitagraph production of the scenario by Calder Johnstone based on the story by Joseph LeBrandt. Directed by George L. Sargent and starring Alice Joyce. The cast:

Helen Reardon	Alice Joyce
James Calvin	Harry Benham
Henry C. Lowe	L. Roger Lytton
Robert Reardon	Henry Hallam
Jack Reardon	Jack McLean
Nathan Sloan	Herbert Pattee
Willard	Wm. H. Turner
Jessie	Cecil Kern
Pete Cunard	Roy Applegate

not so much as a show of resistance. At the time of the elder Reardon's break with James Calvin, then the nominee on the reform ticket for district attorney, young Jack Reardon had borrowed from Lowe to the very hilt and had gone so far as to forge a check on him in a pressed and desperate moment.

Lowe was as unscrupulous in his personal affairs as he was in his professional ones. He was a glutton of the objects of his desires. The means to the end was of little if any import to him. Helen was the absorbing object of his desire. She was the one thing he didn't have. She was the dream part of life. He sensed this and not thoroly understanding whether it or she whetted his passion for her to the breaking point. Every bit of trapping he could do where her family was concerned was so much more in his favor. He held his cards and waited.

The climax came with the suicide of Robert Reardon.

Calvin heard of it first and was the first to reach Helen with the tragical news. He knew, better than any one else, how intensely tragical it would be to her. He knew, too, with a certain exultation, that in so far as he was concerned, her father was dead, but that for which he had stood in her life was not.

After the first white, stunned moments, her grief burst forth in a frantic resentment of the young man before her.

"You could have saved him," she moaned, "you could have saved him . . . you . . . you! You know you could have saved him and you wouldn't. His hand pulled you out of obscurity, and when he needed yours you drew it back. Oh, daddy, oh, daddy, you were too good, too kind . . ."

After the desperation passed, she stood up and faced him, as she had done on the evening of their quarrel.

"Please go away," she said; "please go away and do not come back again—ever. I am still his daughter. He is—is still my father—my daddy—my——"

And because he knew it was her wish, Calvin withdrew from the sight of her naked pain for the father in whom she still believed.

Lowe caught her when the wounds were still raw. He came to see her and talked to her of her father. He let her know that her father had liked him, had chummed with him, had desired to effect some sort of a partnership with him. Craft made him careful of disillusioning her too abruptly. She was allowed to suppose that the partnership her father sought with Lowe was one apart from Lowe's other activities. He inferred that he was sorry for those . . . slips . . . foibles . . . all correctable.

When his patience wore too thin and the girl still seemed too unattainable, he told her of her brother's predicament and warned her that unless she wanted him to expose the forged check she had better marry him.

The strain of the months had worn Helen's resistive powers to a thin sort of fabric. Suffering had not aroused her; it had made her passive, inert. When, in no lightly dramatic way, Lowe threatened her brother, herself, her dead father's name with disgrace, with jail, with all sorts of turgid publicity and the price of silence was merely the gift of her crushed, listless self, it seemed to Helen a light gift to give.

She gave it.

It was from the day of the giving that Helen's con-

When in no lightly dramatic way Lowe threatened her brother, herself and her dead father's name with disgrace, with jail and with all sorts of turgid publicity and the price of silence was merely the gift of her crushed, listless self, it seemed to Helen a light gift to give. She gave it

Helen had overheard the plot to bribe the jurors and told Calvin so. She also told him of the check still in Lowe's possession and showed him, extracting it from the safe, the one, the supposedly authentic one, Lowe had given her upon her reluctant marriage to him. "It was for that reason," she said, "that I married him"

scious life began. Heretofore, she realized, she had not known life in any sense. Always, she had been veiled, gloved and heavily shod when she had gone forth to meet it. Now, she was stripped and forced to see and feel.

With the revelations of man, as man can be when the brute predominates and the grosser qualities are reigning, came Helen's first dim sense that Calvin might have done a fine thing from a fine motive. The love she had first felt for him and then immolated, because of a love longer in length of time, began to struggle thru the red mists of the present and demand hearing. His whole attitude, she began to see, had been that of right. He stood for right. He had been, from the first, arrayed against Lowe and the sort of thing Lowe stood for. How her father had come in, what his position had been . . . well, it couldn't matter now. What did matter was that she was married to a man who demanded of her the unspeakable love, which one of his bohemian friends exhibited toward her present paramour, and that Calvin, who had demanded of her nothing, was gone from her life.

The gradual knowledge, the slow, painful awakening, the realization of these things on the part of Lowe, widened the breach between the two so vastly that open hostility reigned. It had never occurred to the man that once the girl was in his possession he could fail. Never having taken the delicate things of the spirit into his consideration, he could not begin now. The girl was in his home, was his wife—how, then, had she eluded him? Even in the thickest of his rage, he had had to admit the elusion. He tried every means he had ever employed before in his various conquests; means, he prided himself, which had seldom if ever failed. He was lavish with her. He was demonstrative. He was childishly indifferent. He gave ostentatious parties and made frantic, abandoned love to her. He ridiculed her, piqued her, praised her, swore at her. He even went so far as to beat her, then flung himself away from the sick disgust on her face, disgust that was cold and averted. The woman was an iceberg, he vowed; she was inhuman, she was sexless. He bade her look on his friends and watch the love they knew, and did not understand when she told him that what she saw was not love. Love, she knew now, was that which Calvin had given her when he had spared her his hurtful speech. Love was what her father had felt for her when he had gone to meet his atoning death. Ah, she knew love now . . . rocky highway that it was, with a few priceless flowers exhaling their rarefied fragrance

When every known trick was tried, Lowe resorted again to Jack Reardon's forged check. "You dont suppose, you little fool," he said, "that I gave you the real article when you married me, do you? Easy as that, am I? Oh, no! I still have the check your precious brother had the criminality to put my name to. The one in your possession is just one of many, many borrowed ones. You come across and act as a woman should act with a man—the man she loves—or the prosecution will go on. Incidentally, I suppose you know who the prosecutor will be—your precious Calvin, District Attorney on the reform ticket. Such are the

wheels of fate. 'He loved her, but he prosecuted her little brother!' It would make the hit of the season! Think it over, my young Madonna."

Thinking it over led to the one deduction—Calvin would know. He would know, as he had always known, the thing to do. The essential thing. Now, a woman grown, he would not hesitate to tell her. She went to Calvin. If her presence in his office smote him, he gave no sign. There was a fine control to his voice, to his hands, to the way in which he spoke.

"If your husband forces me, Helen," he said, "I, in turn, shall be forced to prosecute. Duty, it seems, is ever the imperative call." He had not meant to say so clearly that duty had, once before, caused him self-abnegation, but Helen understood him.

"There is no other way," she pleaded; "it will be so final a disgrace for Jack."

"I would do all that I honestly could to avoid anything so painful," Calvin promised; "that is the best that I can say to you."

He held out his hand and Helen took it, sensing the fact that he could not go thru with more of the visit.

She knew as she left his office to what a boundless depth she loved him.

The contention of the forces of good and evil is the endless gamble of the world. Few may be spectators, being, as most of us are, individually engaged and arrayed on the one side or the other. Lowe and James Calvin had been individual opponents ever since they had, simultaneously, sprung into prominence, one on either side of the fence.

Calvin did not tell Helen, the day she made him her visit, that he had been slowly accumulating evidence against Lowe that would convict him of illegal practices. Nor did he admit, even to his innermost self, that the revelation she unconsciously made of her hatred of Lowe, urged him on to fresher, more acute endeavors.

Lowe did know, however. He knew that the District Attorney was piling up evidence as damning as any forged check he could hold against Jack Reardon. He knew that there was only one loophole of escape—and that was thru bribed witnesses, or, should the bribery fail, by granting his wife a divorce and thus presenting her to Calvin. That Calvin had never ceased to want her, Lowe knew. That her love for Calvin was alive again, full grown now, and painful, he also knew. The thing to do would be to trap the two into a compromising position—he would have them, then, in the palm of his hand. With the aid of the forged check as addenda, he would not want for weapons. He thought he knew them where their sensibilities were most tender.

The fault in Lowe's logic was the fact that it was not an all-embracing one. He got one perspective on a person or an event, and lost all others. He had come to think of Helen and even of Calvin as rarefied, supersensitized individuals with little if any of the combativeness of common clay. He overestimated one aspect of them and underestimated others.

He left them alone, the day Calvin called in answer to Helen's summons, but never dreamed that any of his plans and plots could have been overheard. Helen had over-

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A year later Calvin came back to Helen. And all along the rocky highway of their love the fragrant, infrequent blossoms gave forth miraculous largesse

'Twas Ever Thus

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photo Hartsook, L. A.

Her home is a renovated farmhouse, but it is artistic in a quiet little way and very comfortable and livable. She has an extensive garden and keeps chickens and dogs. So, I thought, this is Louise Glaum—the siren—the Peacock Lady—'twas ever thus!

THE desk clerk looked at me indifferently, then, when I persisted, skeptically. However, as far as I've ever been able to learn, that is what hotel clerks are for—never, under any circumstances do they wax human when they're on duty and, some one tells me, the more haughty their demeanor, the higher their salary. This desk clerk must receive a remuneration almost as large as that of the man who has at his hostelry when they visit New York.

He informed me Miss Glaum's wire was busy—that he'd announce me again in a minute—all this in a condescending way. Eventually he did try to get her suite again, but the wire was still busy.

When he turned his back to look for some one I read, I decided to take things into my hand and go up unannounced—and I fled—in the direction of the elevators. I knew by this time her suite was 312 for he had asked for that over the phone. Somehow I had an uneasy feeling until the door banged and the car shot upwards. It would have been just like that clerk to have come after me and insisted upon my waiting until the wire was not busy and he could announce me properly. If he had I should probably have been waiting yet, for——

As I knocked on the door of 512, I heard a voice talking steadily—then the door opened and there was Louise sitting boyishly on a table, swinging her feet with a vehement gusto—and talking, laughing, talking, laughing——

"I'm Miss Glaum's sister," announced the nice person who opened the door for me. "She's talking to Dorothy Dalton—they are friends and haven't seen one another since Dorothy left California to open in her new play—she'll be with you in a minute."

And, of course, she was—but I have a firm conviction that she would have talked much longer and

By BETSY BRUCE

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

that I would be at that clerk's mercy yet had I not taken the reins into my hands and burst upon her in informal fashion.

I knew that with her, vampire rôles were passé—yet the saying, "A leopard cannot change his spots"—seemed pertinent, and I thought, "neither can a woman change her being with her rôles"—and I found myself inadvertently brushing up my knowledge of—well, things psychic, superstitions on opals and peacock feathers and other similar topics. I could not say just exactly what I expected to meet my gaze, but it was not a conservative hotel sitting-room, individual only thru the bowls of orchids, roses and violets which stood about.

There was no cigaret smoke or incense—and there was no crystal ball or peacock feathers—there was just the pleasant room with the sun streaming in the windows, a leopard-skin coat thrown over a chair, a veil tucked in the pages of a book lying on the table——

The goodly portion of success which she has enjoyed has not left an unpleasant mark upon her. I do not believe she is very different today from the little girl who startled her conservative family by talking of the stage almost from the time she could talk. Center, between scenes, with a little fellow-player, and, below, welcoming Thomas Ince to New York with J. Parker Reed, Jr.

Photo © Curtis Photo News

And Louise herself. She did not wear flowing robes of odd and vivid colors. Nor did she swank hectically about in a clinging and vampiric black. Nor did she gaze blasély out upon the world thru partially closed eyes. She did none of the things for which I had subconsciously prepared myself. None of them. It had been, all of it, such an utter waste of preparation.

She proved to be just a little girl—I say little, advisedly, too, for she is much smaller than I had expected—with a friendly mien and inquisitive eyes of grey—and she was dressed in a trim suit of brown with tiny slits in the skirt thru which could be glimpsed pantalets of the same cloth. But Louise told me she wore them because they kept her warm—because she felt a change in the climate. And somehow, you believed her, for she did not even remotely suggest the faddist.

Curling up in the recesses of one of the big chairs, she talked about New York and the latest plays. And from her talk you knew that she has lost few—indeed, if any—illusions. She takes things at their apparent worth and

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The Nursery Rhyme Girl

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

All photos by Mihe

Certainly there is such a thing as one's possessing a talent for youth, and the Fates must love Marjorie Daw, they have let her have this gift so freely

ONE often hears that the possession of fame must argue the possession of some unusual quality of beauty or mental ability, and, undoubtedly, it does. But here is a girl who has become famous because she is able to be herself and so portray normal, every day girlishness on the screen. Certainly, there is such a thing as one's possessing a talent for youth, and the Fates must love Marjorie Daw, they have let her have this gift so freely.

Take, for instance, her work in Marshall Neilan's production of "The River's End." In contrast to the drama of the story, she represents the springtime of life when everything is transfigured by a roseate haze of dreams. So when she was Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady. She was so utterly Youth incarnate, so evidently listening for the call of Romance, that the wild, boyish stunts Doug did for her seemed in every way fitting and natural.

I first saw Marjorie Daw at the Lasky studio about three years ago. She had just returned from a finishing school to which the company had sent her, tiding her over the "awkward age." I remember that some one connected with the studio mentioned how odd it seemed seeing her with her hair up, and that she wore a suit of some dark mixture—brown, I think.

At any rate, we stood on the edge of a set at Lasky's and watched Marshall Neilan directing a bowl of goldfish. He would tap on the bowl with one finger and then clap his hands and say, "Jump, now; come on and jump!" while a fairly large crowd stood around and offered him advice and laughed. But in the end the laugh was on the crowd, because the goldfish jumped exactly as he wanted them to.

"It must have been the effect of the sound waves," said Micky modestly.

"I come to the studio every day, whether I'm working or not," said Marjorie Daw. "I love to watch. I saw the making of almost every scene in 'Joan

All Photographs Specially Taken by Abbe

the Woman' and I was near Miss Farrar as much as possible. I was conscious of my work being jerky and I felt that the best way to correct my faults was by watching her."

At the same time, Marjorie Daw did not try to imitate the famous star whose protégée she had become. On the contrary, she had sense and understanding enough to be herself where many another young girl would have attempted to act. She even selected her name from a nursery rhyme. Her own name, you will remember, is Margarita House.

"See-saw, Marjorie Daw,
Jennie shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she dont work any faster."

I remember that she had a little, nervous laugh and that she expressed a passionate fondness for horseback riding. Altogether a normal, wholesome, every-day type of "flapper," I told myself, and subsequent meetings increased that impression.

"Isn't this funny?" she said one day, showing me a "still" from "He Comes Up Smiling." "I was trying to imitate Billie Burke. It has given us all a good laugh. Mr. Fairbanks says that it's the funniest thing he ever saw." She never tried to imitate Billie Burke again.

All photos by Abbe

Perhaps her greatest fortune lay in her meeting with Geraldine Farrar. As she watched Miss Farrar at work, so one day Miss Farrar paused to watch her and took a fancy to her and recommended to Cecil B. de Mille that she be given a contract

The next time I saw her was on a rather chilly morning in early January. We sat in the front room of her little rented bungalow and kept our coats on because the furnace wasn't working. She and Chandler, her brother, were living alone in the house and she was doing the housework herself. She apologized for things being a little bit upset. Her mother is not living and her aunt had gone to Arizona just a short time before.

"It gets rather lonely here for just the two of us," she said. "I think it would be better for Chandler to board at the school and for me to live at the club," by which she meant the already famous Studio Club on Carlos street in Hollywood.

So we chatted and told fortunes, and the cards said that she was soon to have a big change which would result in her having large sums of money. She said that she was longing to take a trip of some kind.

"Mr. Fairbanks may take us all to France for two or three

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Thus Endeth the First Chapter---

The bride and groom standing in the chancel of the church—sunlight filtering thru the peaked windows, orange blossoms—then comes the fade-out—the lights go up and the picture is over.

But in life it is different—on Friday June eighteenth, Mary Hay and Richard Semler Barthelmess stood at the chancel of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City where they were united in wedlock—but for them it is only the end of the first chapter, a chapter telling of a beautiful courtship.

Mary Hay is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Caldwell of Washington, D. C., and recently of "Ziegfeld Follies." Now, however, she is at work in Griffith's production of "Way Down East," as is Richard Dix. The great D. W. gave the happy pair a four days' vacation which they spent honeymooning in a little cottage by the sea where they returned to their work at the studios.

That's Out

By TAMAR LANE

GLORIA SWANSON is certainly wearing the latest things in gowns in Cecil B. de Mille's productions. Some of them are so late they are nearly absent.

In each production Gloria wears a little less clothes. If this continues for a few more releases, the $2.00 movie is an assured thing.

Insuring everything and everybody concerned with the movies is getting to be such a rage that we suggest they insure, for safety's sake:

Warren Kerrigan's curly hair.
Henry B. Warner's soft hat.
George Walsh's pep.
Eugene O'Brien's smile.
Wallace Reid's tailor.
Bryant Washburn's chin dimple.

The news has just leaked out that it was at one time contemplated starring Bryan in the movies. The feat of trying to put Bryan in the *silent* drama was evidently too much, however.

Someone has raised the question, "Do movie audiences want to think?" If some of the pictures being shown on the screen are any criterion, it would be embarrassing to discuss what they do want to think about.

It begins to look as tho the surest way for a girl to become a screen star is to enter the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Follies."

BEST LAUGH OF THE MONTH

Morris Gest, one of the men who would like to uplift the movie drama, starts in by offering $10,000 for the motion picture rights to Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks' honeymoon.

Where are all the sharpshooters that used to say Wallace Reid was simply a good-looker but couldn't act?

Wall Street moguls are entering the motion picture business like lions, but in all probability, after a few months' movie education, they will go out like lambs—and with considerably shrunken bankrolls.

Why doesn't someone write a story about a little girl who is left in an orphan asylum, but is later reclaimed by her wealthy father, who has been searching for her for fifteen years?

Here is ample proof, supplied by Walt K. Hill, that there is money in the movies:

"His Last $," (Paramount).
"$30,000," (Hodkinson).
"$ for $," (Pathé).
"$s and the Woman," (Vitagraph).
"$s and the Law," (Vitagraph).
"$s and Sense," (Goldwyn).

RECIPE FOR A NEWS WEEKLY

One parade.
One fire.
One wreck.
One funeral.
Close-up of a Presidential candidate.
Soldiers marching.
Fade-out on American flag.

With the admitted influence the motion picture has over the public mind, how is a well-meaning young man ever going to make up his mind with:

"Why Marry?"
"Please Get Married"
"Dont Ever Marry"
"Dont Change Your Husband"
"Why Change Your Wife?"

Wanted: A Leader

Hobart Henley Believes the Screen Needs a Standard-Bearer

"What we really need is a leader," said Hobart Henley. "We can count the directorial leaders in the realm of motion pictures. Else in the field of our cinema of today." Above is one portrait well, again showing the positions of players in a scene.

HOBART HENLEY lifted himself into the inner circle of interesting directors with his "The Gay Old Dog," in which Mrs. Sidney Drew cooperated with him. Henley had produced some promising things before this, but "The Gay Old Dog," visualized for Pathé from an Edna Ferber short story, was a thing without thing—a [illegible] of the Lorraine celluloid [illegible] of [illegible] coming.

Henley is perhaps a little disheartened at the reception accorded his "The Gay Old Dog." "It is discouraging," he admits, "to work hard upon a vital story, to put everything you have into it, and find it bringing an ordinary film return, while a production, rushed thru in three or four weeks but full of 'audience stuff,' makes four times as much. It hurts.

"I do not blame audiences," he says. "The exhibitor is the fault. You and I know the average exhibitor. This average exhibitor is selecting the photoplays of our nation. He insists upon the handsome hero, the beautiful blonde and the happy tale a hundred miles from real life. Audiences are forced to take what he selects—and producers are forced to make it.

"It is hard to keep ideals in the face of this stone wall. Pioneer work in the battle of overcoming this is going to be a desperate, heart-breaking work. The thought picture *is* coming. But one man cannot fight the game alone. I believe that a film leader, with six adequate directors working under his supervision, could blast a hole in the exhibitor wall. Indeed, I am sure of it.

"What we really need is a leader. David Griffith, in a way, stands in solitude. He alone dares innovations—to cross the exhibitor. But, unfortunately, Griffith, I believe, has come to live far from life, drawn within himself and his circle. A barrier exists between him and the little present-day things of humanity.

"De Mille looks upon things with the eye of the theater. He is dramatically effective, but he never sounds the human note. And so it goes thru the ten directorial leaders; and you can count them upon the fingers of your hands. That is the fault of our cinema of today. The thing has developed into an open field."

Henley is a product of the motion picture of the pioneer period. He came to films ten years ago from the stage, where he

By JAMES FREDERICKS

had been an actor. Thru Mary Pickford, he secured a position at the old Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street. "I found it the most interesting thing I had ever encountered," relates Henley. "It is foolish to say I guessed its possibilities. All of us did, in a measure. Actually, I found it a new and fascinating game.

"In those days, I acted and wrote scripts. Frequently they generously let us play in our own stories. For four years I played and tinkered in and with film plays. Then I became a director's assistant and finally, one glorious day, I was allowed to direct a two-reeler. That was six years ago. I wrote, played and directed my own story, receiving $150 a week—but I thought that my seventh heaven had been reached. Things have been coming easier since that."

Henley first attracted attention by writing and producing "Parentage" some four years ago. This $16,000 production is said to have ultimately made $150,000. Next Henley came into prominence by directing the film début of Will Rogers for Goldwyn. He did more than his bit in putting the cowboy star over on the silversheet.

Now Henley has been signed by Selznick Pictures to make three or four productions a year. The first is "The Sin That Was His," a Frank Packard story in which William Faversham is starred. Other Packard stories are to follow.

Henley sums up the present studio faults briefly. "Directors are hurried and harried until, unless they have singular concentration and will power, they lose all perspective upon their work. Their productions then become machine-made. Can you blame them? Directors are, after all, human. And it is difficult to maintain one's ideals in the midst of studio rush.

"To go back further, stories and plays are torn to pieces to fit a personality. Thousands of dollars are spent for a story—and then the theme is carefully eliminated. That's the biggest fault.

"The same hurry pursues a photoplay all thru its creative period. When the director finishes, the cutting and sub-titling are rushed. The story becomes studded with cheap, crude but easily written 'that night' captions. Close-ups are shoved in to please stars and gloss over bad gaps in continuity or direction. The producer may note these weaknesses, but he always reasons: 'I've got clever salesmen—they'll put it over. That's what they're paid for.'

"We must make pictures more slowly and better. We must not look down upon audiences, or they will dwindle away from sheer boredom.

"But the carefully wrought thought picture is coming. Symptoms of it are on every hand. The photoplay needs only a leader.

"Since that leader will need courage, understanding and a very considerable financial resource, plus a searching understanding of humanity, I believe the photoplay uplift must come, as I have said, thru an organization of six or so able directors dominated by one discerning man. These directors will have to work together fearlessly and unitedly. Then and then only will cease the machinery grind of silent drama making—and then and then only will we see the coming of the *comédie humaine* of the silversheet."

Henley has been signed by Selznick Pictures to make three or four productions a year. The first is "The Sin That Was His," in which William Faversham is starred. Above, with William Faversham: left and below, two informal studio pictures

So Many Per!

Serials, the Thrilling Fiction of the Cinema

In the filming of an episode in a Vitagraph thriller, Duncan and Miss Johnson were imprisoned underneath the water in the tonneau of a car and had it not been for the timely action of a bystander they would have been drowned. Left, Antonio Moreno in "The Perils of Thunder Mountain," and, beneath, William Duncan and Edith Johnson in "Smashing Barriers"

wood in their deadly grip—not the complacent populace, but, rather, that part of it which works in the movies.

Serials, ranging from ten to twenty-six episodes, each two reels in length, are budding forth in the most unexpected places. The usually unruffled quietude of Hollywood is wont nowadays suddenly to be disturbed by a loud crash or a boom. Which the citizens calmly ignore, after little Lizzie has explained that "it's only another of them 'seerial' comp'nies blowin' up a trolley car."

Everybody in the picture colony, from Francis Ford and Eddie Polo to Juanita Hansen and Ruth Roland, want to make drama of the continued-next-week variety. Not that the serials furnish them with any great opportunity for histrionic display, but, rather, that there is great remuneration in sight from a serial

HAVE you a little serial in your home?

Two leading picture players, standing on a corner in Hollywood, passed the time of day in a discussion of screen art.

"Whatcha doing now?" quoth Number One.

"Serial," Number Two returned. "Thirty weeks at sixty thousand dollars. 'Pink Clouds' is the same 'Suspense' tragedy, eh? An' I'm to have my own car an' maid. It's in my contract."

Number Two merely voiced the opinion of the playwriting profession when he mentioned the thirty weeks at sixty thousand per. Serials have Hollywood in their deadly grip—not the complacent populace, but, rather, that part of it which works in the movies.

The most harrowing stunts nowadays, when leaping into the waters are taken on a matter of fact. Nothing is thought of the heroine nearly drowning her self as she is rescued from her harrowing journey by Jim Ryan and Jean Paige.—Motion Picture

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

contract, and anxious producers, who keep their finger more or less on the public pulse, are perfectly willing to furnish a "limmo" and a maid and almost any other luxury that a well-advertised Thespian may demand in recompense for falls off cliffs and the traditional rescue from the burly bandits.

When I speak of the wiseacre producers with their finger on the public pulse, I refer to the physiological location of the latter—the little picture theater around the corner. Ten, fifteen and twenty cents plus the war tax. It is there that the children will flock to see Marie Walcamp get rescued from the pursuing band, and where the children go their parents are usually wont to follow. Hence the nickels and dimes in quantities for the exhibitor.

A year ago Hollywood boasted of perhaps four serial-making companies. Now there are nearly forty. Everybody has the serial fever, induced more or less by mercenary tendencies, and consequently, everyone is making thrillers.

But the question is: where are they going to get new thrills and stunts? Simple enough, say the scenario writers, who go ahead and rack their imaginations for hair-raising exploitations.

Now that serials have grown older, public taste has improved and there has been a growth of dramatic interest. We see more the thrill of situation than the thrill of physical action. Below, Antonio Moreno ably demonstrates "the thrill of situation"

An actor in the thrillers, to be a success, must be not only an actor, but an athlete. Weaklings will not stand up under the strain. Above, Art Acord in "The Moon Riders," and, left, William Duncan in "The Silent Avenger"

After having been tied to a car track, locked in a burning barn, lashed to the cowcatcher of a speeding locomotive, bound, gagged and beaten into semi-insensibility all in one episode—Ruth Roland, who has been a pioneer in the serial industry, ventured to me the opinion that they're running out of thrills.

For the thrills or "gags," like the thirty-six plots, are limited. It isn't as if one mere gag will suffice in each episode. There must be at least two and often more—each a definite climax that requires

(*Continued on page* 110)

The Third Mayo

"I dont recall that I had any great ambitions for the stage, to tell you the truth," said Frank Mayo. "I wanted to become a motor mechanic. I was never as happy as when I was tinkering with machinery"

His grandfather was the famous Davy Crockett, the idol of the theater-going public of a past generation and still remembered by children as that fine old play, "Davy Crockett," and later, in his remarkable characterization in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," Mark Twain's unusual play.

Edwin T. Mayo, his father, was also a great favorite, playing both Davy Crockett and Pudd'nhead Wilson for many years. His mother, Frances Graham, was a well-known actress, so it is little wonder, that young Frank Mayo, the third of the illustrious Mayos, should be among laurels in the dramatic field.

I found Mr. Mayo on the big stage at the Universal studio, making stirring scenes in his new picture, "The Primrose Path." He is very good looking, tall and straight with eloquent, expressive features, and appears to be a big, happy boy, with a load of merry good humor.

"In most of my recent roles I have worn rough or informal costume," Mr. Mayo laughed, tugging at the easy, stiff collar, "and I find this annoying. I much prefer the character parts, they seem to offer a wider opportunity for real work, but it seems to me that audiences like the dressed up hero, so we have to do both."

Mr. Mayo's first appearance on the stage was at the age of five, when he began playing the rôle of little Davy in his grandfather's company. In the cast of eleven, nine were members of the family, either Mayos or Johnstones.

"One of the most important events of my career took place when I was about six," and the boyish brown eyes twinkled at the memory. "One night I slipped to the dressing-rooms between acts and indulged my craze for grease-paints by plastering my face with every kind I could find. As I did not respond to my cue, a property man was sent in search of me and, grabbing me by the back of the neck, none too gently, he fairly threw me on the stage. In my rôle, I had to enter rubbing my eyes as if I had been asleep, and, when I dropped my hands, grandfather took one look at my Jacob-colored face and whispered, 'Get off this stage!'

"At the end of the act he came back to

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

the wings, where I sat huddled in my mother's arms, and told me that I was *fired*. This started my sobs, and I asked mother if we really would starve now I was fired. Next morning, with great ceremony, I was re-engaged, but I had learnt my lesson; never again did I meddle with the paints.

"I continued on the stage until I was eight; then grandfather died and I was placed in a military school in Peekskill, New York. I was still very young when my father passed away and, being an only child, mother and I clung to each other in our grief and we spent several years traveling thru Europe. Later, we settled in Liverpool, where I attended Bebington College.

"I dont recall that I had any great ambitions for the stage; to tell you the truth, I wanted to become a motor mechanic. I was never as happy as when I was tinkering with machinery, and to this day I have the time of my life taking my car apart and putting it together again.

"Probably I should have eventually drifted into the profession; it seemed inevitable, but I really got my start when my uncle cabled us that he was coming to England with 'The Squawman,' and that there was

Photo by Campbell

He intends to keep in the game, for he has a great ambition to rise as high as possible in the profession. Above, a new portrait and, below, an informal picture of him in his dressing-room waiting to be called for a scene

a part for me in the play. I created the rôle of Cash Hawkins, over there, and so began following my destined path."

Later, Mr. Mayo spent six years playing sketches in vaudeville on big time thruout England. It was

(*Continued on page* 100)

Merry Mary

By DORIS DELVIGNE

Western, but" she looked down proudly at the lovely blue embroidery of the dress she wore. "I can wear pretty clothes because I am a college girl—not a native! I'm having such lovely things made by Lady Jane Lewis. This is one of the first she's designed for me. Aren't the flowers—anemones—beautiful?"

As tho remonstrating against her pride in these very feminine garments, "Mouse," the sturdy little horse donated by Colonel Selig for Mary's use during the filming of the serial, nosed up under her arm, demanding bread and sugar. Mary laughed and told him to wait.

"I like wearing riding togs, tho. I buy misses' size."

Which reminds me to tell you that Mary can ride. She has courage and daring—and she *knows* how!

"You really like to ride?" I asked. She nodded. "I adore it, and Mr. Goodfriend says——"

Three long shadows fell upon us and I looked up, displeased, for Mr. Goodfriend is "Sunshine" Mary's husband. Yes, little girl tho she looks, Mary is married—oh, for so long that the honeymoon stage is forgotten.

"Says?" I repeated, but Mary clapped her hands.

(*Continued on page* 107)

Photographs by Hoover, L. A.

Three new pictures of Sunshine Mary Anderson, who though scarcely one of the prize girls with a part down the middle of her forehead was "some kid was good, my son, very good and made me glad I had——"

THE golden California sun beat down on the wild hill-slope of the San Fernando Valley where "Sunshine" Mary Anderson was working on location, filming a Western serial. Just one small girl and nineteen sturdy men? All morning I sat in the meagre shade of a stunted cedar and waited for Mary and at last I gave up that during such hours if she is a "name" property is a double-dealing scoundrel, she refuses to smile even sometimes at the same time. On the set or off, to a man the is serious, very earnest, very eager, very alert; when not acting herself she is intent upon the work of the other players.

But when noon came and they stopped for lunch, Mary made herself comfortable on the seat of the camp wagon they were using as the story and chatted gaily.

"I'm playing opposite Franklin Farnum," she said, "and he's a laugh for every foot of film you know. The story is

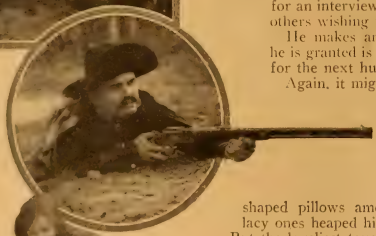
The Dauntless Desmond

William Desmond is dauntless. Of that no one who has seen his work on the screen has a doubt. And in his new picture, "A Broadway Cowboy," he is more dauntless than ever. However, these pictures would seem to prove that he is also domestic. Dauntless and domestic, then—a good combination and quite to be desired in a husband. Mary MacIvor thought so, at any rate

Husband Bill declares he finds home a pleasant place—But then we know a number of young men who would vote it so with Mary MacIvor Desmond presiding over the tea-things

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays in Review



THERE is nothing of more interest in this month's reviews than "Remodeling a Husband," not because the story itself is interesting, or because it is a particularly good picture, rather because Dorothy Gish remodels her cinema husband under the direction of Sister Lillian.

At the beginning of the picture is an editorial title, explaining that with every industry experiencing the guiding touch of woman's hand, it is altogether fitting and proper that it should extend to motion picture direction. Therefore, ethereal Lillian took unto herself the directorial megaphone and certainly with splendid results.

Of course, we have women directors, or directresses, or whatever you choose to call them, but that she who is a star should take a place behind the camera is unusual.

The story is trite and tells about Janie Wakefield, who marries a perfectly nice young man whose one and only weakness is an inherent love of flirting—with him it is a game, a sport. Even the bonds of matrimony fail to hold him in leash, and bye and bye the little wife begins to take note of his flirtings. After two or three painful experiences, she returns to her girlhood home. Soon she takes a position in her father's corporation, and when friend husband seeks to make overtures, he finds himself seeking an appointment with her at the office and waiting for an interview in the reception-room along with others wishing to see her on business.

He makes amends and the final appointment he is granted is one for "twenty-four hours a day for the next hundred years."

Again, it might be said that the story is a flippant one, but thruout may be seen the delightful, whimsical touches of Lillian—Janie tucks fragrant carnations in the slippers which wait with hubby's smoking-jacket—there are heart-shaped pillows among the many embroidered and lacy ones heaped high on the young bride's bed.

But the loveliest touch of all is the scene where Janie stores away her girlhood treasures on the eve of her wedding—into the great cedar chest goes a fan, a bit of lace, childhood books, including "Little Women" and some of the "Elsie" series, and the two favored dolls. Somehow, you just cant help shedding a tear with little Janie, standing as she does on the threshold of womanhood.

In mentioning the direction of Lillian, we have neglected to speak of the acting of Dorothy, and that would not be quite fair. There is very little that can be said about her, further than that she is her old self, sprinkling a goodly share of her inimitable mannerisms into all of her scenes.

James Rennie, too, was attractive enough as the husband to warrant Janie's task of remodeling.

THE SEA WOLF—PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

The cinema version of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf" is quite as virile as is the story between the covers of a book—always there is the tang of the salt sea air and the lurking brute in the Wolf himself with all his philosophy. And to Noah Beery goes much credit for his Wolf characterization—he is the brute who has taught himself a great philosophy or the philosopher who, thru his very philosophy, has become the brute, whichever you will.

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The story is familiar to everyone, and it would seem to show us that plots within plots are not essential to a good screen production—that is, of course, provided there are characterizations artistically portrayed.

And while on the subject of characterizations, it would be well to mention Raymond Hatton, who plays the cockney cook—again he scores!

Mabel Juliene Scott plays Maude Brewster, while Tom Forman is Humphrey Van Weyden. Both are pleasing in their respective rôles. All in all, it is a very excellent production.

THE WONDER MAN—ROBERTSON-COLE

Along comes the heralded film début of Georges Carpentier. And as to Georges himself, he undoubtedly deserves credit for this, his first work before the camera. He handled his scenes far better than have stage stars in their cinema première and was not camera-shy or camera-conscious, either of which might readily have been. As a matter of fact, he did better than could be expected with an obvious rôle in a very poor story.

The plot has been written entirely around him, telling of a soldier who arrives at the country club, winning much attention from all the girls, not to mention the heart of one Dorothy Stoner and, by the same token, the great animosity of his rival, who spends every minute of his time thruout the picture trying to prove that Henri D'Alour, which is the rôle played by Mr. Carpentier, is the man who has been stealing the contracts for the machines of devastated France from Papa Stoner's safe. In the end, D'Alour proves that his deadly rival is not what he pretends to be and the villain is brought to justice.

The subtitles harked back to the days of long ago, when the movie flickered in the corner-grocery-store—they were more obvious and hackneyed than the story.

Faire Binney is cast in the rôle of Dorothy Stoner, and while she did not photograph well, one feels her charm from time to time.

However, all the faults will probably be overshadowed by the fact that Georges is shown in honest-to-goodness fighting scenes, in which he fights with all the skill and ability which have made him famous.

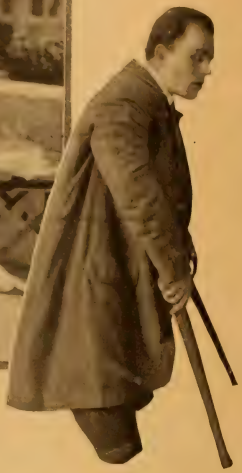
(*Continued on page* 117)

Above, "The Sea Wolf," a story which is quite as virile on the screen as it is between the covers of Jack London's book; left, Ethel Clayton in "The Ladder of Lies," which just manages to avoid being a sermon, but which is interesting, at times; below, Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon," in which she plays a dual rôle and does what might be conceded the best work she has given the silverscreen

Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Fay Tincher, of the Century Comedies, on the porch of her bungalow, which is in the same court as that of Wanda Hawley. Both "just love Buster Keaton" every-thing from one another



our own moral country lacks. Tia Juana is only some one hundred and fifty miles from Los Angeles, and the roads are the best in the country, so it is not difficult to deduce the fact that Tia Juana is a favored place for motion picture people as well as ordinary mortals to motor and spend the day.

Before entering Tia Juana one is searched in turn by U. S. Government officials and by Mexicans. Since it is against the rules to leave the town after ten o'clock at night, one is forced to take his pleasure hurriedly.

The fact that Tia Juana is wet is by no means its only attraction. Horse-racing, gambling of every description and wonderful food in Baron Long's Sunset Inn are also enjoyed.

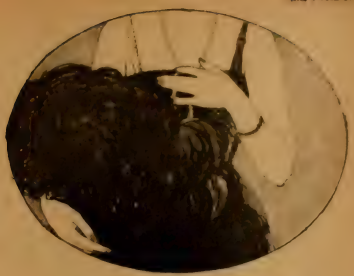
On the last day of the horse-races I was particularly interested in watching the crowds. Here Jack Johnson had his training ring; a little further on I met

Left, Lon Chaney demonstrates the character he plays in a forthcoming Goldwyn production, and, below, Sid Grauman, Mary, Doug and Charlie viewing one of their new pictures in Mr. Grauman's Los Angeles theater. Looks like it was really funny

Photo by Stagg, L. A.

IN these dry United States, perhaps none is more parched than California. The rays of its unfaltering sun dry up the grass, the mountains and the throats of human beings unfailingly. In consequence, the soda-water fountains do a thriving business—but there are those whose thirst is not slaked by the ice-cream soda variety. And so their New York brothers and sisters of the upper caste for a trip to Cuba, so the thirsty Californians cause to go to Tia Juana.

Tia Juana lies just twenty minutes south from San Diego, across the border line in Mexico and Tia Juana is wet, delightfully wet. It has every attraction that



How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

This season's fashions are built to display the hands

BRILLIANT fans to permit a graceful motion of a perfect hand. Sleeveless gowns that lead the eye down the slender arm to rest on the finger tips. Beads with which pink finger tips may toy.

Never before have hands been so conspicuous, never before have women given so much thought to their care.

The chief beauty of the hands is the nails. The cuticle must be slender, even, firm. It is unpardonable this year not to have perfectly kept nails and cuticle. Fortunately, it is no longer hard to keep the nails lovely.

Fifteen or twenty minutes given regularly each week to this simple, scientific method of caring for your nails will keep them always exquisite.

There is no need for the slow, ruinous cutting of the cuticle. Learn to manicure the safe way. Cutting the cuticle leaves a ragged, irregular edge. The more you cut it, the more rapidly the cuticle grows —the tougher and more uneven it becomes.

But with Cutex, the safe cuticle remover, you can rid yourself of superfluous cuticle without cutting.

How to give yourself a perfect manicure

First, file your nails to the desired length and shape. Smooth away any roughness with the emery board.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (you will find both in the Cutex package), and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then work it gently around the base of your nail until the cuticle is softened. Wash your hands and as you dry them, push the cuticle back. Your nails will be exquisite, with a smooth, even line around the base.

For snowy nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. To finish your manicure, use Cutex Nail Polish.

If you wish to keep your cuticle soft and pliable, so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night, on retiring.

Cutex is on sale at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65c sizes.

Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 809, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

For snowy-white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath each nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

Gently push back the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped with cotton and moistened with Cutex. Then wash the hands.

Mail this coupon and two dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

goes to the gambling tables. I took a chance at roulette and gradually became more interested in the pretty girl beside me than in the game. She was dressed in white organdie with a blue sash, and every little while she would dump a wad of money on red, only to lose each time. And each time she lost, she would disappear in the direction of a slender, olive-complexioned youth in a perfectly fitting dinner suit. Then back she'd come with another fistful of this world's goods. And again it would be eaten up by the avaricious red. Whether her bank was the usual feminine hosiery hiding-place or her boyish husband, who can say? Anyway, Olive Thomas, for it was she, was a game little loser for her one day's pleasure. Jack Pickford, her young, sleek-haired husband, seemed not at all concerned over her rather heavy losses.

Another attraction at Tia Juana is the bull fight. At Toreador Park, noticeable among other celebrities were Charlie Chaplin and Charles Richman. One animal was brought in, but no amount of teasing could make the creature fight. It broke loose and went back into its pen. The next one was a calf and thought everything was in fun and so was let out. The matadors started to bring in a third animal, but it looked so mild that Charlie Chaplin put his hands to his mouth and yelled in stentorian tones:

"Milk that one before you bring it in."

Out at Culver City I saw Cullen Landis the other day. He is a fine young man, with light, wavy hair, and is one of the most popular of the Goldwyn Players. I myself find it rather difficult to tell him and Casson Ferguson apart, altho in reality youth and their wavy locks are their only claim to similarity. Mr. Ferguson is the invincible driver of a bright yellow roadster, which stirs up the dust of even perfect California roads.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Ruth Roland stops serialling in the Pathé thriller, "Ruth of the Rockies," long enough to do a bit of marketing

How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

THE khaki-colored complexion, the nut-brown V of skin at the throat that you so blithely acquired this summer will gradually pale and disappear.

But the exposure that caused this tan often inflicts deeper, more permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

How to overcome the tendency to glisten induced by sunburn

To overcome the tendency to shine that repeated sunburn brings, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face. If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face; now powder. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before.

How to overcome the coarseness due to the wind

The coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened and protected from further injury. It will make your skin finer and finer in texture.

How to remove dust from the pores

Dust is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores, darkens and irritates them. Worse than this, it often carries into the skin various germs which cause skin troubles. To restore clearness to the skin and bring it back to normal, you must give the pores a deep cleansing. For this you need an entirely different cream—a cream *with* an oil base—to dissolve the dust. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed and whenever you have been exposed to unusual dust and grime rub Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly into the skin, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. In a few weeks your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

About once or twice a week, massage your face with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the smoothness that makes it perfect for massage.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these two creams. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.

Deep into the pores the crafty dust-specks work. You need a different cream to get them out—a cream with an oil base.

Do not live in terror of the powder coming off, revealing a shiny face. Hold the powder on with the right greaseless powder base.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One without any oil, and one with an oil base

Mail this coupon today

Pond's Extract Co., 116 Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 25c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A 25c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Norman Kerry is again supporting Marion Davies. The exteriors for this picture, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," are being made in California.

Frank Losee plays an important part in support of Constance Talmadge in "The Riddle: Yes."

William Faversham was introduced to the London audience in "The Sin That Was His" and was in such a state of excitement that one person was seen to carry that one place at the same time.

Courtenay Foote will play the leading role in a screen version of Jack London's novel, "The Star Rover." Mr. Foote recently closed a Broadway engagement with the stage success "Adam and Eva."

Hugh Huntley, the [illegible] is supporting Viola Dana in "The Five-Dollar Baby."

Dorothy Gish's next starring vehicle will be "Mary Ann" by Ian Hay and Stephen McKenna. The basis of the story is the famous old song "The Farmer's Boy." The leads of the story is in Devon and will present the dancer in the native atmosphere that she has manifested by her [illegible] dances.

A song entitled "Hiawathaquin" [illegible] in the conversation of Lenore Harris's story of that name [illegible] one of the [illegible] by Mr. Mantle.

Virginia Valli, who is supporting Creighton Hale in "The Plunger," [illegible] Valli, the wonderful comedy star and veritable screen [illegible].

Martha Mansfield's first picture under her Selznick contract will be with Eugene O'Brien in "The Necessary," a story by H. H. Van [illegible].

D. W. Griffith has purchased from Will Somerset his production of "The Outcast Girl," and [illegible] several months taking [illegible] and altering the film to a superfeature.

Master Bobby Kelso, a [illegible] child [illegible] discovered by Florence Vidor, will be prominently featured in her next picture, "The Jack Knife Man," from Miss Parker Bonner's famous novel.

[illegible] has it that **Eric Von Stroheim** will lead to the altar shortly [illegible] countess who appeared [illegible] in "Blind Husbands."

Bert Lytell's first picture of the series to be done in the East will be "A Message from Mars," said to be a fantastic [illegible] comedy-drama. Out of Doors, "A Christmas Carol."

Anita Stewart's next picture for First National will be [illegible] of Dorothy," a Harold Mcgrath story just published in the [illegible] Evening Post.

Thomas Meighan is again working in the Eastern studios on Tarkington's [illegible] story. The name of the story is "The Conquest of the Cave."

[illegible] are being rung for Richard Barthelmess, popular young Griffith player, and Mary Hay, attractive little Ziegfeld girl now playing in the Griffith production "Way Down East."

Creighton Hale [illegible] a leading part in "Lasca's Redemption," the five-reel feature being produced by Eugene Mullin.

Conway Tearle, one of the screen's best leading men, has been made a star by Selznick on a long-time contract.

The motion picture rights of Channing Pollock's melodrama, "The Sign on the Door," with Marjorie Rambeau in the starring rôle, have been sold to Joseph Schenck and will serve as a cinema vehicle for **Norma Talmadge**.

Larry Semon came East recently to confer with his superior officer, Albert E. Smith, bringing with him, incidentally, the negative of "The Stage Hand," his latest comedy.

Booth Tarkington has been added to Goldwyn's list of writers of artistic reputation who will write stories directly for the screen.

Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

LILLIAN GISH

Edward Hemmer, Mary Pickford's former manager, is producing his first picture under his own trade-mark, Hemmer Superior Productions.

Zena Keefe will be featured in a five-reel Prizma color photoplay produced under the personal supervision of Myron Selznick. The colorful title of this colorful picture is "Dont Announce Your Marriage."

After a long vacation, which he devoted to stage work, **Wallace Reid** is again busy before the camera. His new picture is Alice Duer Miller's comedy, "The Charm School." Lila Lee is leading woman.

Jerome Storm, who has directed Charles Ray in fourteen consecutive pictures, has severed his connection with the Ray organization. It is probable that Mr. Storm will join the ranks of directors making their own productions.

Elsie Ferguson is vacationing in Japan. Upon her return she will stop at Los Angeles and make a picture at the Lasky studios before returning to New York where she expects to open in another play early in the season.

Margery Wilson is organizing her own company and will direct as well as star in the Margery Wilson Productions.

Tom Forman is directing Ethel Clayton in "Rozanne Ozanne," a two-part *Cosmopolitan* story by Cynthia Stockley.

Little **Miss Alice Joyce Moore** is spending the summer on the coast with her father, Tom Moore.

Constance Binney has finished her stage engagement with "39 East" and is working on her third Realart picture, the name of which has not yet been received.

Joseph Kilgour will enact one of the principal rôles in "Hearts Are Trumps," the third of the Drury Lane melodramas being produced by Metro.

Barbara Bedford, the new Tourneur "find," will play in the first picture produced by the artistic maker of photoplays as one of the "Big Six."

Robert Harron's first starring vehicle for Metro is a picturized version of a *Cosmopolitan* magazine story called "Coincidence."

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Green Room Jottings

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

The Board of Merit of the Motion Picture Association of the World awarded its first Seal of Merit for any motion picture ever produced, to Mary Pickford, for her latest production, [illegible].

Cleo Madison is playing the leading role in "Big Game," the stage success recently produced by Metro Pictures.

Robert Henley, the famous screen actor-[illegible] is directing William Faversham in "The Sin That Was His."

Ida May Park, noted woman director, has been asked by the International Vocational Guidance Association to write an article on her profession as a contribution to be distributed among the [illegible] of this country.

June Walker, the petite [illegible] the part of "The Girl" in Mr. Ludlow Bonner's [illegible] production of Mr. Ludlow Bonner's [illegible] "Mary Regan" by Samuel Merwin.

Edward Martindel, well-known [illegible] star, is playing an important rôle in the screen version of "Alias," based on Robert [illegible] novel of the same [illegible].

Eileen Percy has been made a [illegible] star and is working upon her second picture under that banner, "Mary Gloves Her Family," from a Saturday Evening Post story.

It is rumored that **Sarah Bernhardt** has received a tempting offer from the representative of an American film company to star in a picture film, to be made in Los [illegible].

Jean Calhoun, a North Carolina [illegible], has stepped into the [illegible] left vacant by Monroe Salisbury's [illegible] contract, is specializing in [illegible] rôle in Dorothy Dalton's [illegible] starring vehicle.

Betty Ross Clarke, [illegible] with Bessie Love in "Humoresque," is on the screen supporting the leading [illegible] in Jerome Arnoldy's "The Traveling Saleswoman."

Rose La Rocque is featured for [illegible] time recently in "The Disappointed Woman," a Burton King production.

Madge Kennedy plans to head her own company. She [illegible] to make [illegible] pictures a year from original stories. The [illegible] will be called the Madge Kennedy Pictures [illegible].

A popularity contest conducted by *Para Todos*, a Brazilian magazine, widely read by motion picture patrons, voted Theodore Roberts the most popular actress and William S. Hart the most popular player.

Herbert Brenon's next two pictures, "Sister Against Sister" and a screen version of Sir Rider Haggard's "Beatrice," may be finished in the early fall. Mr. Brenon, with a cast headed by Mary Thurman, has been working as and about Sandy Point, [illegible].

Recently gossip current that **Hope Hampton** was [illegible] to the Lasky [illegible]. This was an error. Miss Hampton is working under the direction of Maurice Tourneur in his production of "The Tiger Lady."

Faire Binney is playing opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Frontier of the Stars," a Paramount Production.

Sumner Charles Britton, known to the public many years as a producer of best selling books, has entered the motion picture field as the head of Sumner Charles Britton, Inc., and will shortly begin the production of super-specials.

Helen Ferguson, who has finished her third Jack London picture, has bought a little home in Hollywood, Cal. She writes that she has the very finest oranges, grapefruit and different kinds of vegetables growing in the back-yard and is doing her level best to break up some of the profiteering.

Frankie Mann plays an important rôle in "The Passionate Pilgrim," a Cosmopolitan Production, from the novel by Samuel Merwin.

Molly Malone, the petite, brown-eyed girl with the roguish smile, has signed a contract to play exclusively with Goldwyn pictures.

Bebe Daniels' first production as a Realart star will be "You Never Can Tell," an adaptation of two *Saturday Evening Post* stories by Grace Lovell Bryan.

Theda Bara has ended her stage engagement and has gone abroad. It is said that she will appear in an historical play in the early fall.

Shirley Mason will be "Merely Mary Ann" in a screen version of the stage play in which Eleanor Robson won international renown some years ago.

Marguerite Courtot was an attractive acquisition to our lunch table recently. She had just completed the serial "Velvet Fingers" and expected to sail with her company in a few days for Spain, where "Rogues and Romance," by George B. Seitz, will be filmed.

Anetha Getwell, a winner in the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest conducted by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, is playing an important rôle in "Love's Redemption," the five-reel feature being produced by Eugene V. Brewster on his estate at Roslyn, L. I.

PHOTO BY PUBLIX BOOS., N. Y.
ANETHA GETWELL

John Emerson and **Anita Loos Emerson** are spending a few weeks in Europe. Mr. Emerson, who was recently elected president of the Actors' Equity Association, hopes to bring about closer relations between the American, French, and English actors' associations.

In the June issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the photographs of Geraldine Farrar, illustrating "Gerry: the Woman," were credited to Savoy. The photographs should have been credited to Savoy. We are very glad to make this correction and also to announce that this photographer will, in the future, be known as Ruth Colby.

Peggy Hyland has reached her native heath, England, and is kept very busy in a whirl of receptions, teas and parties which are given in her honor. However, Peggy takes time to write that she is coming back to America as soon as she completes the pictures she is to do in England, then in France and then in Egypt, probably arriving here some time in the middle of the winter.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquirer must mention the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Please observe immediate replies or information requiring research, unless you enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the CLASSIC, write "Classic" at top of letter.

[illegible] this month I have received two or three letters asking about Norma Talmadge and her home life. Most of them wanted to know if Richard Barthelmess, what he eats for breakfast, how he has got and how he [illegible] about my letters asking whether I am or is correct, and whether my record is false, [illegible] letters asking whether Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are really and truly married.

[illegible] M.—I am sorry I cant be able to give you [illegible] you mention. I'm afraid [illegible] a great deal of Norma Talmadge to [illegible] personally. I quote it out for yourself—[illegible] letters asking once a week. Allowing two minutes each for reading and twenty minutes each for answering, that makes 5,000 hours a week.

Clara M.—Yes, I think Mae Murray will appreciate your friendly letter, but she will understand your English better. A very special yet simple invention that gives all men and women simply find, arrange and mount facts that have existed since the [illegible] and call it "inventing."

Florence W.—You have the right idea. I'm for you [illegible] Mabel Kennedy is playing in "The Girl with the Jade Heart." So you prefer church to the [illegible] Well, they often give a better [illegible]

Francis Fitz.—Yes, sir! You want Elliott Dexter to give a picture to his wife, Marie Doro. Harold Lloyd was born in Long Branch, N. J., in 1888. He was an expert at physical culture. Blanche Sweet and Meredith in "Simple Souls."

Hermia D. Y.—You write a mighty interesting and [illegible] letter. Hurrah! So Wilfred Lucas is producing "The Man from Lonesome" in New Zealand. Write [illegible]

Lucas.—Yes, Fairbankses sailed for Europe on June 12. My advice is, "Never trouble your stomach and your stomach will never trouble you." Try this prescription: "Water externally, water externally, and some spirituals." Yes, Marmont is to play opposite Mae Murray in "The Branded Woman."

Isabel S. K., Bellwood.—Sorry, but I cant locate the name of that film. Yes, she is very beautiful and I sometimes wish I was a bobber rather than a [illegible]

Lucy, Mass.—No, indeed. Mary Pickford is not [illegible]. She is right in everything she does. George Washington had no children, yet we all call him father. Yes, Mabel and Margery Wilson were with Griffith. Hard telling where they are this minute. Stay on earth, Letty.

Socrates of the Marthas.—I stand corrected. Bill Hart is 5 feet 7, and dont know how I ever said it was 11. That delicate and refined humor of yours! Also your delicate and refined manner of the proof [illegible]

[illegible] I am not able to give you all those addresses now.

B. V. D.—You sound cool. Surely, I would like to hear from you again. To soften your face and keep wrinkles away, instead of creams and balms try some spiritual gymnastics and mental exercise. Little Mary Anderson in "Bubbles," produced by Pioneer Pictures.

Dark Spanish.—Oh yes, I am very fond of serials. Toasted snowflakes when in season, crushed hayflakes, bath brushes, toasted corn-cobs, postum roasties, wild oats, and all those breakfast dainties in the morning and Ruth Rolands at night. Eddie Sloman directed "Burning Daylight" for Metro.

Kathryn Lee.—I fear they will not give me a regular vacation this year. But I expect to sneak away for a few days once in a while for a brief loaf when nobody is looking. Half a loaf is better than no vacation. So you dont care so much for Anita Stewart. I liked her in "The Yellow Typhoon" and was surprised at her emotions.

Polly Pat.—Most of them are chosen by the company. King Vidor—Yes, V-Door, its basic meaning, in French being "merit." So I remind you of Swift. The satire of Swift is caustic and contemptuous; that of Addison is so sheathed in urbanity, that it scarcely offends those whom it chastises. Would that you had likened me unto the gentle Addison. Montagu Love is playing with Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle, Woman."

V. B.—Sorry, but I cannot tell you about Vaugham Glaser.

Greasy Jim.—So you cant understand how I get along on $9.50 per. You say you get $13.50 in Australia, but you never have anything left. You simply dont know how. Vivian Martin can be reached at Gaumont Pictures, College Point, L. I., and Wanda Hawley in Realart Pictures, Hollywood. Come over and see me when your ship comes in.

C. W. C.—No—I cant say that I admire these new fashions. It has always been a mystery to me why women's legs and arms dont get cold. Send along the raisins. I expect the supply in New York City to run short very soon. Certainly, women would scream when they saw a mouse, even if they wore trousers. Lou-Tellegen with American Cinema. Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron are not married, and Mary Miles Minter lives in Santa Barbara, Cal.

Frances S.—Cant give you those addresses here.

Robert Gaillard Admirer.—Cheer up, little minds are vexed with trifles. You want to see more of Lucy Cotton, Bebe Daniels and Frankie Mann. I think Bebe Daniels ought to learn not to look at the camera so much. Oh, ho, ho, I wont be able to give you that description of myself. Dont you like me at the top of these pages? Yes; Lillian Gish in "True Heart Susie."

Albuquerque.—Yes, I know and you can add this to your list of "no connections." Copperas is an iron compound, and contains no copper. Neither does German silver contain silver, nor blacklead contain lead. Doraldina, the dancer, is making a series of productions for Metro. Madge Kennedy was born in California.

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I. H. G.—Yes, that is a real dog and it is owned by her. It is the least dog I have ever seen at one time. You refer to Conway Tearle in "She Loves and Lies." You dont tell me where you live. I am sorry for you. Better come on and help me. No, it hasn't come to that. No, I dont use my whiskers for a bath brush when bathing.

Herbert D.—Sire, my blessings! Jack Nelson and Lloyd Hughes in "The Haunted Bedroom." Bryant Washburn is in Europe with his wife on a delayed honeymoon, as he calls it, and when he returns, he is going to make pictures for his own company. And still they come.

Filaye Phan.—Your wife is right, as are most women. Olga 17 is about 24 now, and she is really Mrs. Leslie Smith. You know many a delicate suggestion has helped a man to "pop" the question. Blanche Sweet and Charles Meredith in "Simple Souls."

Dick.—Good for you. I'm not so old but that I can enjoy your joke. Thanks just the same, but please dont send me the pajamas. I prefer the old-fashioned nightgowns, as the bishop, who was hard of hearing, said to the young lady at a dinner party when she asked him if he liked bananas. That was Montagu Love with Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle, Woman."

Ura Knutt.—Are you speaking to me? So you think I am a flirt. Not by a jugful. Bernard Durning in "When Bearcat Went Dry." Yes, Romaine Fielding is back again in "Woman's Man." You're entirely welcome. You say you would like to see a circus on the screen. Haven't we quite enough of them now?

Kanuck.—Oh, have a heart. I am said to be the oldest Answer Man in captivity. Yes, I have a cage, and I have huge pitchers of lemonade here to keep me cool, but it's hopeless. If this heat keeps up I'm going to take out fire insurance on myself. I guess that love is the only fire against which there is no insurance. Yes, Jack Pickford is playing in "The Man Who Had Everything." Yes, Tom Mix in "The Untamed."

Connie T.—Good for you. You must be in love with the little lady. I cant tell you why a boat is called she, unless it is because the rigging costs more than the hull. Whoops, my dear! Little Mary Hay, well, she played in "Way Down East" in the role that was originally intended for Clarine Seymour. Very sweet little lady. I know.

Newcomer.—Always welcome. The latch-string is out for all newcomers. I am not sarcastic, and I assure you I wont bite. The "Book of the Dead" or "Judgment of the Dead" has nothing to do with spiritualism. It's all about the funeral ritual of the Egyptians and describes the experiences of the soul after death. Cheerful little subject to discuss on a hot night. Of course, that's my right age. Dorothy Davenport is back. Be sure to write me again.

Mary K.—So sorry. Monte Blue is not married.

Mercedes.—Yes, Cincinnati for Marguerite Clark. Labor Day is appropriately named, from the fact that thousands of people on that day labor so hard to have a good time. Vivian Rich is playing in "A World of Folly."

Adelaide C.—Go to the head of the class. You want more about Claire McDowell. You liked her in "The Feud." Yes, she is one of the old-timers. By that I mean, she was a player most popular years ago. Hobart Bosworth in "Below the Surface."

Tiger Kiss.—How sweet you are. Your disposition, I suppose. But you know the rain falls in torrents in the Sahara Desert at intervals of five, ten and twenty years. Otherwise, it is dryer there than it is even here. I'm so dry. Gladden James and Thomas Meighan in "The Heart of Wetona."

Edith B. B.—After reading your jokes I see that the chestnut season is still on. Eric Wayne was John in "Should a Husband Forgive?" Warner Oland and Eileen Percy in "The Third Eye." Maine became a state March 15, 1820. How do I remember it? Ask me.

(*Continued on page 116*)

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

Where a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D	Drama
C	Comedy
F	Farce
E	Educational
SD	Society Drama
WD	Western Drama
MD	Melodrama
CD	Comedy Drama
SP	Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

ATONEMENT—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.

BANDBOX, THE—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.

BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Haworth.

BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.

BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.

BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

BLACK IS WHITE—D-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

BOAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

BROKEN BUTTERFLY, THE—D-6.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.

CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.

CINEMA MURDER, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.

COPPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.

COST, THE—D-8.
Violet Heming—Paramount.

COURTING COURAGE, THE—D-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.

COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE, THE—MD-9.
Pauline Stark, Niles Welch—Vitagraph.

DESERT'S FOOL—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DESPERATE DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.

DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

DAWN—D-7.
Brenner Gordon—Blackton Prod.

DEADLIER SEX—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

DEVIL'S PASS KEY, THE—MD-11.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

DON'T EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Daw—First National.

DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.

EASTERN WESTERNER—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

FIRSTWHILE SUSAN—CD-7.
Constance Binney—Realart.

EMOTIONAL MISS VAUGHN, THE—CD-9.
Mrs. S. Drew—Pathé.

EVERYWOMAN—ALLEGORICAL—6.
All Star—Paramount.

EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

FAITH—CD-6.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.

FEAR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.

FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS—D-6.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAPHAEL—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.

FORTUNE HUNTER, THE—CD-6.
Earle Williams—Vitagraph.

GAY OLD DOG, THE—D-11.
Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.

GIRL NAMED MARY—D-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.

GREAT ADVENTURE, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

GREATEST QUESTION, THE—D-9.
Griffith Prod.—All Star.

HAUNTED SPOOKS—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

HEART O' THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.

HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.

HIGH SPEED—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.

HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

HIS TEMPORARY WIFE—D-7.
Rubye De Remer—Hallmark.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN—CD-8.
Paramount.

HUMORESQUE—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.

HUSHED HOUR, THE—D-6.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

IDOL DANCER, THE—D-7.
Clarine Seymour—D. W. Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess.

IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

ISLE OF CONQUEST—D-8.
Norma Talmadge—Select.

JACK-KNIFE MAN, THE—D-11.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.

JUBILO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

LET'S BE FASHIONABLE—C-7.
Douglas MacLean, Doris May—Paramount.

LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.

LOVES OF LETTY, THE—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

(*Continued on page* 124)

Rose and Old Lace

(*Continued from page* 53)

I am in the mood for a blue hat and a rose hat every time I have a rose mood. I should have thought that a consistent happiness was assured me.

"Please understand," she added, "I am happy—very happy—most of the time, but while I worried in past years over one thing, I worry today over another—mostly," she smiled, "over the seeming impossibility of getting good stories."

Watching her as she sat there, young—very young, and beautiful—exquisitely dressed, you were surprised to hear her talk of girls in every walk of life with a camaraderie and understanding. That saying, "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin" seemed pertinent. There is no pose or affectation about her. She gives herself to you as truly as she knows how—once the chorus girl pleading for "just a line," and today the girl who has won her success pleading for "just a good story now and then to make up for the ones in between not so good."

Being born in the Twentieth Century, she is accepting things as she finds them, yes, and adapting herself to them. Most likely she doesn't even feel that she would have fitted perfectly into the bygone days of the previous generation.

Too, it may have been the soft rose of the roses against her gold hair and the way the old lace fell in folds about her neck and over her arms. It may have been.

Yet, whenever I remember her, I will think of her as a character who has stepped forth from the pages of Myrtle Reed, or amid the blossoms of some old-fashioned garden—in a candle-lit ballroom stepping thru the graceful minuet—or at a harp, in the still twilight, playing a love ballad.

Rose and old lace!

Pell Trenton Answers Two Questions

(*Continued from page* 55)

York City, practically within sight of the bright lights of Broadway. Mr. Trenton says he was never stage-struck, and had no childish ambition to become an actor. In fact, his boyish eyes were turned toward the sea and he became a petty officer on a Spanish ship plying along the coast of South America and thru the West Indies. After several trips, he returned to New York, and shortly after, made his first stage appearance with Julia Marlowe, in "The Goddess of Reason," at Daly's Theater, deciding this was to be his profession.

Mr. Trenton's dramatic career has been unusual, in that he *began* on Broadway, instead of working *to* this Mecca, for he played there some time before he had any experience "on the road." During eight years, he was in fifteen New York productions, which included engagements with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, May Irwin and George Arliss. He was the juvenile in the splendid all-star cast of "Oliver Twist," with Marie Doro, Nat Goodwin and Constance Collier. He played King Love in the original New York company of "Everywoman," was leading man in "Peg o' my Heart," with Laurette Taylor for a season, and spent a year with Sir Herbert Tree, at His Majesty's Theater in London, in a Shakespearian and classic repertoire. Then, for two years, he was in stock up in Bridge-

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port and Mount Vernon, and in that time played 104 different leading roles.

Mr. Trenton is fast winning the place with motion picture fans that he holds on the stage, for he is playing a series of sympathetic leading parts with our best-known feminine screen stars.

One of his recent hits was in "Fair and Warmer," where he aided May Allison in bringing out the cleverness of this screamingly funny play. He was the Englishman in Viola Dana's super-production, "The Willow Tree," and his work showed the finesse and technique of the finished actor, which added a distinct charm to this thoroly artistic and beautiful Japanese story.

We are becoming connoisseurs of acting in these days when we have such good examples of the art before us and it is only the serious and conscientious work that attracts the attention!

"It is an odd feeling, this silent playing to an unseen audience," Mr. Trenton remarked, "and we all have to become reconciled to the absence of the personal encouragement and response which the stage affords. On the other hand, there are no first-night stage frights!" and the actor's eyes twinkled at the thought.

"How we used to like to give professional matinees in New York, for there is no doubt that the most appreciative audiences are made up of theatrical people, they are imaginative and emotional, and consequently more easily moved."

Pell Trenton is very good-looking, tall and bronzed, and of that clean-cut, wholesome type which appeals to the masculine as well as the feminine audience.

"One of the delights of my life," he gaily confessed, "are the fan letters. Of course, the girls like to jolly us, but they are often very clever, and it is a treat to read their letters. While the stock actor's following is enormous and we used to receive much mail, it was nothing to compare with the motion picture fan letters, for these come from every nook and corner of the globe.

"My idea of a good time?" Mr. Trenton repeated my question. "That forces me to own up to my weakness, for I fear I am very vacillating. No sooner do I think I have found the perfect mode of existence, than something else more attractive comes along. So it is with all my pleasures. I like constant change, for I have the instincts of a tramp. Perhaps that is why I took to the stage, for there one may be a vagabond and still remain within the law!

"One meets so many old friends and associates out here, that it is like being at home and at the weekly boxing matches at Vernon, all the fellows I ever knew, seem to drop in at one time or another. In our work, also, we frequently meet former friends. May Allison, Kathleen Kerrigan and I were all in the cast of 'Everywoman,' in New York together, and recently we three worked together in Miss Allison's picture, 'The Uplifters,' and we welcomed it as a happy little reunion.

"There is another reason why I am staying in pictures," Pell Trenton said. "My mother is with me and for the first time in years I am having a real home—and I cannot tell you what a joy this is. Mother is as crazy about this country and my work as I am, so you may know what a beautiful time we have together!" And I felt that both questions had been truly answered by Mr. Trenton.

"What's in a name?" asked John Shakespeare's son. Well, a rose by any other may not suffer the loss of its scent, but if the film stars were forced to change their monickers they would probably lose a great many cents.

'Twas Ever Thus

(*Continued from page 63*)

accepts, in a sense, the unpleasant things as those very things necessary that other things may be pleasant.

She talked, too, about California and the homes, so often imposing and beautiful, in which dwell the movie folks. Her own home is a renovated farm-house, out and away from the city and, she said, it is not especially imposing but it is artistic in a quiet little way and very comfortable and livable. She has an extensive garden and keeps chickens and dogs.

So, I thought, this is Louise Glaum—the siren—the Peacock Lady—'twas ever thus!

You judged, as you talked with her, that she finds life a pleasant affair, worth while and ever interesting—and because of these things, she is the possessor of a sane little sense of happiness and optimism which may be derived thru no other medium. She has kept it only by living wisely, retaining a sense of balance in her reading; her working; her playing and her thinking—and such a happiness, too, it will readily be admitted, is worth possessing.

She talked about the psychology of clothes and the vogue of photoplays—talked about these things interestedly and now and then enthusiastically.

"I believe absolutely in the psychology of clothes," she said, "not only upon the player but upon the audience. As for the actress herself, the greatest artist will tell you that it is far more natural to play the butterfly type or the vampire in something which inclines towards the bizarre—something which plays upon the imagination. It would not be quite so easy to play the vampire in a white mull frock with pale blue ribbons. Of course, one must not depend too much on the clothes—they should, rather, I would say, suggest subtly something of the person who wears them."

When I asked her about the new sort of thing she is doing, leaving vampire rôles in her wake, so to speak, she smiled.

"Of course," she said, "one must be in vogue—whether it's clothes—or rôles. And the vampire rôle is out of the running just now, you know. It must suffer a passing just as the Wild West picture did—just as the detective picture did. We will always have Wild West things, of course—I hope we will, at any rate, because personally I am very fond of them. So—I think there will always be a certain per cent. of 'vampy' subjects, but the per cent. is decreasing rapidly. Vampires, poor things," she laughed, "are not in the cinematic vogue just now—their era is waning. They will come back—perhaps!"

The goodly portion of success which she has enjoyed has not left an unpleasant mark upon her. I do not believe she is very different today from the little girl who startled her conservative family by talking of the stage almost from the time that she could talk—from the young girl, playing small parts in the road company, who visited the studios when she was in Los Angeles and finally came to the movies, bringing with her youth and a burning desire to make good. There is more poise, perhaps—a *savoir faire* which would naturally have been lacking in a girl so young—and there is, of course, a greater artistry.

And it was with an admiration for this artistry—for this artistry which had permitted her to portray the bizarre so naturally that I expected to find it manifested even in her hotel suite—that I left her.

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- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
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- ☐ Railway Accountant
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- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- ☐ Auto Repairing
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Italian

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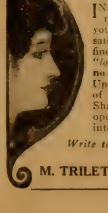

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Popularity Contest Wins Universal Response

Mary Pickford Continues to Lead, with Wallace Reid Heading the Male Stars

Even things of such import as who is to be the next president; the League of Nations, and the latest developments in the topics of the day become secondary as the votes pour in for the Greatest of All Popularity Contests. Popularity contests have always awakened considerable interest, but nothing similar to this has been witnessed before—probably it is the double interest with which this contest has been invested by offering prizes to the readers as well as choosing the most popular folks of the shadowland.

Month after month as the votes have come pouring in there have been changes in the positions of the players—and undoubtedly, when the votes which always arrive at the very last minute are tabulated, there will be many additional changes.

It will take time, of course, to get everything in order and to verify the results, but this will all be done in the shortest time possible and the final announcement made at the earliest minute.

Here are the results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford	61,517
Norma Talmadge	38,254
Pearl White	21,921
Mme. Nazimova	13,924
Constance Talmadge	8,251
Bebe Daniels	4,924
Viola Dana	4,592
Elsie Ferguson	3,961
Theda Bara	3,206
Lillian Gish	3,156
Mary Miles Minter	3,019
Dorothy Gish	2,907
Ruth Roland	2,527
Anita Stewart	2,459
Marguerite Clark	2,267
Olive Thomas	2,226
Ethel Clayton	1,971
Shirley Mason	1,912
May Allison	1,769
Dorothy Dalton	1,531
Baby Marie Osborne	1,267
Olga Petrova	1,159
Gloria Swanson	1,159
Irene Castle	1,107
Geraldine Farrar	1,061
Pauline Frederick	972
Alice Lake	946
Marion Davies	925
Alice Joyce	921
Mae Murray	854
Ann Little	815
Alice Brady	768
Edith Johnson	742
Marie Prevost	706
Katherine MacDonald	662
Priscilla Dean	634
Margarita Fisher	628
Wanda Hawley	613
Blanche Sweet	566
Phyllis Haver	507
Vivian Martin	502
June Caprice	472
Betty Compson	467
Madge Kennedy	461
Jane Novak	459
Kathlyn Williams	457
Dolores Cassinelli	437
Gladys Leslie	431
Doris May	426
Marie Walcamp	422
Winifred Westover	419
Pauline Curley	371
Juanita Hansen	368
Ora Novak	351
Billie Burke	349
Mildred Davis	336
Corinne Griffith	329
Violet Heming	323
Doris Kenyon	321
Clara K. Young	316
Enid Bennett	289
Marguerite Clayton	289
Marguerite De La Motte	280
Ida Lee	276
Dorothy Phillips	268
Irene Rich	264
Mildred Harris	259
Wallace Reid	23,051
William S. Hart	20,264
Richard Barthelmess	18,416
Douglas Fairbanks	11,147
William Farnum	5,772
Eugene O'Brien	5,648
Charles Ray	3,704
J. W. Kerrigan	3,656
Tom Mix	3,019
Charles Chaplin	2,461
Douglas MacLean	1,959
Thomas Meighan	1,907
Tom Moore	1,631
Ralph Graves	1,555
Owen Moore	1,542
William Duncan	1,507
Gaston Glass	1,501
Kenneth Harlan	1,467
Rodney La Rocque	1,452
Bert Lytell	1,421
John Barrymore	1,362
Antonio Moreno	1,312
William Russell	1,272
Jack Pickford	1,206
Harry Northrup	1,156
Harrison Ford	1,067
Earle Williams	1,009
Elliott Dexter	976
Lloyd Hughes	927
George Walsh	912
Lewis Stone	850
Robert Harron	766
Harold Lloyd	726
Marshall Neilan	712
Louis Bennison	659
Lon Chaney	637
Tom Forman	621
Eddie Lyons	614
Eddy Polo	551
Bryant Washburn	546
Wesley Barry	521
Conway Tearle	510
Harry Carey	479
George Fawcett	461
Henry G. Sell	459
Webster Campbell	438
Theodore Roberts	430
Joe Ryan	424
Sessue Hayakawa	361
Monroe Salisbury	360
Robert Warwick	359
Monte Blue	341
Robert Gordon	337
Emory Johnson	332
Percy Marmont	327
Lee Moran	319
Ben Turpin	312
Creighton Hale	269
Albert Ray	264
Sunshine Sammy	258
Milton Sills	258
Fatty Arbuckle	238
Francis X. Bushman	235
Lew Cody	230
Raymond Hatton	227
David Powell	219
Will Rogers	216

(Continued on page 115)

ADAMS
California Fruit
Gum

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Each serving dish of Puffed Grains contains a thousand separate joys.

Each grain is a bubble, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size.

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The airy globules are crisp and toasted. They taste like nut meats puffed. The morsels seem like fairy foods, almost too good to eat.

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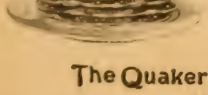

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The Third Mayo

(*Continued from page 73*)

with the London Film Company that he made his screen debut, playing with Sir Herbert Tree in "Trilby." At that time, George Loane Tucker, of "The Miracle Man" fame, and Edna Flugrath, Viola Dana's elder sister, were also with this same London company.

"Five years ago," Mr. Mayo again took up the story, "my uncle, Lorimer Johnstone, who was producing for the Santa Barbara Picture Company, cabled me to join him, and as this seemed to present a great opportunity, I quickly packed up and came across. Well, the joke was on me, for the company lasted about eight weeks, then blew up for lack of funds.

"Returning to Los Angeles, I went with Selig for a time, then did two serials with Ruth Roland. I went East and signed up with the World Company for two years and was featured with Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton and Kitty Gordon."

A year ago Mr. Mayo came to California with Anita Stewart to play in "Mary Regan," then joined Universal, where he is being starred in a series of strong, virile pictures. Every one about the big studio declares that this handsome Mayo, the Third, is indeed a "*comer!*"

"I had an interesting experience last week," he was saying, cheerfully, "for I met Thomas Jefferson whom I had not seen since I was eight. My father and his father, Joseph Jefferson, were great friends and I well remember a wonderful facsimile of the electric cars in Liverpool which Mr. Jefferson sent me when I was a kid. Of course, I was delighted, but my father had such fun playing with them that it was really he, rather than myself, who wore them out. I have also found one of the electricians here at the studio who used to be with father on the road. I am always so happy to meet any one who knew him."

"I wonder what your grandfather and father would have thought of motion pictures as an art," I remarked.

"I often wonder, too," he replied. "I fear grandfather would never have considered them seriously, for he was too much of the old school to welcome such a radical step, but I am sure father would have welcomed them as a marvelous means of perpetuating the work of great actors.

"Speaking of thinking of father during strong bits, I'll tell you what always comes to my mind when I am called upon for an emotional scene. When I sailed from Liverpool the last time, I watched my mother standing on the wharf until she was lost in the fog, and the memory of those moments calls up every ounce of emotion in me and I can run the whole gamut with that before me. My mother wrote in her last letter that she had just been to see our picture, 'Mary Regan,' which was showing in Liverpool and that it was the next best thing to having me there."

"Your future?" I asked.

"Oh, I intend to keep on, for I have a great ambition to rise as high as possible in the profession, and before I leave pictures I want to film 'Davy Crockett.' Dustin Farnum made this a couple of years ago, but I hope to put this play, which meant so much to both my grandfather and my father, on the screen with the third Mayo in the title rôle!"

After all, it is the simple, sincere heart touches that make an actor, a picture or a play a success, and Frank Mayo, following the family's dramatic traditions, seems qualified for this very success!

The Nursery Rhyme Girl

(*Continued from page 65*)

pictures," she said. "I do hope I'll get to go, but I'm not planning too much on it. I've been disappointed so often! I did everything I could to get with one of the Eastern companies while I was at Lasky's, and several times it looked as tho I had succeeded, and then something would come up to keep me here after all. Again, I was all packed up and ready to go on a visit to New York with Blanche Sweet when Doug found that he would have to begin another picture right away and I would have to stay home."

Evidently she was doomed to disappointment again, for the next time I heard of her was thru a newspaper announcement that she was to be starred by Marshall Neilan.

Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs in 1902, but much of her childhood was spent at Santa Monica, Cal., where she "churned" with Mildred Harris, then playing in Westerns at Inceville.

"I hadn't the least desire to go on the screen," said Marjorie. "It looked like such hard work, and I wasn't very strong. I was having so much trouble with my back. There was even one time when I had to be put in a plaster cast. The thing I liked to do most of all was to read."

Later, the family moved to Los Angeles and her brother became a featured child actor at Fine Arts.

"I did my first work for the screen when I was fourteen years old. I never played atmosphere. I had a part in my first picture." It was "The Love Victorious" with Wilfred Lucas and Cleo Madison.

"After that, I made 'The Warrens of Virginia' at Lasky's, and I was given the same part in the picture that Mary Pickford had on the stage. When it was finished, she came to the projection-room to see it run off and said that she liked it."

But perhaps her greatest fortune lay in her meeting with Geraldine Farrar, and this, too, came from Marjorie Daw's habit of watching. As she watched Geraldine Farrar at work, so one day, Geraldine Farrar paused to watch her and took a fancy to her and recommended to Cecil B. de Mille that she be given a contract.

The latest meeting I had with Marjorie Daw was very much like the first. Again we stood on the edge of a set, only this time we were not at Lasky's, and watched Marshall Neilan attract. But the goldfish were fittingly absent. It seemed a different Marshall Neilan, too. He looked more boyish, I thought, than I had ever seen him look before.

"And now," Marjorie went on, "I believe that I am going to get my trip to Europe after all. Mr. Neilan is going to make six pictures over there, leaving here the fifteenth of May."

"I suppose that he is not leaving anything to chance in the way Syd Chaplin did," I remarked.

"No, indeed! He is going exactly as he would go on any other location, taking everything with him, even the electrical equipment, which is new and quite wonderful. Conditions are undoubtedly very bad, but this will not bother him because he is taking his own conditions with him, and is thoroly prepared for any difficulties that may arise."

If there is any truth in the saying that all things come to those who wait, then surely this time nothing will happen to prevent the nursery rhyme girl from crossing the Atlantic and getting a peep at Mother Goose's own country, to say nothing of a few famous battlefields.

There was a moment's pause, while we turned our attention to a peculiarly gruesome scene in the making.

We looked into a white set . . . the operating-room of a hospital. Everything was carefully arranged and lighted so as not to reflect light into the camera, but at the same time everything was white, even the robes of the slow-moving attendants. This is something rarely seen at a studio. The whole had a ghostly effect difficult to describe. The idea was to fade out on the beginning of an operation which would transfer the brain of one man into the head of another.

"Ghastly, isn't it?" said Marjorie.

This time she wore a dark-blue dress of some soft silk and a fawn-colored polo coat. I knew that she and her companion, who was with her, would go back to one of the prettiest houses in Hollywood, for Marjorie Daw now owns her own home. Her brother is still at school, at present in a military academy. And Marjorie Daw, the star, had just come to the studio to watch.

"I'm not in this picture at all," she said.

Following "The River's End," she appeared in Marshall Neilan's "Dont Ever Marry," after which she was loaned to Maurice Tourneur for one picture.

"Big Bill"

(*Continued from page 33*)

Cooper-Hewitts rested. "He is either an American or he is not an American. He is either a bird who protects the nest that feeds him, or he should be thrown out of that nest. My greatest aversion is the man or woman who, accepting the hospitality of our country, schemes and plots to overthrow its government. We are as much at war today with this cunning, scheming class as we were when we sent our young Americans overseas to fight our enemy.

"There were many of us who could not go overseas. We did our bit to the best of our ability here and we must continue to do our bit until we are sure that those who fought reap all the benefits that come from being citizens of the greatest and freest country in the world. If there is any one who does not like the United States let him leave, but while he is here let him observe her laws and show by his hie that he is the sort of guest we are proud to entertain."

"Big Bill" is essentially a nature man, a King of the Open. His outlook upon life has all the freedom of the mountains, the calm vision of the wooded solitudes that he loves. He is never so happy as when he is making one of his outdoor pictures that takes him to "location" early in the morning and keeps him there until the setting sun warns the director to call a halt. And he has a wonderful piece of the open all his own down at Sag Harbor, Long Island. Periodically he has added to it extra strips of land until now it can be dignified by the title "estate." Here when he is in the East, his brief rests between pictures permit him to forget he is a movie star and become a regular farmer. On this present visit to the coast he has added to "the places where he loves to dwell" a picturesque house on one of the hills overlooking Los Angeles.

And now just a short trip takes us back to that other existence, the one in which I first met William Farnum. "Big Bill" then had the same twinkling eyes, the

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same engaging smile and added to these was a voice which could play upon the heart-strings of his audience at will. He was one of the favorite dramatic stars of the day. I was a cub on a daily not far from New York. When the city editor looked over the top of his glasses one night and calmly announced that as soon as I had finished my column of Advice to the Lovelorn, the Freckled and Spotted, I was to run over to the theater and get a chat with Farnum for the next day's paper, I turned white with fear. It was my first interview. I had been praying for it to come, and now that it was at hand, I didn't know whether to resign on the spot or faint for the remainder of the evening. However, when I had swallowed my heart for the third time I picked up notebook and pencils the way reporters do in the movies and on the stage, but never in real life unless they are green, oh, so green, and supported myself by various lamp posts and sides of buildings until I arrived at the theater.

I had never been backstage before. A star's dressing-room and Greenland were pictures of equal clearness in my mind. If it hadn't been this particular star, I know my days as a feature writer would have ended before they had begun, but somehow he took me into that big heart of his. He didn't smile even inwardly at my large notebook, my supply of newly sharpened pencils. He didn't sit in stony silence with that resigned look, that get-out-your-questions-and-fire-away-and-I-dare-you-to-make-me-say-anything-interesting attitude, I have had to combat so many times since then. If he had, I would have been carried from that theater an ambitious, but useless reporter. I had no idea how to start the ball rolling, and "Big Bill," with his usual keen intuition, sensed that I hadn't, so he started it for me. He told me of the sweet-faced woman, his mother, whose picture occupied the center of his dressing-table, of her career as an opera singer, interrupted by the coming of "her boys," of the early days in Bucksport, Maine, of his struggle in stock and in cheap traveling companies before he was able to get the slightest recognition, of his final rise to stardom, of his joy in every moment of his portrayal of Ben Hur. He emphasized the sincerity, the devotion with which an actor must approach his work. His art must be the one great love of his life, he said, a love to which he must remain faithful from the carrying of the spear to the climbing of the final heights. I drank it all in and I forgot to use that notebook, those nicely sharpened pencils. I was getting the personality of "Big Bill," the broad vision that made him adored by every member of that company, and later I found that it was an easy task to transfer a real man to print.

Shortly after that he left the stage for the screen. Since then the footlights have been calling, "Wont you come back, Bill Farnum?" I know that he has often heard their call and I know, too, that some day he hopes to find a happy combination of the new days and the old when his audience was there before him ready to give him with tears or with laughter that spontaneous response that is the inspiration, the life of the artist.

TOUCH AND GO

"How is that artist on a finishing touch?"

"He will borrow your last cent if given a chance."

Bebe's Behavior

(Continued from page 57)

that she's a little bit Spanish. Spanish to the extent that her grandmother was an Argentine lady who married her grandfather when he was American consul in Buenos Aires. Bebe's father died while she was still a young child. And, under her mother's chaperonage, she went on the stage, because her mother had been an actress for some time. Later she went with Vitagraph, and finally with Rolin.

She is nineteen, and totally uninterested in men. Success having smiled on her, she has everything that she has ever wanted. Her ambition now is not to make barrels of money, but rather to be justly known as a really capable actress.

The things she likes to do are precisely what every other normal girl likes. There are her books—not the extremely heavy, philosophical sort, nor yet the fluffy, frothy, light stuff. She enjoys Oscar Wilde, and is none the less certain that he's not a passing fad. She talks about motors, horses, tennis and clothes.

"The penalty," she said, "that we of the screen have to pay is always having to look like a mannequin when we're in the public view. If we're not always dressed to kill, women look at us and say, 'My, isn't that Daniels girl a disappointment in real life?'

"For that reason I dont often go out publicly. A private dance or dinner once in a while—or a week-end in the mountains, or a trip to an out-of-season place between pictures. If it is winter, I go to Catalina, where I know I shan't have to dress, because no one will be there to see me. If it is summer, I go to Arrowhead Hot Springs."

And—oh, yes!—another Daniels desire is to go to New York.

I've forgotten whether or not she said she has ever been there, but I dont think she has. And, later in life, she's going to make a journey to Europe—and Spain.

But before she does all this Bebe asserts that she's in for a lot of hard work. Screen acting is only inspired day labor, she says. In fact, any acting is.

"Any girl who thinks she can get by without doing as much work every day as any laundress, will find herself on the rocks," she advised. "It's a case of work and more work—and clothes. If you're an extra player you have to starve to get your wardrobe; if a star, you're starved for ideas for it."

And does this sound like the very spoken words of the piquant, snappy little vampire of "Why Change Your Wife?" or the voluptuous Vice of "Everywoman"—she of the French gowns and violent temper? It doesn't, because:

"I'm the wickedest, wildest thing in the world when I'm in front of the camera," Bebe confessed. "I care for nothing or nobody. I'm there to do my cinematic duty, and I'll do it, or die."

"Aren't you even going to lure just *one* man in your private life?" I faltered, flabbergasted.

"Not even one! I like men, but I wouldn't know how to 'lure,' as you say, anything."

A gust of the light afternoon wind swept the curtains aside. Outside the window bloomed a rose-hedge—Bebe's particular pride. The canary chirped happily and—the telephone rang.

"It's mother!" she cried, gleefully. "She wants me to meet her downtown for tea. Now, I'll have to dress.

"Oh, hang this dressed-up drama, anyhow!"

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The Camera-Shy Director

(*Continued from page 30*)

...ace to alter his opinion because he would ...ave some very good reasons of his own ...o believing in him in the first place.

And he said things you're apt to remember when you have left him. For instance, are things I happen to recollect now:

"The motion picture as a parasitical business. It has taken players from the stage and plots from the stage and from novels."

However, he went on to say that this was becoming less and less so. In fact, he proved it was fast getting away from that. He has a way with him of proving what he says . . . a goodly portion of sound logic . . . some philosophy . . . and dreams . . . You can tell that he is something of a dreamer by a soft—kindly, almost—look in his eyes. But he wouldn't ever be caught dreaming when he should be up and doing. He's certainly not that kind.

He thinks the constant necessity of the subtitles is the proof positive that we have not yet hit upon ideal screen stories . . . naturally, he said, a play adapted from the stage where there are lines to be delivered—or a play adapted from a novel where conversation can suggest the very drama of the thing, isn't possible screen material without subtitles. He didn't mean that stage plays and novels should not be used for motion pictures exactly—but he did mean that the screen had yet to entirely and utterly come into its own.

He went on further to say that the subtitle is undoubtedly an interruption and, he feels, something of an admission that there is still much to be perfected. However, he thinks the illustrated title a decided improvement and a large step toward that unknown something which will later bridge the gap which titles have always caused.

Some directors are stanch believers in a great deal of rehearsing, while others are not. Allan Dwan is not. He usually has his cast meet at his home, where they rehearse the entire story before they even go near the studio. In that way they become imbued with the atmosphere of their role and they know the psychology of their characterization. And if a player doesn't seem to "get" the spirit of his part he does not rehearse it repeatedly, for such rehearsing, he says, eventually produces a strained effect. He either finds someone else for that particular part or makes the necessary changes. Maybe that's why everything in his productions seems so natural.

I asked him if he thought the picture business would again center in New York City, as far as the producing end went, and he said that he did not.

"The best results will always be obtained in California, to my way of thinking," he explained. "In Los Angeles there is nothing to do but work—therefore, we work willingly and long. Here you have all sorts of pleasures and amusements which constantly beckon. The temptation to play when we should work is too great. It might be possible if you could get the people to live within a commuting distance of the city, and come in between pictures and on week-ends, but it wouldn't work, I'm sure. They'd run in during the week for a dinner engagement, or to see some play and the next day they would be tired out. What would be the result? First thing you know one delay or another would be holding up production, and some vital thing would be slighted in order to finish up before the overhead became prohibitive. Then your picture suffers. All the big things have been done in the West, where everyone has devoted his entire time to his part in that thing which is being done. I admit we all have to come on once in every few months

I always say I come to New York to recharge my mental storage battery. I'll go back filled with ideas, make two or three more pictures—then I'll come on again—get more ideas and go back. I think others will say that they do the same thing. Big companies are erecting studios here, I know, but I think the major portion of the production will remain in Los Angeles."

He said he was not an actor, which is something of an amazing confession for a director to make, and he admitted that he was frightfully camera-shy. If he's standing in front of the lens giving directions, and the camera-man starts to grind, he suffers something akin to stage fright. He is, then, a camera-shy director . . . and, by the same token, he's a bit unusual, you know.

When I left him, he was looking frantically about Broadway for a haberdashery. He wanted to buy a cap for the assistant camera-man that day, he said . . . a cap for the assistant camera-man . . . and one for Allan Dwan.

Name It!

(*Continued from page 31*)

I asked her what she thought of her work. She said she thought the main essential was what her work thought of *her*. I said, "Well, what does it?"

She said that she didn't know, but if it thought at all it ought gently to eject her. "Some day," she said, "they'll all wake up to what a joke I am."

Probably nobody I ever saw, or you, whoever you may be, ever saw, appears to have so royal a time as Constance. She is there, every minute, with the sparkle and the vim. She has a jest at the tip of her tongue. She has a laugh for every one and everything, and chiefly for herself. When I asked her about love and marriage and that sort of thing I felt ridiculous. I was. She "hadn't thought about it."

She said she would adore to go on the stage, but would probably pass away with stage fright.

As I was leaving (sister Natalie drove us both to the Vanderbilt hotel in her roadster) I said, rather plaintively, to Constance, "Are you always like this? How do you keep it up?"

Constance gave me a keen look. She can *give* 'em, be it said. Her eyes are brown and amazingly large and long-lashed. They are the eye-iest eyes I've ever seen.

"No, really I'm not," she said, confidentially, "but, you know, I've just got to appear to be. I've started the pose and now I have to live up to it. If I ever draw a serious breath there is an avalanche of questions, 'What's the matter, Constance? Dont you feel well, Constance? Anything gone wrong, Connie?' All that sort of thing. I have a lot of jinx hours, but I've acquired the knack of having 'em behind closed doors. It's safer."

At which point I was deposited at the Vanderbilt. I am sure I heard Constance murmur something to the effect that she hoped I would get a pink taxi, because she had a sort of failing for that shade and brand . . . but, I may be mistaken . . . However, I have : right to be, having heard nothing, having said nothing, having written nothing. If you will recall, *this is not an interview!*

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Animated Monthly of News and Views

(Continued from page 84)

One of the reasons I always enjoy visiting the Lasky studios in Hollywood is—Cecil B. de Mille. Altho he is little less than king of the place, I have never known him to assume a mightier than thou attitude. The other day he greeted me as usual with his ready smile and gracious hand shake. He had just completed "Something to Think About" with Elliott Dexter starring and was getting things in shape for his next production. Since Bebe Daniels has signed her new stellar contract with Realart following Gloria Swanson's promotion to a like place by Famous Players-Lasky, Mr. de Mille has been forced to select quite a number of new people for his next picture. Rumor has it that his leading lady is to be a tall blonde, very young and beautiful, who is capable of great emotionalism. Mr. de Mille would, however, neither affirm nor deny.

And speaking of Bebe Daniels, she is to have good-looking Conrad Nagel for her leading man in her first stellar production, "You Never Can Tell," which is to be directed by Chester Franklyn on the Hollywood Lasky stages.

Perhaps the most interesting news of the month, however, concerns Gloria Swanson. This lovely little lady, who in private life is Mrs. H. K. Sonneborn, wife of the president of Equity Pictures, is taking a vacation until September, when a little new arrival is expected to bless her household.

Goldwyn have loaned their pet leading man, John Bowers, to Realart to play opposite Mary Miles Minter in her newest picture, "The Cumberland Romance." In between times these two while away the hours with regular child stunts, for Mary Miles just cant keep still.

And by the way, a jury in U. S. District Judge Trippet's court recently awarded Miss Minter a verdict for $4,000.00 against the American Film Company. The suit was brought by Juliet Reilly, which is the real name of Miss Minter, thru her guardian, Pearl Miles Reilly, against the company, to recover $4,125.00 asserted to be due under a two-year contract made for her professional services as a motion picture actress at the rate of $2,250.00 a week, beginning April 27, 1917.

"Barney" Sherry is another movieite who has figured in the Los Angeles courts this month. Miss Maud Banks, Wyoming oil landowner, sued Mr. Sherry for recovery of a $3,500 automobile which she alleges she loaned him last December. The answer by Sherry is made under his real name of J. Barney Reeves and sets up that the automobile was given him by Miss Banks as a Christmas gift. A stiff legal battle is promised, indicating that the amiable relations between the handsome motion picture actor and the wealthy Wyoming woman have been shattered.

Robertson-Cole seems to have set out to capture all the big stars. Already Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick have been signed, and it is rumored that Nazimova is being angled for.

On one of our very hottest days, when most of the players had played hookey and deserted the studios, I discovered William D. Taylor on the Lasky stages. He was minutely inspecting the reproduction of the Hotel de Monte Carlo which was being erected for his production of "The Furnace," from a novel by "Pan." The set is simply tremendous, the stairs of the hotel, the reception salon, balcony and terrace being identically reproduced. Even green sod was being laid on the terrace, so it was difficult indeed to believe that this was not the real hotel. Just next door to the Monte Carlo set, workmen were erecting the interior of a big English cathedral, typical of the paradoxes of a studio. Heavy oaken pews, exact replicas of the originals, and the chancel were being arranged. This set is to be used for the wedding scene in "The Furnace."

Mr. Taylor is a very charming man of great culture. He it was, you know, who directed "Huckleberry Finn." He told me that an amazing situation has developed in the studios and that is a dearth of capable players. The reason for this is the vast number of new companies being formed, all of which go after the best players. As a consequence, salaries have doubled and tripled. An ordinary character actor can now easily command seven hundred dollars a week. Mr. Taylor says the amount of overproduction is enormous . . . and someone will have to pay the piper. In order to have Agnes Ayres for "The Furnace," Mr. Taylor had to pay her salary for three weeks *before* he could start production, otherwise someone else would have snapped her up. Not only is she receiving a splendid salary but a set of gorgeous costumes—and even a hair-dresser is provided by the company. Betty Francisco, who attracted attention while playing leads with Bill Desmond, is to be the other feminine lead, while opposite them will be Milton Sills and Jerome Patrick. Mr. Patrick is practically a newcomer to the screen, having played for the last three years under the stage management of David Belasco. Mr. Patrick is extremely good to look at and will meet with more than the usual amount of popularity unless I am greatly mistaken.

Another set that I saw in the course of construction was a South African home. The entire exterior of the house had been built life-size, thatched roof and all. This was to be used for Ethel Clayton's last picture to be produced here before her trip to Europe, where she plans to make pictures. This present story is "Rozanne Ozanne," by Cynthia Stockley. Tom Forman so pleased Miss Clayton by his work in directing her in "The Ladder of Lies" that she is to have him direct her again in this picture. "The Ladder of Lies" is the first photoplay Tom Forman ever directed and he says that if it only meets with success he will never return to acting.

Out at the Metro studio I found May Allison completing her picture, "Held in Trust." She spent the entire afternoon emoting in the bed of her boudoir scene. The sheets on the bed were of luscious silk, and while they looked very attractive, poor May groaned "Oh dear, these sheets are skiddy, if I draw a long breath I find myself down at the very bottom." Miss Allison is looking forward to her next picture with great anticipation as it will afford her plenty of comedy situations. It is called "Are All Men Alike?" and she is to have Wallace MacDonald and Ruth Stonehouse in the cast.

And by the way, the day of the swearing, temperish director will soon be past Most of the directors today are gentlemen, but a few of the old type remain. One of these (name censored) had bulldozed a sweet stage star thruout the filming of her famous play. She, being of an unusually retiring disposition, made no complaints as she thought this was the usual manner of directors. Some time

(Continued on page 108)

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Merry Mary

(*Continued from page 74*)

"It's your lunch," she told me and I, too, smiled. One tall shadow handed me a tin plate piled high with steak, spuds (they're potatoes east of the Rockies, you know!), creamed carrots, pickles and bread and butter. A second shadow put a tin cup of steaming coffee into my hand, while a third dropped cookies into my lap. I looked at Mary and gasped. Surely a less than five-foot girl could not——!

No! They brought her milk, a few carrots and a thin slice of bread and jam. She looked at my heaping plate and gargled. I thought of the little girl with the curl right in the middle of her forehead who, "when she was good, was very, very good and when she was bad was——"

"Mr. Goodfriend objects to my diet of lettuce, jam and tea," she said. "But he's often host at dinner-time—he's cameraman for Tony Moreno, you know. When I'm alone I don't bother to cook. Just fuss around and eat what I can find. We haven't a gorgeous house like most movie folks. I do my own housework," again it came her gay, rippling laugh. "I'm afraid I'm not a model housekeeper. I'm often a bit tired when I reach home. I've so much to do. I report at the Selig studio in South Pasadena—out by the ostrich farm—at eight. Then they drive us out here. We work under all kinds of conditions—fog, cold winds, hot, breathless days—and worse than all the rest, in the dust and sand driven by the Santa Ana wind."

She stopped to give the insistent "Mouse" a lump of sugar and to rub his satiny nose. "We are really true Bohemians," she added, "when we do have time to dine together we run off to the Bull Pen Inn or to Petiffs. We have a glorious time—and enjoy life immensely."

I mentioned the fact that Mary had not appeared in a picture for a long time. She frowned. "I had a good part in a new company which worked in Culver City. It stopped producing after the first picture."

"Do you like serials?" It was a trite, time-worn question, but as Mary seemed to be enjoying the work she was doing, I wanted to know.

She answered promptly. "Yes—I like the change. It is interesting and exciting. It gives me a chance to ride and swim and shoot. I love the big California outdoors, you see! Then, too, the fans will get to know me. I am very glad that I am to have a weekly showing."

With thoughtful eyes she watched a lizard sunning himself on a flat rock. "I'm aiming at the very top, you know," she continued, "and I have to work hard for every inch of progress I make. In these productions no one pays much attention to the things that make a superlatively good picture. It's just a serial—a mad race with time to get out so many feet of film. But—I am—going—to—succeed!"

She jumped to her feet so suddenly and so emphatically that the lizard sunning on the rock fled. Laughing, she ran toward the camera and the next minute I saw her again, a serious, eager, hard-working young woman instead of a gay, laughing girl.

I watched her, sure that the success she is longing for and working for is bound to be hers. For Mary can act—she can ride—she can swim, she can shoot. She is good to look upon. And best of all she has youth, enthusiasm, charm, courage and a will to succeed!

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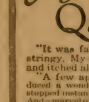

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Animated Monthly of News and Views

(Continued from page 106)

...ger a company of cabaret girls was hired for a scene by the same director. He began swearing at them in his usual way. Whereupon all the cabaret girls struck, saying they had never worked for a man who spoke that way to them and they never would. The director was forced to apologize and I have a faint suspicion that it taught him a lesson and that the last disciple of the old school is cured.

In Hollywood I was introduced, the other day, to Byron Morgan. He is one of those fortunate human beings who sell their stories to the *Saturday Evening Post*. He is quite unspoiled by this unusual ability, in fact, he seemed rather a shy young man whose one claim to distinction was a pair of very blue eyes. He is the author of "The Roaring Road," "Excuse My Dust," "The Hippopotamus Parade," and "What's Your Hurry?" Mr. Morgan said he had tried to write his latest story with a view to its screen possibilities and that it just couldn't be done. He said the two arts are distinctive and practically every well-written story must be changed in places to afford a successful screen continuity. He said one of the reasons for this was to fit the story to the star.

Dan Cupid has won, tho, in the case of Agnes Johnston, one of Thomas H. Ince's most popular scenario writers. She wed Frank Dazey, son of Charles Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky." Young Mr. Dazey has a play scheduled for opening some place near New York City.

Wallace MacDonald declares he is not married to Doris May, despite a persistent rumor to the contrary which has been around the entire film colony. Mother May, too, denies the rumor, so perhaps the Love God has not triumphed in this special case after all.

If one can believe all one hears, four well-known scenario writers are about to make a picture or two of their own as a sort of side line. It is said that C. Gardner Sullivan, John Lynch, Monte Katterjohn and J. G. Hawks, backed by Eastern capital, will start shooting on their first independent, all-star feature about September first.

Among the new arrivals in filmland is a baby boy, born to Dorcas Matthews, (Mrs. Robert McKim).

WORLD'S SORROWS

By Doris Kenyon

What is it the green leaves whisper
When the year is young and bright,
And the leaves that are sere and crisper
In the wan October night?
The river grieves to the sallow,
The mountain weeps to the plain,
The mint sighs low to the mallow,
And the wind wails over the main.

The yellow sunshine lieth
On the face of the waning year
Like a pallid smile that dieth
On the tremulous lips of fear;
There's a sorrow too deep for dissembling,
There's an anguish too keen to betray,
There's a terror too fearful for trembling,
There's a pallor more pale than the day.

There's a secret, a heartache, a trouble,
A mystery of misery, a sign
That floats upon time as a bubble
Swims on the cool surface of wine;
The heart of the great world is throbbing
With an old inarticulate pain,
And the sound of the sea is its sobbing,
And its years are the falling rain.

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The Fourteenth Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

whom there could be no doubt at all!

Then a shout opened his eyes. Sylvester, sparring with studied grace, had backed his opponent into the far corner of the ring and now was battering him in a professional manner to which, even her inexperienced eyes noticed, was added a very personal tinge of malice. She half rose in her seat, screaming her amazement, which was drowned in the bedlam all around her. The man who was being battered, the ex-burglar, was no other than the one who had walked away from her without explanation at the Art League Ball! The self-styled Captain in the British army, the prospective Lord!

She had hoped vindictively that some time she would have a chance to repay his slight with usurious interest, and so now, consistently she screamed, "Dont hit him like that! Jimmie Sylvester, I'll never speak to you again if you dont stop —I'll—Ohoooooo!" for, with a thud that shook the crazy building, Captain Grenfell Gordon hit the mat directly in front of her.

The air was rent with exhortation and advice, punctuated by the timekeeper's stentorian bellow. "One—two—three—"

"Mr. Gordon! Oh, *Mister* Gordon!" wailed Marjorie in a frenzy. "Get up! Get up and hit him back!"

Gordon lifted his head, smiled vaguely, and groggily, and settled back comfortably, like a man who has been annoyed in the midst of a good nap by the buzzing of an importunate fly. "Five—six—" yelled the timekeeper.

Marjorie stepped on the shoulder of the man in front of her. She stood by the ropes and screamed in the supine ear, "Dont lie there, I say! For *my* sake—oh, for the love of *Mud*—"

Grenfell Gordon made a weary gesture, as one who says, "Drat that fly!" I suppose I wont get a wink of sleep till I tend to him," and rose, swaying, draped half across the ropes. A gleam of intelligence came into his glassy eye. "Marjorie!" he ejaculated, "whash you doin' 're? D'ju shay—you wanna me hit him—for *you?*"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she screamed. "Oh quick! Look!" for Sylvester, furious at the fluke of his knockout, was sidling forward, waving his arms dangerously.

Gordon surveyed him listlessly. "Oh *him!*" he said, "him—" and without an instant's warning he had shot across the ring, and with one mighty blow had sent James Sylvester, Amateur Champion, over the ropes into the center of the audience, where he remained peacefully until, a half hour later, he was assisted into his garments by a scornful manager.

"Who was that battering ram you dug up for me?" he asked Brooks plaintively, "that guy wasn't an ex-burglar—he was an ex-two-hundred-ton-tank!"

"I picked him up at the Art League Ball," his manager responded with ill-concealed relish; "went to remind you not to take too many drinks of prohibition punch and he came out of the hall as tho there were spooks after him. Told me a story about seeing a bull looking for him, and being soft-hearted to a fellow that's down, I took him over to my rooms. Mugs O'Flynn was there waiting for the bout and when we told him who was fighting, this guy bribed Mugs to let him take his place. Said he had a reason for wanting to land his right on your manly beauty. He's going to hang around with me for a bit—"

Captain Grenfell Gordon awoke late the next afternoon from a dream of apricot

(*Continued on page 120*)

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	State

So Many Per!

(*Continued from page 71*)

building each a smashing "punch" that must get over in such fashion that the matinee girls will bite their fingernails to their excitement to see whether or not the heroine will really be overcome by the wiles of the skulking tribe altho, of course, everyone who is anyone knows absolutely that said heroine will never endure anything else than sweet and pretty.

"Why," I asked Miss Roland, who, in her costume of a lieutenant of the U. K. H. flying corps, was ravishing enough to keep up the morale of the entire Canadian army under any circumstances whatsoever, "did you ever desert the legitimate drama for serials? Do you like 'em?"

She went into the cinematic Nick Carters because she felt that that public wanted her in them. It was on the completion of her "Girl Detective" series not a serial—for Kalem that Balboa wanted her to do "Who Pays?" It was to be rather more in the nature of a continued story released episodically each week than an honest-to-John serial, but nevertheless it had all the earmarks of the latter and is popularly regarded as such.

"If people like me well enough to go to see me for fifteen weeks," Miss Roland explained, "that's proof that I'm cut out for serials."

"But don't you get tired of the same rigmarole?" I besought, because, personally, I can't for the life of me see how anybody could ever be so intent upon the wreckage of a perfectly nice girl that he'd chase her thru fifteen episodes, over cliffs and under bridges.

"Huh *uh*," she vouchsafed, as she consumed a caramel. "Never get tired, just so long as you're not chasing the same thing, such as a diamond or the family jewels, thru the whole picture."

And if you ask Francis Ford, or King Baggott, or Marie Walcamp, or Eddie Polo, or Juanita Hansen, or any of those who are engaged likewise in giving the public the cold shudder down the spine, each will tell you the same. None of them are particularly crazy about the work, and each will confide that he'd rather, for the sake of Art, do real dramatic features for the screen, altho there seems to be a tremendous popular demand which must be satisfied when one is selling goods to an open market.

What makes serial manufacture difficult, however, is the fact that the public, which is continually clamoring for thrills and punches, is prone to refuse to accept them. The most harrowing stunts nowadays, when hashed onto the screen, are taken as a matter of fact. Nothing is thought of the matter of the heroine nearly breaking her neck as she is thrown from her bucking mustang, or of the danger that may be relative to the filming of a train-wreck.

Recently I went on location with Antonio Moreno during the "shooting" of a wreck for "Perils of Thunder Mountain." A freight car, running down a steep mountain grade, was required by the scenario to hit a cached dynamite placed on the track. Moreno was to jump from the fast moving obstacle a few mere feet from the scene of the explosion. Everything was rehearsed carefully, and at length the director called for his camera. The freight car, Moreno clinging to its side, rounded a curve and rolled in our direction at a speed of perhaps twenty-five miles an hour, each foot of the down grade increasing its velocity. At a signal, Moreno made the jump, badly sprained his ankle. The car rolled on, and we of the party found ourselves suddenly sprawled on the ground at the instance of a deafening roar. Moreover, on looking about, it was discovered that the heavy front trucks of the freight-car, torn from their moorings by the explosion of the dynamite, were hanging from the limb of a tree not five feet away from the camera stand!

Again, when William Duncan was filming an episode of a Vitagraph thriller, in which a limousine, riding across a river on a ferry, was to be pushed off the carrier by the rogues, Duncan and Edith Johnson were imprisoned underneath the water in the tonneau of the car, and had it not been for the timely action of a bystander, would have been drowned.

Of course, whenever you see Marie Walcamp or Juanita Hansen or Francis Ford fall over a high cliff, you may be sure that it is not really the star in person, but a dummy. Such a feat could not possibly be accomplished without actual loss of life. And—sh!—once when I was dining at Universal City, I found myself let in on a dark secret, for sitting at an adjoining table was a hefty young cowboy in a blond wig and pink silk shirtwaist, wearing a divided skirt and a deal of women's finery, who, I was informed, is a double on the occasion of wild leaps to the back of a speeding bronchos.

Serials are not a series of improbabilities, even tho a chase or a rescue in every reel may seem so. Considering each episode as a complete, two-reel picture, it is plausible that a number of difficulties might befall the hero or heroine. In other words, anything in any one episode of a serial is liable to happen at any time to a person placed under similar circumstances. It is hard, however, for any human to live thru fifteen different harrowing experiences.

And serials are made faster than any other known varieties of drama. Motion picture folk are wont to term them the lowest form of cinematic life. A great deal of film footage is "shot" by the camera-man, but it is not necessary to rehearse a scene as many times as, for instance, a scene of an Elsie Ferguson play where the emotional quality and repression are requisites.

An actor in the thrillers, to be a success, must be not only an actor, but an athlete. Weaklings will not stand up under the strain. Broken ribs and bruised bodies are an every-day occurrence, and the delicate sophistry of the drawing-room has no place in the life of a man, such as Bill Duncan, whose daily bread depends upon his ability to batter down doors and take flying leaps from and into the saddle.

It happens that today Duncan carries in his hip a charge of buckshot from a gun that was discharged too quickly during the photographing of one of his scenes. In addition, he has sustained three broken ribs from a football encounter in "The Man of Might," but, nevertheless, he remarks cheerfully that it's all in the day's work and there is always an ambulance handy to pick up the pieces.

Unlike a dramatic production, a serial requires the use of real shot and dynamite, as the thrill demands that the actual occurrence be shown on the screen. Consequently, to escape mention in the casualty column of the daily papers, the action has to be timed carefully so that the actors can get out of danger's way, altho

this is not always possible, and every once in a while we in Los Angeles note in the news sections of the sheets that some film favorite is occupying a more or less permanent bed in a local hospital.

Remember the narrow escapes Kathlyn Williams had from the tigers and lions in the almost-forgotten "Adventures of Kathlyn," and how Helen Holmes jumped from brakebeam to brakebeam in her famous Kalem railroad series? How Pearl White and Creighton Hale fell over tables and chairs and down elevator shafts in "The Exploits of Elaine," and how Mrs. Vernon Castle withstood actual shot and shell in the various instalments of "Patria"?

Those were the happy days when serials, being young, consisted of nothing but stunts. But now that serials have grown older, and the public taste has improved, there has been a growth of dramatic interest, and we see the thrill of situation more than the thrill of physical action. It is quite the same as in comedy—less of the slapsticks, more subtlety.

Stuart Paton, one of the best-known directors in filmland, has his own serial company, and Jacques Jaccard, the doughty Frenchman who produced "The Grey Ghost" and other Universal serial successes, is again with the script of a thirty-reeler after having taken a fling at legitimate features. James J. Corbett, the ex-heavyweight champ, broke into pictures in a Universal serial, "The Midnight Man," and Houdini, the magician, in Metro's "The Hidden Mystery."

And they still clamor for the thrillers. My neighborhood is infested with children of all ages. Incidentally, there are five little community picture houses. As I was on my way to one of the theaters the other evening I noticed the small daughter of a neighbor engrossed in thought as she sprinkled the front lawn.

"Want to go to the movies?" I invited.

"Sure," she rejoined. "What?"

"Nazimova in 'The Brat.' Going?"

"Sure, but I dont want to see Nazimova—not tonight, because they've got 'The Lure of the Circus' at Hall's."

We started for Hall's, and it behooved me to inquire of the youngster her interest in the serial.

"Dont you know," she said, pityingly, "I've seen every episode, an' Eddie Polo is gonna make a high dive intuh the ocean tonight. I was hopin' ma would give me a dime so's I could go an' see him. Why, I get so excited I think about him all week until the next time. Aint it lovely to think you got somethin' to look forward to?"

Old Dad

(*Continued from page* 50)

believe in Wiltoner himself, and I think I see happiness ahead for the pair of *you* if you can see it that way. He loves you, my child."

Daphne's soft eyes grew softer still. "I do love him, too, Dad," she said. "I . . . Kaire taught me . . . that I did . . . taught me *differences*. I guess, Old Dad, that *life's* the only teacher, after all."

When the plans were made, for a party, for a trip abroad, for the home they should build and make on the return, Old Dad was between the two, Daphne on his knee, Richard bending over him. "We're not *two*, Dad," the boy said, with the affection he felt for the man who had been human, tho a parent, "we're three evermore, amen."

"Amen," echoed Daphne, and kist Old Dad before she gave her lips to Richard Cœur de Lion.

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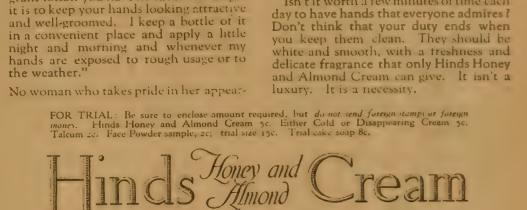

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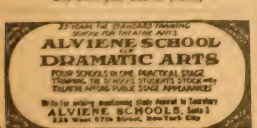

Making the Movie

(Continued from page 43)

weeks a tenth of a cent to bronze statues whose value is computed in three figures, it is evident that this branch of the "prop" department has few rivals in the field of modern commercial enterprise.

The art department arranges for the use of particular ornaments and other decorations as is used in each picture, and the property department is called upon to furnish them. No less than 1,500 objects are used in a single picture. It has been computed that one hundred and fifty new ornaments are added to the stock weekly, and this does not include brick slabs, rocks or materials used in constructing street scenes, marble steps, fireplaces and such necessities for the erection of interi or semi exterior scenes.

The making of "properties" or "props" is an industry in itself, and the property shop employs a group of artisans constantly modelling all sorts of things in plaster of Paris, clay and wood. These artisans are called the "mud mixers," and without them, photoplay directors would have many distressing moments. For example, in a photoplay where some character is supposed to grow turbulent and smash things, half a dozen beautiful vases may be made of plaster of Paris from an exquisite and expensive original. The cheap copies are then painted, and the actor may do all the damage his temperament and the demands of his part call for.

There is a construction manager, who holds daily conference with the head of every department that furnishes anything whatever to a picture, and not only are current sets discussed, but forthcoming productions are outlined and all possible contingencies allowed for. A few weeks ago, Maurice Macterlinck, after visiting the studios, remarked:

"Making pictures is like handling an army; everything is anticipated; there are no unexpected delays."

His remark is quite applicable; for everything that can be prepared in advance is ready when the actors answer the first call of the director for a new play.

Before a picture is made, the art department makes about forty drawings showing interior sets from various angles. These drawings are then made into blueprints, and later executed according to a schedule laid out in the production office. In connection with the art department is a research bureau where data concerning art objects may be obtained for the trouble of looking up a voluminous card index. Here may be found not only information relating to furniture and paintings of different periods and places, but also the names of dealers in these objects all over the country. From these files one may learn whether in a particular set a cuckoo clock or a small French chime would be appropriate. With such a system, anachronisms, in which motion pictures formerly abounded, are nearly always avoided. So careful is the art department to present all details in strict accordance with the period of time in which a photoplay story is laid, that in a well-made picture one never sees a Holland bed in a Louis XIV bedroom, or some incongruity equally disturbing to an intelligent audience.

The building trades are represented in the motion picture studio by every union that supplies workmen to build a modern house. A full force of artificers are constantly at work, as both day and night shifts are used. For all the work to be done, there is a complete milling plant

The Twenty-Third

A Fairy-tale for Grown-ups

It was the morning of the twenty-third of the month. The Finished Product, lying in his Louis XIV bed stared moodily thru the heavy silken-curtained windows, out into the greyness of a rainy day. His eyelids were weary with uncaptured sleep; his brain was tired, — tired with the utter despair of *ennui!*

There was a knock at the door. He called out in a surly tone, "Come in," and his impeccable valet entered the room, bearing on a silver tray a small, bulky object.

"What is it, Watkins?" demanded the Finished Product in a heroically resigned tone.

"Beg pardon, Sir," (all well-trained valets preface anything they have to say with "Beg pardon, Sir," according to Hoyle, Al Woods, and The United Playwrights' Ass'n)— "Beg pardon, Sir, but a strange-looking female person left this for you, Sir. She said she wouldn't wait to see you, Sir, as she had discovered she wasn't wearing suitable clothes, Sir. She said as how the climate was a bit cooler here than it was on Parnassus, wherever that might be, Sir. She said she just wanted to leave her calling-card and when I looked around, Sir, she was gone— kinder vanished like!"

The Finished Product extended a languid, lily-white hand, and wearily lifted the object from the tray. A look of something that was almost a symptom of an emotion appeared in his eye as he read:

"For the Finished Product
Who is not quite Finished—yet!
From
A Visitor from Parnassus."

"The jade!" he murmured, and slowly unwrapped the mysterious-looking calling-card. A magazine lay in his hands;—a thing of beauty with a name to arouse the dead ashes of Romance in the Most Finished of Products. "Shadowland," he whispered half-aloud. The tired eyes drank in the beauty of each page, and soon there was only the sound of the falling rain and the slow turning of the pages in the room, as the Finished Product became once more interested in life, and the fulness thereof.

Shadowland

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

equipped with planing machines, drills, saws and every conceivable machine used in connection with the building trades. In addition, there are a paint shop, furniture building shop and repair shop.

The use of two shifts of workmen is absolutely essential, for the business of photoplay making is so expensive that no time may be lost during the day for the men to tear down sets that have already served their purpose. This work is done by the night shift, which also completes any work that the day men may have left unfinished.

In making the round of shops, one of the most interesting in the entire studio is the miniature shop, which is a branch of the construction department. Here, models in miniature, of streets, outdoor scenes, ships, trains, and a host of other objects are made. The place is like the home of Santa Claus. The work done here is used in the pictures in a novel way. If it is necessary to show a snow-capped mountain peak and none is readily available, it is comparatively easy to make a model of one, sprinkle it plentifully with salt, paint the appropriate background and then photograph the result. This becomes an atmospheric interlude in the picture, and completely sustains the illusion desired. Train wrecks have been staged on tables for use in pictures where the wreck is only incidental and not the only reason for the making of the picture.

Thru a long period of experimentation, an unusual means for assuring the sincerest possible effort of the actors has been found in an innovation which may be seen at nearly every studio. I refer to the studio orchestra. You may have wondered how an emotional actress could portray the loss of her dearly beloved child to the tune of a trip hammer on the adjoining set. The answer is, she usually cannot and does not do it. When a scene of this kind is taken, all disturbing construction work ceases, the action of the scene is discussed by the director and the actors, and the studio orchestra, playing behind a screen or in an adjoining set, begins a plaintive melody. The psychological suggestion of the music is compelling to some actresses, and they lose themselves completely in the scene. Of course, some actors and actresses are more responsive to musical accompaniment than others. And in a studio, where the "works" are all bare, without some such soothing influence, many tender scenes would never be successful. But in addition to the sentimental music, jazz is played to key up a group of actors to a frolicsome state of mind for the proper interpretation of farcical scenes. So important has this branch of photoplay production become, that an orchestra is now on the payroll of most companies.

When the main work on a picture has been finished, and all scenes taken, the pruning process is employed to present the screen story in the most succinct form. You may have observed on the screen various designs or scenes that appear as backgrounds for titles. This entails an exacting photographic job of double exposure. But before this special variant of art photography can be practised, a group of artists prepares the titles and draws the backgrounds upon which they are superimposed.

After the titles have been prepared and photographed, the film is ready for the laboratory, which is in charge of an expert chemist and a corps of assistants. Here, the negative is developed and printed. In the laboratory, an expert camera repair man is always on duty to keep the printing machines, which make duplicate positive prints for distribution thruout the

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Note how foods differ in the cost per calory. These comparisons on necessary foods are based on prices at this writing.

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After the raw yellow negative is developed and fixture it has been reprinted on positive stock that will not fade, the picture is wound on large drums that are whirled round and round in a heated room until the negative is quite dry.

The crude picture, after it has been developed is then shown to the cutting experts, who delete thousands of feet of film in order to reduce the picture to the length of five or six reels. Most motion pictures are from 4,200 to 5,000 feet; yet when the director's work is finished, sometimes twenty thousand feet may have been taken. In fact I know of one picture, originally 80,000 feet, which was finally shown to the public as a seven-reel picture of 6,800 feet in length. The deleting process requires an exact knowledge of just what may be cut without destroying the story-telling quality of a picture. For instance, one scene may be fifty feet in length, and the cutter will reduce it to ten feet. Other scenes may be deleted entirely as not bearing materially on the action of the story. The process may be compared to the pruning process that many short-story writers apply to their manuscripts. Some writers turn out a first copy of twenty thousand words and cut it to five thousand before the story is in its final form.

When the picture has been satisfactorily cut and developed, many of the scenes are tinted. Night scenes are bathed in a tank of blue liquid; other scenes are tinted in a bath of sepia-colored fluid. The film, during this process, is wound on a frames. The frame accommodates a piece of film about 180 feet in length, which is the basic length of all films used in the motion picture industry. When the final positive print is made, all the pieces are cemented together into lengths of about 1,000 feet. The gelatinous cement used fuses the parts together so firmly that there is no resistance offered when the film is run thru the projection machine. The laboratory is kept at an even, warm temperature, sometimes oppressively warm, so that emerging into the soft green of the landscape garden of the studios is a gentle but welcome relief. And the sunlight is a blessed contrast to the gloom of the printing room.

The guide will tell you that two gardeners are always at work on the flowerbeds and the trees, while two men keep the lawns trimmed and rolled like sheep-cropped English downs. He will tell you of the stables, the corral, the rabbitry and the garage, and if your eyes are not too tired with too much looking, you may see the score of work horses, the dozen wagons and another dozen antiquated coaches in the field barn.

A complete lighting plant is maintained at every studio, the personnel of which consists of the manager, an assistant and a score or more of electricians. There are also several motor generating plants on the grounds. These supply the electricity for the variety of back lights and flooring lights that can be controlled and limited to a particular section of a scene. This is the work that finally shows on the screen in scenes where one part of a room is in darkness and the other flooded with light from a supposed moon outside.

Artificial lighting has proved so efficient that many exterior scenes are taken with artificial light, the electricity being furnished by a small portable power plant. The portable plant is used in distant outdoor locations, where high voltage current is not to be found. The novelty is a massive gasoline motor-driven generator, mounted on a special trailer.

Another interesting feature of the studio is the hospital. Here trained nurses are in constant attendance. Despite the fact that the day of the purely stunt picture is past, many actors, as well as workmen, are occasionally injured. And when more than a thousand people work daily at the studios, the well-equipped hospital usually has an emergency patient.

Most studios follow the usage of all large industrial organizations in arranging for the comfort and welfare of their employees, and a reading-room contains all the latest popular magazines.

The salutary effect of such care needs no further demonstration. Everything is done to add to the convenience of those who help to make the modern motion picture. At noon, the workers are not compelled to eat sandwich lunches on the lawns, as most companies have a complete commissary department. Innumerable lunches are served every week, besides hundreds of box lunches that are sent out to various companies at work on outdoor scenes in distant corners of the grounds, or to others far away in the country on exterior locations. And all food is served at cost.

A trip thru a modern motion picture studio is a stirring lesson in Americanization. And the lesson resolves itself into the fact that the daily work of a group of men and women to create together a new medium of artistic expression results in a close understanding and appreciation of the particular qualities of character that the individuals possess. And with this understanding, animosities, which are the result either of prejudice or warped training, disappear. There is, indeed, no need for a League of Nations at the studio. For the studio, as an organization, is an international unit banded together for the common purpose of creating a new art. And art, as we have been told, follows no flag other than its own perfection.

The Prey

(*Continued from page 61*)

heard the plot to bribe the jurors and told Calvin so. She also told him of the check still in Lowe's possession and showed him, extracting it from the safe, the one, the supposedly authentic one, that Lowe had given her upon her reluctant marriage to him. "It was for that reason," she said, "that I married him."

Calvin's eyes filled with sudden tears. "Kiddie," he said, "kiddie that you were . . . woman that you are. How misplaced kindness can be!"

When Lowe came back, with innocent inexpectedness, he found Calvin holding Helen's limp body in his arms. The strain of the whole thing had been too much and she had fainted when she had been unable to find the marked bills that Lowe had been planning to use in his bribery. Calvin had telephoned police headquarters regarding the bribery; and Jack had overheard Lowe's plan to trap his wife and Calvin, and came in to warn them of their danger; also to say that he was going West to begin to be the man he had never been.

In the midst of all, the officers of the law came in with the arrested jurors with a demand for the marked bills. Lowe produced them and he was arrested for bribery with, as he well knew, other imminent charges pending.

That night, under lock and key, Lowe evaded the law and went to face a supreme tribunal. His heart, never good, had been unable to survive the shock.

A year later Calvin came back to Helen.

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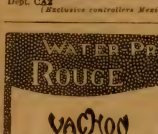

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Popularity Contest Wins Universal Response

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A PICTURE BALLADE

By Ethel Hope

My memory is full of lovely things—
Of ships that over surging waters go;
While overhead, with grey and outspread wings,
The screaming gulls sail phantom-like and slow;
Or else, above the breaking waves fly low,
As if their wondrous grace they would display.
My fancy wanders with them, to and fro,
As once it did upon a bygone day.

And still within my memory there clings
A spot where thick the pink wild-roses grow,
The wand'ring wind, that thru their bushes sings
A lullaby that only wood folk know,
Sways their pale petals as it fain would throw
Them down, to cover fair the dark, damp clay.
In revery, I see each stray breeze blow
As once it did upon a bygone day.

Again, fair fancy o'er my mem'ry flings
A garden hidden deep by winter's snow;
And then, an open door which swiftly brings
Across the white, a firelight's ruddy glow,
Before which, in a lovely little row,
Wee children watch the bright flames dance and sway.
The sight of them brings balm for much of throe,
As once it did upon a bygone day.

ENVOI

Ye pictures of the screen, small wonder, oh,
Ye brighten hours that otherwise were grey;
That joy of you e'en yet doth conquer woe,
As once it did upon a bygone day.

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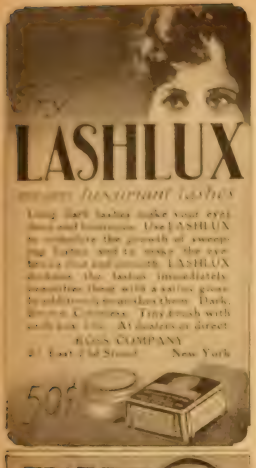

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 92)

F. W. M.—We had an interview with Clarine Seymour in the July, 1919, issue of the Picture, and a picture in the March, 1918, issue of the Movietone. You can get these issues by sending to our Sales Department. Thanks for the letter.

K. H. H.—There will be an interview with Naithwaite next month.

Devoted.—Many thanks for the tobacco. I'm afraid you would see Miss Bara in "The Vixen Flame." Yes, always with pleasure. She lives a brother, and lives with her sister. You must write to me again.

E. K. M., Atlanta, City.—Certainly you should enclose postage when asking for a photo or even for an answer. When you ask a favor, always keep the ashes out of sight. So you have a magazine with four sets, with 128 pictures of Charlie Chaplin. You'll have Charlie in the almost many pictures.

Antony Sinner Admirer.—I should say I am sure. Oh yes, some of the players have a paradise filling in their faces. Under the sun. Thanks for the Thrift Stamp.

Interested H.—You say you are willing to bet that I haven't a beard. Do my eyes deceive me? What's the difference? With or without I could probably write just as poorly. Thanks, old man, but I'm not the kind who gets sore except when I play tennis the first time in a season. Write me again.

Ima Peach.—Yours was short and sweet. "Oh, Glorious Answer Man!—I have never written to you before, but when I gazed upon that fine manly old face of yours which you so obligingly drew, I couldn't resist your ancient charms and decided to get acquainted. To tell you the truth I always did admire old men, especially bright ones like you. Why dont they have an interview with Cullen Landis and Louis Bennison? They are both good actors. I'll attend to it right away. Stop in again some time. Ta, ta, kind flatterer.

Billie.—Yes, a man may keep a few of his own secrets from his wife, but he makes up for it by telling her all those which other people tell him. Jack Pickford in "The Double-Dyed Decciver," by O. Henry. Have already explained that.

Iad Orl.—Very chatty letter, that. Yes, Romaine Fielding in "Woman's Man." Billie Rhodes in "His Pajama Girl." Go to it!

Smith Sparks.—Just think of it, New York City has an average of one fire every 21 minutes, day and night. This town is fairly burning up. (This is no joke. My thermometer this minute says 89.) Anxious to hear of your new favorite. Niles Welch is playing in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone."

Pericles.—Why, Socrates was esteemed the wisest man of the time, because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness. Yours was just splendid. Robert Warwick is no longer with Famous Players.

Miss I. M.—You say I am very kind to you. Thanks. A good heart wants none object to be kind to, and the best traits of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution. Huntley Gordon was born in Canada in 1893. Has blue eyes, light brown hair.

Buffy A. C. S.—You ask, "Does one have to have money to get on the screen?" We could you get the money after. Enjoyed yours, but as your letter, but am sorry I can't help you.

Doris E.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for list of correspondence clubs.

(Continued on page 119)

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 81*)

THE LADDER OF LIES—PARAMOUNT

Ethel Clayton has had a great number of trite stories, but she seems to feel that even such a handicap is no excuse for insincere work, with the result that she has endowed even weak vehicles with artistic characterizations in which her personality has proven itself.

"The Ladder of Lies" is a trifle better story than some of her recent ones have been, and while it hovers perilously near becoming "preachy," it artfully avoids going over into the sermon class and, at times, is really interesting.

Miss Clayton plays the rôle of a young artist who discovers that an old-time friend is to be married to a girl whom she knows to be undesirable. After their marriage she permits him to believe that it is she, rather than his wife, who has visited a notorious road-house with one who has an unpleasant reputation. She finally falls in love with the friend's partner, but the old story of the night at the road-house is told him, and when he asks her if it is true, she says it is, rather than cause her friend the great pain she knows the truth would bring. A solution to the problem is found, however, when the man with whom she was supposed to visit the road-house comes to her rescue, and the fade-out finds the happy lovers resolving not to build their happiness on a ladder of lies.

Charles Meredith plays the partner of the old friend with a surety, while Clyde Filmore as the old friend himself is very well cast. Irving Cummings is the notorious man of the road-house and quite as successful in causing you to dislike him most of the time, as he usually manages to be in such a rôle.

Tom Forman is responsible for the direction and while it is not, in any sense, what might be termed great, it is consistently good. We wonder if this is the beginning of a movement wherein the players will desert the portrayals for directorial responsibilities.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAPHAEL—EQUITY PICTURES

"For the Soul of Raphael" might well be likened unto a beautiful poem—it breathes the romance of the old California missions, the rambling ranch houses—the days of yore when the traveling padres traveled along El Camino Real. And Clara Kimball Young, in old-time satins and laces, moves thru it more beautifully cameo-like than ever.

Her rôle is an unhappy one, for she meets the man of her heart only to find that she is to leave the convent the next day, when she will journey to one who has been selected for her future husband. Before the ceremony her Doña Luisa dies, but not before she exacts a promise from Marta to care for the soul of Raphael, her future husband. Marta accordingly marries him only to learn that he is not, in any single way, a man whom she could love, and she takes her place at the head of his household, but not as his wife.

The man of her heart again crosses her path, but she remains true to her promise, even when they find that Doña Luisa had deceived them both in those other days.

When the soul of Raphael departs, Marta is, of course, freed from her pledge and it is then she seeks the happiness so long denied her.

The story moves along slowly—and at no time is the suspense great. However, there is something soothing in the way

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For Boys and Girls Also

was produced with backgrounds as richly beautiful as old tapestries and the spirit of the times always paramount.

Director Sennett deserves a special word of commendation for his vivid and stirring portrayal of Kentucky. He has subtitled his work from beginning to end with humor and offers a fine bit of work.

Chester Conklin as Nasaw is cast in a role which does not give very little opportunity for any histrionic acting. However, it is very different from what she has done recently and she makes the role of Marta a living, breathing thing.

THE RECKLESS SEX—COSMOPOLITAN

"The Reckless Sex" seemed to us the biggest picture we had ever witnessed and the statement in itself proves conclusively that it is not a good picture. The story, adapted from the novel by Robert W. Chambers, is told by a succession of incidents—all of which have for their central figure Marion Davies. In two instances Miss Davies did creditable work, but most of the time she found herself in a rôle not even particularly sympathetic.

Most of us have little sympathy for a girl who marries a man simply to avoid the tongues of gossip and general unpleasantness which would follow them spending the night at a country hotel when they are stranded ninety miles from home after their car is wrecked—and what sympathy we had for her, even when the village constable chooses that night to investigate conditions at the hotel, is greatly lessened when we know she loves another.

The story seemed unsatisfactory to us in book form and it was an unwise choice which brought it to the screen, for it becomes even less pleasing, with no character winning enough sympathy to make us care just what happened at any time or any place.

A fortune has probably been spent in the production of this picture and the scenes which show the Ball of the Gods are quite the most beautiful ever, with Marion Davies in a costume which mere words fail to describe.

Some day, perhaps, Marion Davies will be given a story which is human and which does not demand her to appear, for one reason or another—or for no reason at all—in every scene—a story in which she wont walk about in clothes so beautiful that they submerge her as they would a mannequin. It will be interesting to see.

THE MOLLYCODDLE—UNITED ARTISTS

The story is nothing in the young life of Doug Fairbanks—and this is not said disparagingly. As a matter of fact, if Doug is given opportunities enough to be himself with excuses for his eternally-hair-raising stunt thereon, for good measure, as it were, we cant imagine anyone to whom a story would be more superfluous.

The basic idea of "The Mollycoddle" is that there is, in reality, very little difference between the primitive and civilization and before the picture ends we find the mollycoddle a virile young American—it was the environment rather than "the stuff he was made of," to borrow that expression, which created in him the mollycoddle traits and habits.

The story tell of a young man by the name of Richard Marshall who comes of a fine line of American manhood. He has spent practically all of his life abroad with his result that he wears a short mustache of the dude variety, and affects a monocle and the other things which go along with it.

It is an American girl tourist who awakens within him a desire to again see his native land and thru the pranks of three flappers he finds himself bound for America, apparently a stowaway, on the yacht on which she is a guest. The owner of the yacht is a diamond smuggler and the girl is, in reality, a secret service agent. Of course the yacht owner suspects Richard Marshall and it is not until after they land at Texas and eventually find themselves on the Painted Desert of Arizona that he realizes his mistake.

Such a plot gives the screen's genial athlete immmerable opportunities and he is not slow in availing himself of any of them. He does everything he has done before and new things galore. A whole Indian village is wrecked, affording a genuine thrill—there is a terrific landslide which Doug defies to rescue the girl, and the natives of the village appear in many delightful scenes, rendering excellent support.

Douglas Fairbanks may have appeared in a picture with more real laughs—perhaps some of his previous efforts have had more thrills too—however, if this is true, the picture in question numbers among those we have missed.

THE YELLOW TYPHOON—FIRST NATIONAL

Last month in this department it was mentioned that Anita Stewart was more attractive by far in Parisian models. Perhaps there is no one on the screen who can wear clothes, keeping them secondary, making them a part of herself as it were, better than Miss Stewart. "The Yellow Typhoon" effectively confirmed this statement and, wearing probably more beautiful clothes than ever before, Miss Stewart oftimes appears to great advantage in this story by Harold MacGrath. Too, in the dual rôle of the twin sisters she does what might, perhaps, be conceded the best work she has yet given the silverscreen.

The plot concerns two sisters, exactly alike except that one is blonde and apparently without any soul, while the other is a brunette and beyond reproach. One sister eventually becomes involved in international affairs and agrees with her accomplice to follow an American naval officer to America in the hopes of securing some blue-prints with which he has been entrusted. The other sister, in her work as a secret service agent, is commissioned to take the same ship so that she will be on hand should the officer need her services. She does not fail him, even when she discovers that one of their enemies is her sister, whom she believed dead. In the fade-out, of course, we learn that she has promised the officer always to watch over him, even if in a different way.

Altogether it is a fair picture, altho a trifle far-fetched at times, but inasmuch as it is a melodrama, this is to be expected and the direction is at all times good, thanks to Edward José.

THE TROUBLE

BARR—I hate the movies.

CARR—Oh, cheer up. You'll sell a scenario some day.

HOW TRUE

TEACHER IN ART CLASS—What city of the world is most noted for its famous pictures?

BRIGHT PUPIL (*eagerly*)—Hollywood.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 116)

GERTRUDE S.—You certainly have the Irish brogue, all right; you should write a play.

IRISH.—I am indeed fortunate to have a friend in my need, but am more fortunate to have no need of a friend. I welcome your name to my list of friends, however, with gratitude. Write to me again.

IRENE B.—Theda Bara has gone to Europe. She may be back by the time you read this. My picture? Nay, nay, Irene.

MARY M.—Glad you liked the music. Even a hand-organ sounds good to a person in love. But it is not right for a girl to fall in love with the actors. You should admire them. Max Linder in "The Little Cafe." Winifred Westover was in to see us the other day before sailing for Sweden, where she is going to play in a series of pictures.

SALLAH V.—Sallah, you flatter me. You say, "The sketch by yourself is very clever. I think that your bald head denotes Wisdom, your high forehead indicates a Master Mind, the wrinkles are caused by deep thinking. The expression in your eyes holds the Key to Human Nature. The shape of your nose indicates great Will Power, the smile Cheer and Good Will to all." Ask me for anything, and it is yours. Yes, Winifred Westover is a star. I thank you.

ANTRIM SHORT ADMIRER. — Thanks again. No, Antrim Short is his real name. I find that statistics show that more persons commit suicide on Tuesday than any other day in the week, and I received your letter on Tuesday.

E. D. G.—Good for you. Pauline Curley was born in Holyoke, Mass. She was on the stage at the age of 5. She is 5 feet 4 and weighs 116. Has light complexion, blonde hair and hazel eyes. So you dont think Antonio Moreno can love. You dont know him.

MRS. W. H.—Bravo! You have four boys. I envy any woman who has four boys. Now then, there's the rub! You want me to get them in pictures. The eldest is six. Sorry, Madam, but you had better wait until they grow up.

RUTH R.—Busy wire! You call me *Magnus Apollo*. I know I am nothing like that at all. Yes, it is true that the whale can remain under water for an hour and a half. Richard Barthelmess is Alvarez in "Scarlet Days." Next time you call me anything, call me for dinner.

MRS. E. T. C.—Harry Northrup is playing. Remember the good old days of Vitagraph?

A STEWART FAN.—But the legitimate aim of criticism is to direct attention to the excellent. The bad will surely dig its own grave, and the imperfect may be safely left to that final neglect from which no amount of present undeserved popularity will rescue it. You certainly want to know enough, but here goes. Alan Forrest was married to Ann Little, or vice versa. Madge Kennedy is married, Ethel Clayton is a widow and Eugene O'Brien is not married. Run in again.

LIGHTNING RAIDER.—You have the right idea, but where are your questions?

LEHTE.—The word "Soviet" is pronounced sov-yet, and "Bolshevism" as bolshe-vism, accent on the first syllable. Socialism is defined as an economic theory or system of the reconstruction of society on the basis of co-operation of labor and community of property. I enjoyed every word of your letter, and I want you to write me again.

(*Continued on page* 122)

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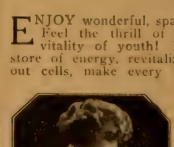

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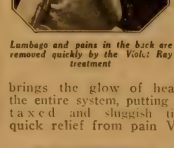

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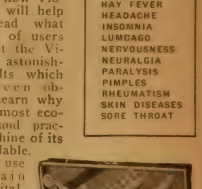

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The Fourteenth Man

(continued from page 109)

and dark clouds hung. The menu—as the night's events was somewhat later to be on the whole, not unpleasing. He had knocked out the man whom he had sullen unreasonably perhaps, to replace as a rival under the very eyes of the lady herself. There remained but to receive the reward of his achievements. To be sure, he had no money, and her guardian detested to moneyless youths; still, he was obliged to confess that these handicaps were balanced by quite as obvious advantages.

The butler at the Tidmarsh home admitted him, after a single glance at his dress suit, with an air of having expected him, which Grenfell thought the acme of hospitality. He did not even ask for a card, but showed him into the drawing-room and disappeared with the statement that he would speak to Mrs. Tidmarsh at once. Gordon began to feel perplexed and uneasy, a feeling which was by no means relieved by the sudden, silent appearance from behind the piano of Mugs O'Flynn, ex burglar. Perhaps not so decidedly ex, when you came to that!

"Sorry, pard," Mugs greeted him, chummily. "I didn't know you was plannin' to crack this crib yourself when you left the card with the address on it behind you last night. But I'm not the man to butt into another guy's business, so here!" and, to Gordon's horror, he thrust a handful of glittering rings and pins into his hands. "I didn't get around to friskin' the safe yet—dese come frum the ladies' rooms. Good luck—say, if I didn't know different, I'd take you for a gentleman! You've sure got a face as is a help in de professions—well, so long!

And, with a wave of the hand, he stepped to the French windows and disappeared. At the same instant Captain Gordon heard the rustle of skirts on the threshold, and with a gesture more guilty than guilt, he jammed the incriminating handful of gems into his pocket and turned to greet his hostess, a small, fussy, self-conscious woman, accompanied by a slender, scornful figure that made his stolid English heart turn several somersaults under its correct English evening togs.

"Ah, Lord Strathpfeffer!" gushed the older woman, with a strange mixture of fawning and patronage. "You are a little early, but I expect the other guests immediately. You came very—er—highly recommended—I suppose it is quite correct that you are a lord?"

Without waiting for a reply, she maundered on, "My ward, Miss Seaton. Perhaps we had better fix upon some story of our acquaintance, to er—avoid mix-up. At the Riviera, let us say—yes, certainly the Riviera. And if you could—er—manage to—er—bring in some titles during the conversation, and some anecdotes of the nobility, I shall be glad to pay you extra—What is that, Hawkins? A gentleman to see me? Certainly!"

Left together, the young woman in the green and black gown perversely proceeded to examine a gilt book of Alpine masterpieces on a side table, utterly unconscious, to her back and shoulders said plainly, that there was anyone else present.

"I say," blurted the Captain, whose face matched the color of the carmine draperies, "this is a bit strong, eh? Offering me money, and calling me Lord What's-His-Name and all that. My word!"

The girl looked at him without coming to greet him. "Do you have as many names as you have pretensions?" she inquired icily; "last night a prize-fighter and tonight a hired guest sent by an agency!"

"Hired—*eh*?" His surprise was so genuine that she thawed slightly. "I say, wont you please explain all this? I came here to call on you, you know—to tell you er—something."

"It's very simple," Marjorie said, slowly, probing his flushed, boyish face. "Mrs. Tidmarsh found she had only thirteen guests at the dinner for tonight, and being superstitious sent to the Boggs Aristocratic Agency for a fourteenth man. They promised to send an English Lord—and you came. That's all."

Captain Gordon took a sudden step forward. "I'm not the fourteenth man, then. But I hope I'm the *first* man, Marjorie! Of course, I've no business asking you to marry me after such a short acquaintance—"

She backed precipitately away. "Short! I should say so." But she did not sound angry. "Why, only last evening I heard that you were an ex-burglar!"

Gordon's hand went to his waistcoat, as if he had suddenly felt an acute pain in the region of the pocket. Before her uncomprehending eyes he produced the jewels that Mugs had given him. "It's no end embarrassing," he groaned, "but you see I left the card with your address on Brooks' table last night and the chap who was going to fight must have found it. I discovered him in here this afternoon with these and was going to return them."

"A likely story!" flamed the girl, snatching the jewels. "I dont believe a single—"

A masculine voice in the hall interrupted her, loud and strident, but with an unmistakable cockney twang. "I tryced 'im 'ere, ma'am. No, there's no mistyke."

"Jenks!" groaned Gordon, looked wildly around, and surrendered to fate. "I saw him at the ball last night—that's why I left so abruptly. Well, the jig's up."

"It isn't up!" With adverse winds, Marjorie's fickle weather-vane of affection veered. She laid her hand protectingly on Gordon's arm. "You're not guilty of anything. I dont believe it!"

Short, puffing, pepper and salt of garb, Jenks waddled before them, wiping his forehead. "My word, your Ludship!" he panted ruefully, "but you've led me a chase! Three times I've almost had my hands on you, and my mouth open to tell you your good fortune—"

Gordon felt Marjorie's hand tighten on his arm and the room reeled disreputably. "What good fortune?"

"Why," returned Jenks, puzzled, "I followed you to America to tell you that your uncle, Lord Gordon, is dead and 'as left h'everything to you, h'including an h'estate of two million pounds!"

"Good fortune!" echoed Gordon again, and drew a deep breath. "I should say I have had a stroke of good fortune!"

But he did not refer to his uncle's demise, nor the two million pounds. Later, when Mrs. Tidmarsh had tottered off ecstatically to tell her husband of the prospects of having "a real nobility" in the family he found a blessed instant in which to explain his meaning to Marjorie.

"When I knew you believed in me and—well, cared whether I was caught or not, I felt as if someone had bequeathed me the whole world!" he declared. He looked down into the charming face so tantalizingly close; "it's devilish soon to kiss anyone after you've known them only three days." He hesitated, then suddenly he drew her close with a boyish chuckle.

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Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

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Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

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Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
July	1920 ballot
August	1920 ballot
September	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

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City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Class Number 2

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City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

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The Answer Man

(continued from page 119)

E. LOUISE.—Clever work, Louise.

PLUTT.—Sorry! Mary Miles Minter in "Always in the Way." Theda Bara is on the stage.

COLLEEN MOORE DEVOTEE.—No, I cannot stand a liar. The prince of liars has agencies in every one of the organs of expression; and, in some people, he uses them all. Your verse was clever, and you really ought to make a good editress. Try it. Yes, Natalie Talmadge was Dorcas Winthrop in "The Love Expert."

NORMA TALMADGE FAN.—Her address is printed here every month, so you cannot be a faithful disciple. I think I will carry it at the beginning of this department.

D. H. S.—Clothes, fun and boys are your chief amusements. Vivian Martin was born in Michigan. She played with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Yes, it is unfortunate that many people put off their manners as the Japs put off their boots—on the threshold of home.

PEGGY.—What, still another? I hope you're not the same one. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, 729 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C. That's a large office building, you know. If this weather keeps up, me for Iceland. In Iceland, the affairs of government are looked after by a cabinet of three members, the smallest cabinet of any government in the world. I'd be one of the cabinet, and there wouldn't be any strikes, and no H. C. L. for I'd knock the L out of it by living on oil.

ROSE WOOD.—You just write to me any time—always glad to hear from little girls.

PAULINE S.—Why yes, Katherine McDonald and Norman Kerry in "Passion's Playground." I know who is responsible for "The world was sad—the garden was a wild; and Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smiled," but I wont tell.

QUAKER MAID.—You want to know all about Monroe Salisbury. See you later.

"SUNRAYSED" OF MILDURA, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, favors me with the following:

"I am pleased, nay, delighted, to be the recipient of your most interesting literary treat—the M. P. M.—and look forward to its arrival as I would a sweetheart.

For five years you have provided me with literature of a pleasurable order, and altho 'tis my first letter of appreciation to you—I greet you, most cordially, hands across the sea—an Australian born.

On my sojourns to the remotest regions of this vast, sunny land, your M. P. M's. are as essential (the back numbers I mean—I read and re-read them and ditto re-reads, etc.) as food supplies, compass and ammunition.

These trips I will tell you of when next I write you (I was going to say when I know you better—but since I'm so acquainted with your publication, I feel as tho I'm quite a pal of yours, too) and as I claim to be the most traveled Australian girl in the Commonwealth, I guess I could tell you some of my experiences in the arid wastes—with the 'blacks.' I am the first and only girl to have penetrated the heart of Australia—under all manners of conditions and means of transit.

My dad is one of Australia's earliest pioneers and explorers, and his name is perpetuated on the public maps of Australia. He is also the discoverer of the Murchison gold fields and was the recipient of the Government award of £800 for same; he also discovered the only platinum fields in Australia.

I accompany him on many trips and go sometimes six months without seeing a

white woman; and very few white men.

Yes, Australia is a great, glorious and free Commonwealth, breathing a genial, healthy atmosphere, under the canopy of its invariable sunshine. But—at present it is suffering a prolonged spell of mal-administration, both State and Federal; and with chronic profiteering constantly on the increase, the decimating stock and waning harvest prospects, resulting from the prevailing drought, the distress and death ravage of human kind by the wide-spread influenza-pneumonia epidemic; the general social unrest in the form of big industrial strikes and dearth of employment—this otherwise grand country is being stricken to its very utmost.

Oh! I'll have to keep my pen under more restraint or I'm afraid you'll weary of reading this—which I intended should be brief.

Anyway, Mr. Answer Man, my motive in writing you is to learn something of your wonderful country, whose climatic and general conditions, I should imagine, are much akin to those of ours.

I've had a burning desire—as long back as I can remember—to visit your country, from whence hail the 'wite Yanks' and I think a big majority of you must be able to claim descendance from your poet-laureate Whittier) and should I visit your country at any time—and were favorably impressed and inducement offered, I would like to take up 'picture work.' Picture work! I'd like to read your thoughts at this remark—as I know absolutely naught of it, but have played in amateur comedies and operettas, and can hold my own with most of Australia's terpsichorean artists.

Anyway, should I visit your country at any time, would you introduce me to Mr. Louis Selznick, who might give me an opportunity to prove my ability?

When I read the biography of your Yankee Stars (plus stripes) it's a sort of incentive for me to try my luck."

JEANETTE 23.—You feel very chatty this morning. Chirp away; it is music to my ears. Mary Pickford is going on a tour around the world, I hear.

SLENDER PEGGY.—Peggys in all shapes and sizes. An unusually large crop this season. So you have stopped eating nutted marshmallows and lost ten pounds. If you stop eating altogether you will lose a little more. *Inter nos* the fat people are always smiling, but they have their little regretful days for eating so much. J. Warren Kerrigan and Fritzi Brunette in "No. 99." Yes, Warren's sister Kathleen plays Mrs. Vivian. Charles Arling and John Stepping are both in it.

As You Were!—That's me, Mabel. Mabel Normand is not married. Never has been. Yes, I observe and study and enjoy the passing show. "This world is all a fleeting show," said Tom Moore; but the records indicate that he attended the show pretty regularly, and he was pretty fleet in getting there. Julian Eltinge's "An Adventuress" was released in May.

STEPHEN P.—You refer to James McCutcheon.

PEREGRIN.—You use such very faint ink I nearly faint when I read your letter. Do you water it? Some mighty interesting material you sent me. Wages, prices, and the customers' hair continue to rise. Yes, Miriam Cooper did play in "The Birth of a Nation."

T. WALSH.—You want Richard Barthelmess on the cover. To the front, Dick.

MRS. REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Hello, little one! I believe U-53 and Dakota Bill have deserted me entirely, so I'm a rejected gloogoo too—whatever that is. I miss them.

(*Continued on page* 125)

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(Signed) JOHN DOLAN

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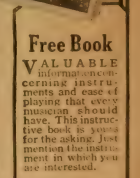

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The Screen Time-Table

(continued from page 94)

Mate and Female—D-59
Savage, The and Meadow—DeMille Prod
Married Life—?
Mark Seaton—First National
Man Who Lost Himself, The—D-8.
Without Gloves—Select
Mary Ellen Comes to Town—CMD-7.
Mutiny, The—Paramount.
Mixed Man, The—P-11.
Livingston & Meighan—Tucker Prod.
Miss Hobbs—C-6.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
Modern Salome, A—MD-3
Hope Hampton—Metro.
Motherhood—?—10
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
More Deadly Than the Male—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
Mrs. Temple's Telegram—F-7
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
My Lady's Garden—MD-6.
Sally Breamer—Paramount.
Nazimova—Metro.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
Pleasure Get Married—F-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
Pollyanna—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
Remodeling a Husband—C-8.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
Restless Sex, The—D-5.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
Revelation—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.
Riders of the Dawn—D-8.
Roy Stewart—W. W. Hodkinson.
Right of Way, The—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
River's End, The—MD-10.
All Star—Marshall Neilan Prod.
Romance—D-9.
Doris Keane—United Artists.
Sand—D-10.
Wm. S. Hart—Paramount.
Scarlet Days—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Sea Wolf, The—D-8.
Noah Beery—Paramount.
Speed It Through—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.
Sex—SP, MD-6
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.
Shark, The—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.
Side Lights and Lies—C-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Snow Age—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.
Silver Horde, The—MD-9.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
Sins of St. Anthony, The—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
Six Best Cellars—C-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
Soldiers of Fortune—MD, SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.
Sporting Life, The—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.
Square Crooks Straight—D-5.
Sessue Hayakawa—Robertson-Cole.
Stolen Hours—Basil King—Goldwyn.
Stolen Hours—Basil King—Goldwyn.
Stronger Than Death—SP, MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Three Godfathers, The—CD-10
Bert Lytell—Goldwyn.
Through the Storm—D-9.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
Tony's Bow—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
Toll Gate, The—MD-9
William S. Hart—Paramount.
Treasure Island—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.
24 Hours' Leave—CD-10.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
Two Weeks—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Victory—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
Virgin of Stamboul—SP, MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.
Virtuous Vamp, The—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Water, Water Everywhere—CD-6.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
What's Your Husband Doing?—C-7.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
When the Clouds Roll By—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
Why Change Your Wife?—D-11.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
Willow Tree, The—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.
Woman Gives, The—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Woman in the Suitcase, The—MD-6.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
Woman in Room 13, The—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
Woman Game, The—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
Woman and the Puppet, The—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.
Woman Who Understood, The—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.
Yellow Typhoon—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
Young Mrs. Winthrop—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Reader Critique

A Lady in Love—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
Alarm Clock Andy—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
Alias Jimmy Valentine—MD-8.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
Amateur Wife—D-7.
Irene Castle—Paramount.
Behind the Door—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
Blooming Angel, The—C-7.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.
Dancin' Fool—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Dollars and the Woman—CD-9.
Alice Joyce—Vitagraph.
Double Speed—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—D-11.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
Easy to Get—CD-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.
Excuse My Dust—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Heart of a Child—MD-7.
Nazimova—Metro.
His House in Order—D-8.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
Human Desire—D-8.
Anita Stewart—First National.
Idol Dancer, The—MD-8.
Seymour-Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
In Search of a Sinner—CD-9
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Jenny Be Good—MD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
Leave It to Me—CD-10.
Wm. Russell—Fox.
Miss Hobbs—CD-10.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
Pollyanna—CD-11.
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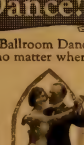

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 123*)

RUTH M. K.—Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago. He is just 6 feet, weighs 175 pounds, and has light brown hair and brown eyes. He was in here the other day, but didn't stop at my cage to see me. ZaSu Pitts in "Bright Skies." You think she's a "peacherino"? What is that?

OLD TIMER.—Shake! My mistake, Constance Talmadge and Robert Harron did play in "Intolerance." Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman," the best she ever did.

J. M. P.—Looky here, you, they don't shoot the dog in "Stronger Than Death." No man would shoot a dog or allow one to be shot unless both were mad. Ruth Roland is about 27, Viola Dana 22, Sessue Hayakawa 31, Charles Ray 29, and Niles Welch 34.

MONTY BLUE FOREVER.—Send your Aunt in some day. I'm strong for the Uncle stuff, you know. Remember, he that will not be counseled cannot be helped. You call me a $9.50 century plant. Wrong, I get $49,000 a century. Yes, Sessue Hayakawa in "The Devil's Claim." I didn't care so much for it. Rhea Mitchell was Virginia. Be patient and Harrison Ford will send you his picture.

STEPHANIE.—You are right, she was one of Ruth St. Denis' dancers.

HAVE A HEART.—I wish I could help you, but I am helpless.

MY DEAR.—Elsie Ferguson is married to Thomas B. Clarke, and Julian Eltinge is William Dalton. Nazimova has no children. Neither is Frank Keenan the father of Charles Ray! What a wonderful imagination you have today!

DANSEUSE.—Thanks for yours. Enjoyed the little story. The Theda Bara chat is on the way. Speaking in billions, the *Wall Street Journal*, in a recent article headed "Wall Street Taking On Amusement," presents among others, the following interesting figures indicating the great scope of the industry, and the solid financial basis on which it rests: Gross revenue of picture theaters of the country in one year—$800,000,000. This is $100,000,000 more than the combined gross of thirteen leading rubber companies. The 15,000 picture theaters seat 8,000,000 people. Nearly every town of 1,000 population has at least one theater. Twelve hundred new theaters are being built at a cost of $72,000,000. It costs $900 a seat to build a good theater these days. At the conservative figure of $100 per seat as the present value of the theaters, it is found the investment in motion picture houses totals about $800,000,000. All other countries of the world have 17,500 theaters—but 2,500 more than the number in the United States. Consumption of positive films averages 10,000,000 feet a week, as against 3,000,000 in 1913. Admission prices run up to $2 per seat. The five-cent house is a memory. Seventy thousand dollars rolled into the box office of the new Capitol Theater, New York, its first week. American film producers have a combined income of $90,000,000. Famous Players handles $500,000 of domestic business a week and $100,000 of foreign—turning its money over two and one half times a year. Jot that down in your little red book.

L. W.—Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. Why dont you get a copy of "The Primer," which we sell for 50c? Mae Allison is not married. Yes, Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland.

MIRILA L. DE LA B.—*Billet-doux*, did you say? Cant give you Lew Cody's personal address.

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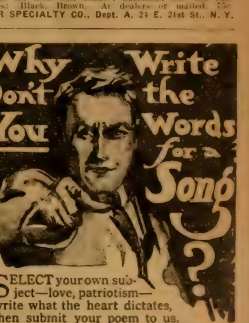

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Margaret K.—I simply can't stand such [illegible] Wise. I'm getting all stuck up [illegible] and vanish, and I feel like [illegible] a scrapper, or starting a fly- [illegible] or doing something else to [illegible] send with passenty. But what's [illegible] What has passenty done for [illegible] Scott Fitz Daniels is coming [illegible] Clara Nearge in "The Soul [illegible]

[illegible] Ruth.—Keep moving. Busy [illegible] and here. Wallace MacDonald [illegible] that he is absolutely not mar- [illegible] He and Doris May were supposed [illegible] been married some time last [illegible] but it's all wrong, and they both [illegible] everybody to know it. You refer [illegible] Warren Cook in "The Great Gamble." [illegible] mention it.

Busy and Ann.—You just keep your head [illegible] and your feet warm and you will [illegible] right. Arthur Ashley was playing in [illegible] "The Man Who Came Back" last I heard [illegible] time. Leah Baird in "Cynthia of the [illegible]" Bessie Love is playing in "Mid- [illegible]." Yes, William Collier is playing [illegible] Schnick in "The Servant Question." [illegible] one of the "speakees" most popular [illegible]

Sonny Looks.—You in again? Yes, [illegible] Rock, Gibraltar. It was finally [illegible] from the Moors in 1462. It was [illegible] by the British and was taken by [illegible] Byng on July 24, 1704. It was [illegible] by the Spanish and French in [illegible] of the same year, and was finally [illegible] to Great Britain by the Treaty of [illegible]. Spain has made a number of [illegible] to get Gibraltar since then. You're very welcome.

Talmadge Buddy.—I'm pretty sure Norma Talmadge is no home in the Bronx. She is living at 318 East 48th Street, New York City. Yes, that is her studio. So you dont think the stars ought to charge 25 cents for a noto. You dont realize how many requests they get.

Pearl White Forever.—You want interviews with Walter McGrail and Wallace McCutcheon. But you must not lose your temper so often; some time you will lose it permanently. Run in again some time.

Mrs. C. H.—Ormi Hawley played in "Where Love Leads," "The Antics of Ann," "The World and Its Women" and "Woman and the Puppet." Haven't her present address. The motion picture theaters are the books and schools of the masses. We all learn by them.

Lady Movie Fan.—Certainly I can sing. I can sing beautifully. Cullen Landis was the kid, and Sydney Ainsworth was pinner in "The Girl from Outside."

G. W. E.—I dont dare print your letter. Talk is cheap, except when it ends in a libel suit, or when it's over the L. D. telephone. Yes, Lelma Waipahu was Kokua in "The Bottle Imp."

Annabelle.—Yes, I read it many, many years ago. His wit is not always free from affectation, and his satire is frequently splenetic, sometimes malignant. Yes, I heard the other day that Lillian Gish was getting $4,500 a week. I nearly died of heart failure when I heard it. Gosh I will try to make love to Lillian and see if I cannot help her spend it. Aw, tain't Lillian. My $9.50 added to her $4,500 ought to enable us to get along fairly well even in these hard times.

Bathers by the Sea.—Next time you write me, dont use the telephone company paper. I'm a regular Sherlock Holmes. Surely I would want to meet you. Yes, the story you speak of is a good one, and will be selected by some producer. You can reach Anna Q. Nilsson care at the Balboa Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

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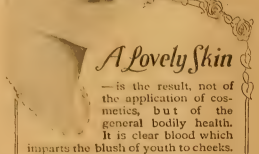

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by

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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M. L. R.—Glad to hear from you, little one. You ask how I write. Well, I sit when I write, because I cant stand standing. It is not right to write lying, because to lie is not right while writing lying. Catch me, quick! Silly stuff!—who said that? John Cumberland and Mrs. Sidney Drew are playing in "The Emotional Mrs. Vaughn."

ISLA MAE—House Peters isn't playing now.

PATSY—Dont call me a saint. Who ever saw a saint in trousers? And I sure do wear them. The other day I took my beard down to the ocean for a cool dip. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Bushman invited me to see them in "The Master Thief." Beverly is prettier than ever and Mr. Bushman as attractive as ever. They are rehearsing for a new comedy now.

H. T. W., PHILA.—Haven't heard that Tom Moore has been married again.

PEGGY B.—Where in this department have you found any witticisms? I offer a prize of one large green cucumber to the person who discovers one. Once in a while there is a brain flea that jumps about among slumbering ideas, but they are hardly witticisms. Charles Meredith opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Judy of Rogues' Harbor." Send it along. I appreciate your kind words hugely.

NEW YORK GIRL—Broadway and the bright lights, hey? Yes, send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of correspondence clubs. You have a very good style in drawing. Keep it up. Yes, I am said to be the oldest Answer Man in captivity. I'll write an essay on "The Motion Picture as a Moralizer," and you write one on "The Movies as an Immoralizer." There is nothing in existence to compare with the motion picture to teach all that is worth knowing in so short a time. It intermingles pathos with fun, wit with mirth, education with play, and sends the onlooker home with laughter on his lips, sunshine on his countenance, joy in his heart, and human sympathy in his soul. The objection that it is wrong to allow the young to learn of crime and of the dark side of life, is adequately met by the answer that it is necessary to point out to the young the various pitfalls that are to be met with in life in order to teach how to avoid them. Pictures are to charm, instruct and entertain, and that is just what most of them do.

NEWCOMER.—Good for you. Yes, Ella Hall is still in California. Norma Talmadge in "Smiling Through" and "The Branded Woman." Constance Talmadge in "Wedding Bells" and "Good References."

CONWAY TEARLE ADMIRER; K. K.; WILD & WOOLLY; HARRIS IRURN; MAY MILO; PATOOTIE; ANXIOUS; AMPARO; E. H. H.; CAROLINE H.; SNOWBALL; G. BECKER; FLORENCE MAE; WALLACE REID FOREVER; GLADYS H.; CARROLL A. M.; HELEN H.; J. C. A.; DIMPLES; FRED WHITE; STEPHEN P.; POKEEPSIE KID; MONTGOMERY; I. KISSUM GOODE; MARY Y.; R. J. L.; DOROTHY I.; S. E. GORZA; ANGELES LEE; BLOSSOM; A FRIEND; E. A. R.; TENNESSEE BELLE; WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hope you all write me again.

DAN 88.—Hello, Dan—You're quite a stranger. Mack Sennett is producing "Married Life" in five reels. How can he ever put it all in five reels? Ben Turpin is the lead. George Beban in "One Man in a Million" for Sol Lesser. Regards, old chap.

LIZA.—Stop your teasing me—surely come on and I will let you shampoo my beard. No, I dont use dauderine or mange cure on it. Cleo Madison in "Big Game."

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PEARL WHITE FOREVER.—Guess you have mentioned about all the serials that have ever been made. Pearl White is back. Yes, there is a very serious shortage in paper, especially newsprint. More than half of the total increased production of all American paper mills combined, for the year 1919, was in newsprint.

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BELGIAN ROSE.—Yes, you are right, for love is like hash—you can never tell what you are likely to find in it. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is married to Mary Pickford. Constance Talmadge is not married to Conway Tearle.

HAPPY BLUE BIRD.—Hello, hello. There are 1,518,000 telephones in New York State and North New Jersey, and that many directories, which are consulted 7,360,000 times a day. Our telephone directories are about three inches thick. Call me up some rainy afternoon. Yes, H. E. Herbert was Phillip in "The Man Without a Country." No, Milton Sills is not dead. Actions speak louder than words, and that is why the movies are more popular than the speakies.

MISS CURIOSITY.—Well, I am not so good as you think I am, because you know the good die young and I am 79. I hardly think Conway Tearle and Constance Talmadge will play together for a while. Gladys Hall just interviewed him; watch for it.

A. R. R.—I'm sorry, but I cant tell you whether Douglas Fairbanks is a Roman Catholic. In the language of the poet, I have me douts. Thomas Meighan can be reached at Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal. Certainly, I have my own teeth, did you think I borrowed them?

CLAIRE A.—More gum. Thanks. Yes, Dorothy Dalton is in California. Why, Max Linder is playing again in "The Little Café" released thru Pathé. There will be nearly fifty people in the cast of "Love's Redemption," and as many more not in the contest.

MRS. JAMES W. ARDIMORE.—So you have named one of your boys after Maurice Costello. I saw him on Broadway the other night. He has been playing for Vitagraph. Yes, Lillian Gish has left Griffith and joined Frohman Amusement Co. She has been with Griffith about ten years. She is playing in "Way Down East" before she leaves.

VIRGINIA H.—Your letter was mighty interesting and I shall look forward to the next edition. I quite agree with you and thanks for the clippings. In tracing the origin of the drama we must look to the religious ceremonies of ancient nations.

S'MANTHA ANNE.—No, the players do not do things left-handedly. Pictures are projected exactly as they are taken. The negative reverses things, but the positive brings them back. Right you be, there may be a world rounder than this, a country better than this, a city finer than this, a magazine better than this, but where are they? Jane Novak opposite Monroe Salisbury in "The Barbarian."

DAY DREAMER.—What do you do at night? My best wishes for future happiness. Bebe Daniels started with Rolin Film Co. Lila Lee is playing with Thomas Meighan. So you want more of Jack Pickford in the gallery.

LONESOME TONY.—I wish I could do something for you. You wish you could meet Tony Moreno. He's a handsome fellow and quite likeable. He's pretty busy out in California. Jackie Saunders is with Western Fox, to play opposite William Farnum. You mustn't mind that. A woman is built to worry about somebody's staying out late at night, and if it isn't a man, it's the hired girl, or the cat.

PRINCESS FABIOLA.—You flatter me by calling me Job, but I fear I am making a poor job of it. If you wish your answers to appear in the Classic you should write the word Classic at the top of your letter. Tom Moore is playing in "The Great Accident."

F. W. H.—It was Bovee who said, "Formerly, when great fortunes were made only in war, war was a business; but now, when great fortunes are made only in business, business is war." He was a little previous. Georges Carpentier is playing in "The Wonder Man." Emory Johnson was born in New York in 1898. He has reddish brown hair and hazel eyes. You must write me again.

JANET E. W.—You dont believe all of our critics. Remember the old saying, "Believe a woman, or an epitaph, or any other thing that's false, before you trust in critics." You say you saw the sun rise. Were you just getting up or going to bed? Leah Baird and King Baggot played in "Ivanhoe" years ago.

LIL. LIZA JANE.—Hello, Liza! Yes, John Adams was the longest lived of the Presidents. He died in his 91st year, so I may yet beat him out. Walter McGrail is about 32, Conway Tearle 40, Jack Dempsey about 25, and Wallace Reid 28. They are trying to get me to accept the Democratic nomination for President, but I dont think I have time to accept. By the time you read this you will know whether I have changed my mind or not. I would accept but for fear that I might be elected.

R. S. V. P.—Well, here it is. Watch it now; Lehua Waipahu was Kokua in "The Bottle Imp." That was one of Sessue's best, I believe. But a guilty conscience paralyzes the energies of the boldest mind and enfeebles the stoutest heart. Wyndham Standing in "Earthbound," a Goldwyn feature.

MARJORIE.—Yes, I do like pineapples. They grow to the weight of 20 pounds in Peru. Robert Ellis is with Selznick. Brownie Vernon and Tom Mix in "The Learning of the Law." Jane Novak in "Fire Flingers." Casson Ferguson you mean in "How Could You, Jean?" Of course, I recommend the book "Eat and Grow Thin." I'm dieting now, and expect to lose about 25 pounds. You wont know me next time you see me.

U. R. FINE.—Thanks. So are you. The Seven Seas, yes; North, North Atlantic, South Atlantic, North Pacific, Indian Ocean, Arctic Ocean and Antarctic Ocean. A good many of our boys have been on all. Jack Pickford played in "Just Out of College." Alice Joyce in "The Vice of Fools." William Tooker in "Springtime." Clarine Seymour in "Scarlet Days." Yes, too bad.

SUNNY SOUTH.—You refer to "To all, to each, a fair good night, and pleasing dreams, and slumbers light." Howard Ralston was Jimmie. Vera Sisson is out West. You've got me all puffed up. Thanks. But the nightingale will sometimes warble 20 seconds without pausing to breathe, and when the condition of the air is favorable, its song fills a space a mile in diameter. Oh, I dont mind what I answer.

SANDY.—Raymond McKee is with Fox, Los Angeles, Cal.

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by

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Editor-in-Chief of

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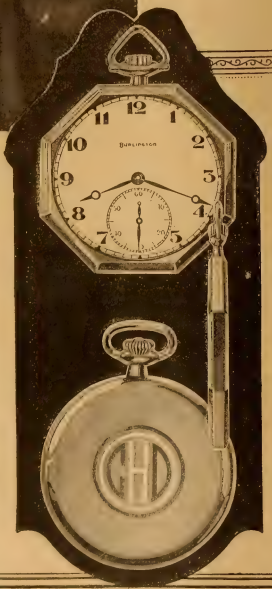

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Motion Picture Magazine

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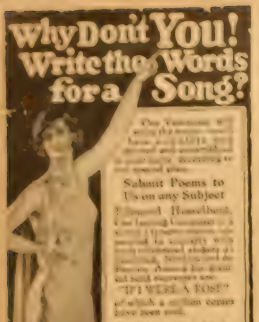

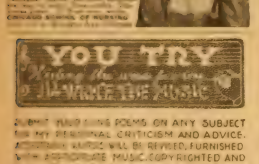

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

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By "JUNIUS"

"Not So Long Ago."—A fragile but charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

"Come Seven."—A dramatization of Octavus Roy Cohen's negro stories which have been appearing in the Saturday Evening Post. All the characters are colored folk, played by white actors. A decidedly amusing novelty, altho not a very deep study of negro life. Earle Foxe, Arthur Aylsworth and Gail Kane are excellent.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment. "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. Gorgeous staging. A delightful place to eat.

Globe's.—William Rock's summer revue, "Silks and Satins." Rather weak entertainment, even for the tired business man.

Cohan and Harris.—"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." Thus has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Globe.—"Scandals of 1920." A lively and unusually attractive summer show, the annual offering of George White. Full of pretty girls and attractive (if brief) costuming plus some humor, all tuned up to a high speed. Little Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult role.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Here, too, are the most beautiful girls in all New York.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Raced upon Calhoun Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dancing interludes.

(Continued on page 8)

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Table of contents and commendations on request

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"TRUMPET ISLAND"

"TRUMPET ISLAND" is the title of Vitagraph's second mammoth special production announced by Albert E. Smith, President of that Company. The picture, biggest in the history of Vitagraph, and some believe in the entire industry, has been practically completed, and is being edited under the direct supervision of Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester, who adopted the scenario from the story by Gouverneur Morris. The greater part of the picture was made on the West Coast, under the direction of Tom Terriss, but Mr. Terriss and a part of his company came East to film some final scenes in New York City and along the Hudson River.

"Trumpet Island," which will be released in September, is a thrilling story of love and adventure, fashioned after the best style of Gouverneur Morris. Several months were spent in producing it and the cost of this production is said to have passed the quarter of a million mark. There is an all-star cast in addition to scenes in which hundreds of players appear, and mammoth and palatial sets in which the wild midnight orgies of millionaires are shown. It is probably as rich in spectacular value as any story ever transferred to the moving film. There are extravagant contrast in the settings of the story, one's attention being whisked from scenes of revelry in the heart of the metropolis to barren stretches on a lonely isle.

It was filmed in the famed Imperial Valley of Southern California and Catalina Island—with the exception of the comparatively few Eastern scenes—and the work was accomplished only after weeks and weeks of patient and persistent effort on the part of Director Tom Terriss. A large fleet of airplanes carried the company to location on different occasions and Mr. Terriss explained that this was not done for ballyhoo exploitation purposes, but for the most practical reasons. Marguerite De La Motte and Wallace MacDonald head the all-star cast, and they enjoyed their first airplane ride during the production of this special.

"Our most difficult location," said Mr. Terriss, "was a deep and almost impassable canyon in the Imperial Canyon. This is in the middle of the Imperial Desert, and by a strange freak of nature, is formed in what is almost a cleft in the mountains. It is a wonderful oasis, containing a torrent of water and tall African palm trees, the only palm trees of their kind growing in the State of California. Into this ravine we transported a small regiment of men, with numberless trucks containing all manner of implements and tools for building small bridges and huts; also massive motors to create the wind for the storm scenes in the canyon.

"We were compelled to make a trestle framework down the side of the ravine, and down this trestle we had to lower horses on bellybands, and also many members of the company in more or less undignified positions. A temporary bridge was also constructed across the torrent, and a road hacked through masses of tropical vegetation to get to the spot located by airplane several days previous. In clearing the roads into the wilderness, it was no uncommon thing for the men in the company to kill from two to ten rattlesnakes every day. Imperial Valley is in the heart of government reservation land for Indians, and each day's work was eagerly and sometimes a trifle fearfully watched by hundreds of stolid redskins. They were interested until the scene in the picture in which the girl falls, presumably from the sky, into the trees, but after having witnessed this scene, they expressed their fear with much yellowing and flourishing of arms and blankets, and incontinently fled."

"Trumpet Island" narrates the story of Richard Bedell, Eve De Merincourt and Valinsky, the derelict. Bedell goes through a period of hardship and deprivation in which he can find neither work nor the welcome hand of good fellowship, and become bitter and discouraged. Eve is taken from the quiet seclusion of her finishing school to wed a man whom she loathes, while Valinsky, with a perfected improvement for airplane construction, is near starvation because he cannot obtain an audience with anyone who will consider seriously his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester have presented in the picture three well travelled roads—the Stony Road to Success and Fame, travelled by Bedell; the Road of Roses, along which Eve trips her light-hearted way, and the Road of Mud and Muck, which it is Valinsky's fate to follow. When the three roads, after many windings and twistings, ultimately converge, the characters of the story are brought to happiness and content.

Valinsky, the derelict inventor, bequeaths Bedell, his benefactor, his secret. Dick reaps millions from the invention, the sudden elevation to riches turning his head and making him turn to dissipations and indulgences which eventually cause him to loathe himself for his weakness.

He and Eve have met while the girl is in school. They do not know each other, but the overwhelming mystery of romance and love is recognized by each. They know that a great common bond lies between them, but in their youth they do not sense its relation to their careers. It is this strange love which leads Dick to forego his wastrel indulgences and seek a secluded spot where he can regain that which he has lost—his self-respect. He wants to become a man again.

Accordingly, he purchases Trumpet Island, which is far off the charted courses of sea-going vessels, and there determines to redeem himself. With no companion but a dog he goes to the island.

Eve's fiance, whose fortune is great, has showered gifts upon his expected bride. Among these gifts are several articles of jewelry set with "aphrizite"—the rarest of gems. As the wedding day draws near, Eve gives way under the strain, and her physician tells her father to take her to the seashore for a long rest. She is to remain there, at the doctor's orders, until the day of her wedding.

On the fateful day, Henry Caron, her fiance, arrives in an airplane. Eve demands that immediately after the ceremony she be taken by her husband for a flight in the huge machine. He takes it as the childish whim of a girl, but to Eve it is to be the supreme sacrifice. She means to hurl herself from the machine while it is in midair.

After the wedding, Eve and Caron leave in the plane. They are caught while high above the earth in a terrific wind and rainstorm. The plane is wrecked, and Caron is hurled into the ocean far below. The machine drops into the trees on Trumpet Island, where Dick discovers the wreckage and extricates Eve's unconscious form. From this point on, the story is said to touch sensational levels in the unfolding of the story, and those who have seen "Trumpet Island," even in its rough form, say that they feel confident in their prediction that it will be the big picture of the year.

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 9*)

[illegible] Gordon — "Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON

"The Harvester," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Ann Andrews lends pleasant assistance. Full of laughs.

"The Storm."—A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

"Jane Clegg."—St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox."—Weak adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel. Alma Tell in the stellar role.

"Scandal."—Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

"You Were." with Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Ouija Board."—Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"Shavings."—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

"Mamma's Affair." Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy a study of that deadly human species, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Ellie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score an a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

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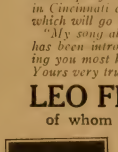

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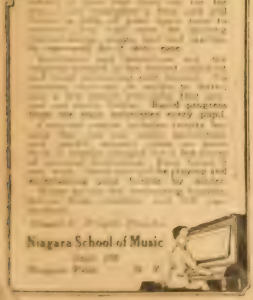

The Girl on the Cover

IT was on a Thanksgiving Day eighteen years ago in Cheyenne, Wyoming, that Mildred Harris Chaplin was born. With her father, a railroad man, the family lived a nomadic life and no state remained their home for very long.

While they were living at Caliente, Nevada, Mildred, then seven years old, made her first theatrical appearance when she took part in an amateur performance, scoring a success.

Then came a sojourn in Los Angeles after that a year or two in San Francisco and then, at the age of eleven, Mildred returned to Los Angeles, where she has lived ever since.

After graduating from the Sacred Heart Convent, she attended the State Normal School, and in beween times, but none the less seriously, she found time to study the dramatic art at the Egan Dramatic School, also taking vocal lessons.

It was with the Vitagraph Company, that training-school for many of the luminaries now shining brightly, that she first appeared in motion pictures, and for these, her earliest efforts, she received eight dollars a day. And while Mildred played in the pictures, Mrs. Harris designed and made dresses for a number of the greater stars, thus adding generously to the family income, so that Mildred, free from responsibility, might devote her entire time and self to her art. And with her mother thus removing any worry which might have become a handicap, she went on and on, steadily building towards stardom.

Her next engagement was under the direction of Thomas Ince, who engaged her steadily to play children's rôles at ten dollars a week, and not very much later she was featured in some of his Western pictures.

For two and a half years she remained under Mr. Ince's guidance, finally working her salary up to thirty dollars a week. Then along came another company which offered her fifty dollars, and she accepted their offer. This company soon disbanded and she found herself seeking a position.

An interview with Mr. Griffith resulted in his offering her twenty-five dollars a week to appear in "Enoch Arden," which she accepted, playing with Lillian Gish, who portrayed the mother. After this came a series of children's pictures which made Mildred much in demand. She left the Griffith fold long enough to appear with the late Sir Herbert Tree in "Old Folks at Home," but returned to Mr. Griffith, who paid her the tribute of saying, "She can bring tears where others cannot."

Her first important production under Griffith was with Robert Harron in "The Bad Boy," after which a lengthy vacation followed while Mr. Griffith was in Europe. Upon his return she learnt that Triangle had disbanded and, therefore, he would make no more productions for that company.

Mr. Ince, however, was not slow in again availing himself of her services, and she made several successful pictures with him, including "The Cold Deck," in which she appeared with Bill Hart.

However, it was while under the direction of Lois Weber that Mildred became famous in such pictures as "The Price of a Good Time," "The Doctor and the Woman," "For Husbands Only" and "Borrowed Clothes."

At this period in her career she became the bride of Charles Spencer Chaplin, the comedy king of the silversheet, at the time signing a contract with Louis B. Mayer which brought her into the first line of stars. Since that time she has made five pictures, "The Inferior Sex," "Polly of the Storm Country," "Old Dad" and two others which have not yet been released.

For a year or so Mildred and her famous husband lived together happily. However, soon after the death of their three-day-old baby, came persistent rumors of dissension. Several months ago there came a decided break and a divorce threatened, but despite a subsequent denial of this, proceedings have again been started and it is evident that these folks of the shadow screen have found their marriage a mistake and decided to go thru life by separate paths.

Even in her trouble, however, Mildred has kept on with her work and refused to permit any interruptions. While nothing definite is known on the subject, it is rumored that she is to appear in a stage production, continuing, however, with her picture work at the same time.

Still a young girl, she has tasted the bitter-sweet of life—known romance in its rosy hue and the greyness of deep grief—always, tho, she has dedicated herself to her work, finding in it a solace when trouble became unbearable, and, with the future stretching before her, she promises to offer splendid things to the world of shadows.

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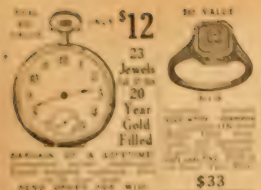

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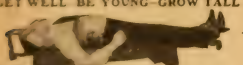

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Letters to the Editor

Today the drama of the silver screen revolves around "He and She." After the marriage ceremony—the simple boy and girl romance seems to have been temporarily forgotten. And anent this trend of plot material comes a letter from Mr. Thomas Finnerty:

Dear Editor—Wives—wives-wives-wives; hard boiled wives, scrambled wives, scalloped wives and shredded wives; wives in name only, wives who are misunderstood, mad wives who find their true love too late; other men's wives, amateur wives, professional wives, temperamental wives, temporary wives, permanent wives, blind wives, myopic wives, wives whose vision is normal and—wives.

One casts a longing eye back to those dear old days when the industry was in its infancy; when the subject matter of films in general was love, pure and simple, largely the latter; when he and she were not married but willing to try anything once. The final scene always found them still unmarried but twice as enthusiastic about the institution; with the justice of the peace looming up in the offing large as life and bigger than the national debt. The J. P. was left to the fan's imagination, thus rebuking Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, who says the fan hasn't any.

Whatever he may or may not have today, I belligerently maintain that before the wife cycle swam into his ken the fan had an imagination. He was capable of taking some things for granted. He could—and did—take it for granted that the curly-haired youth who for five long reels gazed with such fervor into the corrosent lamps of his fair accomplice meant to do right by our Nell. He knew that a lad who was capable of wearing such an earnest expression of utter brainlessness could be naught but a moral character. He didn't have to see the actual ceremony or the marriage license. You didn't have to show him. "And so they were married" was enough for him.

Today we are more sophisticated. The old-fashioned boy and girl romance is no more. We have arrived at the point where we begin with their first squabble and with wifey on the train for Reno and both parties crying for a new deal. The woman who is misunderstood is a prominent figure in pictures of this type. She is usually "stifled" by a non-poetic husband and desires "self-expression," "freedom," and "the kind of love that grips you by the throat and leaves you gasping." One suspects she has been reading Swedish novelists or eating cucumbers, or both. Comes at this highly interesting point, the other man, a sneering, cigaret-smoking devil with a floppy panama who—who, pshaw! You could find your way thru that plot backwards with your eyes shut, couldn't you?

I cant help wishing to see a good old-fashioned love story in which a man is married and that is the end of him. 'Tis ever thus in real life. And if it is impossible for a man to love a woman just because he has been so indiscreet as to permit her to marry him, why not leave those harrowing details of domesticity to the yellow journals? Above all, why drag a lot of other men's wives into the lives of the poor maltreated married men who go to the movies to escape their own?

Very truly yours,
THOMAS FINNERTY.
73 South 2nd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

(Continued on page 14)

Shadowland *for* October

After the day's work is over—

When the shadows begin to fall—

Then—like a beautiful woman who appears at her best in the softness of the evening—SHADOWLAND should be with you.

And the tired nerves will be rested—the jar and discord of the work-a-day world will vanish—the weary mind will be awakened by the beauty and charm of this magazine which is devoted exclusively to the development of the arts.

You will be amused at the drawings of Wynn made on his trip over and just after he had arrived in Paris. His penetrating comments accompanying the drawings will give you a viewpoint on the *Parision* which you have not known heretofore.

There is a unique cabaret in far-off Moscow which is the last word in cabarets. By that we mean, that the cabaret there has attained a degree of perfection which is undreamed of in other countries. Oliver M. Sayler, the man who has just published two popular books on Russia, writes of this unique cabaret for SHADOWLAND.

George O'Neil, a youth of twenty-three, has been called the coming poet of America by the highest authorities. SHADOWLAND offers a page of this boy's hitherto-unpublished poems, remarkable for their delicate beauty.

"Damnably Clever!" What? No, we're not swearing, that is the name of a one-act play written by Gladys Hall, which will appear in the October issue of SHADOWLAND.

Benjamin de Casseres contributes another of his amusing articles; the color work is the most beautiful we have yet offered, the portraits are exclusive examples of the best efforts of well-known photographers; in other words, there is no more space allotted to us in which to tell of the various attractions of this issue.

Remember the name—SHADOWLAND!

Remember the month—October!

Shadowland

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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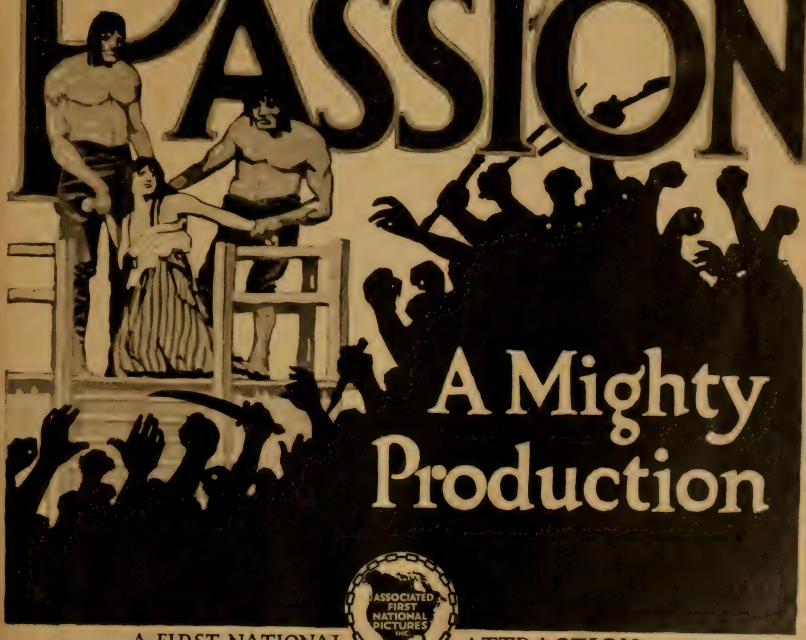

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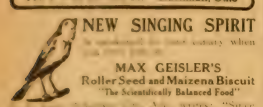
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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 12)

An overdose of make up is a destructive element in the work of any player—it calls the spectators back from the Land of Make-Believe and brings them to a sharp and ofttimes unpleasant realization of facts. Artistic make-up is quite as important as an artistic portrayal—so this Chicago reader discusses Wallace Reid in "Sick a-Bed" and other interesting things:

DEAR EDITOR—If I may be permitted! I had the pleasure of seeing Wallace Reid in his latest Paramount, "Sick-a-Bed." I have been watching the light and airy Wally for several years and have noticed that he has shown a disposition to transgress along certain lines. In his recent picture, he has gone beyond the bounds. We hear a lot of criticism on account of the way women dress in public, but in this picture, Mr. Reid has the girls beaten a mile. Painted and rouged, he looks a sight! All his efforts are bent on looking "sweet." He struts about in his nightie; purses up the corners of his mouth in a cupid's bow and does all kinds of sly tricks with his daintily penciled eyebrows; and contrives to act in the most approved sissified manner. I respectfully make the suggestion that he be given a skirt, and allowed to play feminine leads.

But—enough. I saw Thomas Meighan in "The Prince Chap" at Orchestra Hall and I wish to state that Mr. Meighan is a very good actor, and was supported by a fine cast. The picture was very much liked in Chicago, altho I did not hear anyone rave over it. In fact, I have heard several fans say that they thought Mr. Meighan was more likable as a leading man than as a star.

Too, I saw Dorothy Gish in "Remodeling a Husband" at the Orpheum, and while Miss Gish was cute and sympathetic and funny at times, the picture must be classed as another lame offering. It was shown for two days, and none of the critics seemed to consider it worth reviewing. It was the first time that a Dorothy Gish picture was ever given less than a week's showing in this particular section of Chicago and it is an indication of what is to come unless she secures better starring vehicles.

Of all the Paramount stars, Ethel Clayton seems to be the most popular in this city. She possesses a charm of manner and a sympathetic appeal that carry her thru in fine style. Her new picture, "A Lady in Love," comes here tomorrow and I'll make it my business to see it.

Dorothy Dalton was a very popular star in this city at one time, but she is slipping quite a little, as she is appearing in too many pictures of the questionable variety.

Sincerely,
JOHN D. CAHILL.
2017 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

A tribute to Harold Lloyd and his art:

DEAR EDITOR—This letter, which is really a word of thanks to Harold Lloyd, should, I suppose, go direct to him, but as I have never written to any of the players, I would not know how to go about it. I read your magazine and, therefore, know that people write letters to you, so I thought that I would do the same in the hope that you would print it and, in that

(Continued on page 16)

Screen Stories in Demand

Before sending your photoplays and stories out on the market, be careful to have them first put in proper form and language. The "Detailed Synopsis" is preferred by the studios, as almost every producing company now has its own scenario form, and it would be an utter impossibility for outside writers to learn them all. But a "Detailed Synopsis" can be used by any company, and, if accepted, will be "picturized" by their own writers to suit their own requirements.

We CRITICISE, REVISE, and TYPE photoplays and stories at reasonable rates, which will be furnished on application. After REVISION, we return the same, carbon copy, and original, to the writer, along with a complete list of PRODUCING COMPANIES, to whom scripts may be sent directly. This is the method now universally adopted by both studios and writers, and it has been found to work admirably, as it is a distinct advantage to the writers, who thus come into personal touch with the studio editors and directors.

Mr. T. Herbert Chestnut ("Allan Douglas Brodie"), short-story writer, photoplaywright, and screen actor, who has made many friends among writers throughout the English-speaking world during the past five years, is now Editor of our SCENARIO DEPARTMENT, and will be happy to extend every courtesy to our patrons.

We assure the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, that we shall be glad to give them every assistance in our power. Send stamp for further information.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
SCENARIO DEPARTMENT,
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

—back to the

Good Old Card Game

What with the war over, the little old bonds tucked safely away in the tin box, the boys home, and the Bolsheviki on the run, isn't it time we got back to normal and proceeded to enjoy life in a useful, healthy, good old-fashioned way? Before the war—remember those peaceful, homey evenings—the good-natured jibes, the jolly little round at cards?

Now's the time to get back to those good old days, and you'll need some new cards to start the game rolling again—your only pack is probably past recognition. Therefore—as long as you have to buy a new pack, let us furnish it. We have on hand cards we call the STAGE PLAYING CARDS, each card bearing the photograph of some popular player on its back. There are 52 cards and joker, tinted in pastel shades of pink, cream, green and gold, gold-edged; flexible, highly finished, lively and durable, at 65c. a pack.

These cards are not only useful but they are an ornament to any living-room table, and in offering them to you at 65c., we feel sure that you will take advantage of the unusual opportunity.

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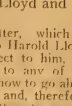

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW!

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This book is written by Margaret Sanger—the great birth control advocate—and although it was suppressed by the postal authorities, we are now permitted to send it to you.

It contains information never before published, and everyone that reads the book cannot help but be benefited. It is highly endorsed by eminent physicians. Send your order at once. Don't delay.

Truth Pub. Co., Dept. CM, 1402 Broadway, N.Y

"OH, MOTHER *My story's accepted!*"

'Tis the thrilling moment of her life

OUT of "the rainbow gleams of her youthful dreams" has come The Great Reward! The happy sequel to all her burning hopes—her eager aspirations! The magazine editor has accepted her story. His letter brings the happy news.

She moves as one in a daze. "Can it really be true?" she asks herself over and over. And all the while she glows with the pride of authorship, her aspiring spirit transformed in the bewilderment of this new triumph. 'Tis life's deepest moment for her.

She has crossed the Golden Rubicon! Enthralled, she stands upon the threshold of a New Life! She is at last—"AN AUTHORESS!" The story she has written, filled with fresh, bright realism, stirring incident and sparkling dialogue—written out of her very heart—painted in glowing words upon the Screen of Romance, will be read by thousands, thousands!

But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her to-day!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was denying *every* spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all gear so unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book, 'Tells How to Write Plays and Stories.'" "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really *can* learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that: MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND DON'T KNOW IT!

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that *"nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."*

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, now busily supplying this information broadcast. And this New Method of writing stories and photoplays is *everybody's property. Not for the select few.* Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even dream they can write!

This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all humanity. And *everybody* is taking up the idea of *writing.* The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstances like Tennyson's Brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

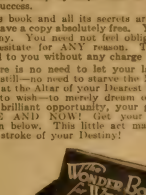
There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious material rewards.

THERE IS A NEW BOOK AWAITING YOU THAT AMAZES EVERY READER—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people who want to become writers. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with *things that startle your expectations*—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write: illustrations that enthuse; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario stars began. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through these New Easy Methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS! You may have a copy absolutely free. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.

There is no need to let your laudable ambition stand still—no need to starve the Noble Flame that burns at the Altar of your Dearest hope—no need to wait, to wish—to merely dream of being a writer. Your brilliant opportunity, your golden chance, is HERE AND NOW! Get your pencil—use the coupon below. This little act may prove the big, lucky stroke of your Destiny!



The Authors' Press, Dept. 192, Auburn, N.Y.

Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "*The Wonder Book for Writers.*" This does not obligate me in any way.

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FIT YOURSELF FOR A BIG FUTURE This Course, which has been prepared by some of America's leading professors, will broaden your mind, and make you keen, alert and capable. It is complete, simplified and up-to-date. It covers all subjects given in a resident school and *meets all requirements* of a High School training, from the first lesson to the last you are thoroughly examined and coached.

USE SPARE TIME ONLY Most people idle away *fifty* hours a week. Devoting less than one-fifth of your wasted hours for study and you can remove a conditioned handicap within *two years*. You will find the lessons and the knowledge you will gain, will well repay the time spent in study.

YOU RUN NO RISK So that you may see for yourself how thorough and Complete our training is, we invite you to take *ten lessons* in the High School Course—*or any course specialized* in—at the coupon below—before deciding whether you wish to continue. If you are not then satisfied, we will refund your money in full. *We absolutely guarantee* satisfaction. On that basis you owe it to yourself to make the test.

Clip and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

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General Manufacturing Engineer	Sanitary Engineer
Mechanical Engineer	Master Plumber
Mining Engineer	Heating & Vent. Engineer
Steam Engineer	Ventilating Engineer
Radio Engineer	Sheet Metal Worker
Marine Engineer	Steam Fitter
Textile Manufacturing	Mechanic
Foreman's Training Course	Electrical Engineer
Railroad Positions	Electrician
Gas Engine Operating	Electric Wireman
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Plumber and Steam Fitter	Electric Lighting
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Building Foreman	Automobile Work
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If you live in Canada, send this coupon to the American School of Correspondence, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 14)

way, being a before Mr Lloyd, for I im- agine the players themselves, as well, read our letters.

Just a month ago I lost my mother and from the time she died until a few nights ago I thought I would never laugh again.

The other night I was caught in a shower and ran for shelter in the lobby of a moving picture theater. As the rain kept up, I thought I would buy a ticket, and go in and rest awhile until the rain stopped. I sat down in the back of the theater and closed my eyes. After a while the people started in to laugh and soon the laugh had turned into a howl. The continuous laughing was getting on my nerves, when I happened to look at the screen and saw it was a Harold Lloyd picture the people were laughing at. After looking I did not close my eyes again and the first thing I knew I was laughing myself. I waited and saw the picture from the beginning. It was "An Eastern Westerner," and I must say it was one of the funniest pictures I have seen.

So thru the columns of your publication, I want to thank Mr. Lloyd for giving me twenty happy minutes in which I was able to forget my great loss.

Yours very truly,

A. R.

Recently, more and more pictures have been coming to the silversheet with unhappy endings—they are, of course, criticized. For years, however, an unhappy ending was almost an unheard-of thing—then the eternal happy ending was criticized, very often severely. A compromise, then, would seem to be the solution of the problem and, incidentally, it would make the screen reflections of life more realistic:

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I have read several letters on various topics written by readers of your magazine, who are scattered over many parts of the globe, and I would appreciate your permitting my views on a topic which seems to be of interest.

Several months ago, some Frenchman made the statement that the American pictures were not true to the life of an everyday nation. His reason for this was based on the ending of the picture. He claimed that pictures, to be of universal interest, must have sad endings as well as pleasant ones. In a few respects I agree with our French friend. I believe that a picture with a combined ending of happiness and sorrow would be quite all right, but how long would the people of our nation tolerate pictures that flashed the last scenes as those of a pessimistic nature?

It is evident that Young America is allowing itself to be led by the things with which it daily comes in contact. Older people, as well as the younger generation, place their ideal in some person, book or plot that they have seen and, in my estimation, it would be far more elevating and impressing to look upon a picture that placed life before them. The conclusion of a picture is the part which is most likely to linger the longest in the mind of those who see it and those who are willing to let themselves profit by it.

I would be very glad to correspond with other readers who are interested in the motion picture world.

Sincerely,

WALTER I. MOSES.

529 University Street, Dixon, Ill.

The Classic *for* October

Now-a-days all the world is divided into factions—

Factions for and against Prohibition—

Factions for and against the present government—

Factions for and against short skirts—

Factions for and against a black tie with a dinner coat—

BUT

The faction which is of greater interest to us than any other one is the *movie star faction.*

Our readers write in lengthy epistles telling us of the various fascinating charms of their favorite movie actor or actress.

Some of them want the whole magazine to be dedicated to the biography of Bert Lytell—

Others would like to know whether Conway Tearle takes lemon or cream in his tea—

Still others wish to be informed of the color of Conrad Nagel's and Charles Meredith's eyes.

And so on, and so on, and so on. Each month we try to fulfill these somewhat exacting demands—and publish just what our readers want.

In the October CLASSIC all the above-mentioned stars have been interviewed; Frederick James Smith writes of a chat he had with Carol Dempster, the new Griffith find; Anne Cornwall, Norma Talmadge, and many, many other favorites are visited and personalities revealed which will interest the reader.

The Classic

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Douglas R. Hornberger,
Morganza, Penna.

Mellin's Food
for the Baby

LAWN BATISTE
HANDKERCHIEF LINEN
NET ORGANDIE VOILE
DOTTED SWISS

Keep your cotton blouses as dainty and fresh as your silk ones

JUST because they weren't silk you thought they could be laundered any old way—your dear little blouse all of rose colored voile and the slim French chemise of flesh batiste banded with soft red lace. So you calmly put them in with the regular laundry, with the thick, heavy, strong things.

How soon they grew sad and worn! How quickly they lost the charm of their freshness!

It was so unnecessary—all the pretty things needed to make them last was the same gentle Lux laundering that you always give your *silk* blouses and underwear.

Fine cotton and linen fabrics cannot stand ordinary scrubbing any more than georgettes and chiffons. Rubbing roughens them, takes away their nice smoothness. It tears fine hemstitching and works havoc with lovely lace.

Don't go on washing your voile and batiste blouses, your lawn and lace underthings the old ruinous way. With Lux you can keep them whole and beautiful longer than you ever before thought possible. Just pure bubbling suds to dip them up and down in. And rich lather to be pressed through the soiled spots.

The grocer, druggist and department store have Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To launder fine lingerie blouses and underthings

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds gently through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters. Squeeze water out. Do not wring. Dry in sun and press with hot iron.

FOR COLORS—*Add cold water until just lukewarm. Wash quickly to prevent colors from running. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade and press with warm iron.*

LUX

Copyrighted 1920, by Lever Bros. Co.

Photo by Moffitt

EDITH DAY

Edith Day has done many things in her short lifetime, principal among them that of originating the famous tickle-toe dance. Then, after scoring a triumph in the New York production of "Irene," she packed her trunks and sailed for London, where she still continues to captivate in the title rôle of that play. However, she has not forsaken pictures and, while abroad, she will appear in the screen version of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion"

GASTON GLASS

Gaston Glass comes into his own in the rôle of the violinist in "Humoresque." And in "The s Wife," he is to be found redeeming every promise which has been made concerning

Photo by Abbe

LILA LEE

I reflected on the silversheet by Lila Lee is a rare delight. Recently, Lila has done several things of which she proud—which may some day bring her stardom indeed. And not to be forgotten among these is her work in "The Prince Chap"

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH

After two years on vaudeville, Miss Handworth is returning to the screen. Her re-entrée will be in the Brewster production, "Love's Redemption," which is being filmed in conjunction with the 1920 Fame and Fortune contest

Photo by Marceau N Y

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

work to be funny always. If you dont believe it ask Connie Talmadge when she returns from her vacation
s in the near future. She couldn't see half the things she planned to see, either, because her next picture
was ready and her company awaiting her return

ELSIE FERGUSON

Elsie Ferguson is one of the few stage celebrities who has duplicated her success upon the screen. At present, she is sojourning abroad, but rumor hath it that on her return, she will stop off at California long enough to make one picture—and that one picture may be "Sacred and Profane Love," the play in which she scored such a success on the New York stage last season.

Photo Gessler & Anderson, N. Y.

GERALDINE FARRAR

...tle—Woman" will serve as the vehicle in which the vivid Gerry makes her début under the Associated Exhibitors' banner. ... year has found her very busy with her operatic career, but not to the neglect of her cinematic activities, as her new contract ably indicates

"YOUR TREATMENT FOR ONE WEEK"

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents

To what type does your skin belong?

Is your skin dry or oily—sensitive or resistant—fine or large-pored?

Study your skin and find out to just what type it belongs—then give it the care that suits its *individual needs.*

For every skin condition there is a special treatment which, if followed regularly and faithfully each day, will help you to overcome the faults in your complexion and gain the smooth, clear, flawless skin you long for.

In the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find careful and scientific directions on the care each type of skin needs. Study the treatment recommended for your skin and begin using it tonight. In a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your skin by natural methods, which is the special achievement of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

A skin that is sensitive or easily irritated needs special care. Consult the little booklet that comes with each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and learn the right treatment for this type of skin

A booklet of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

You will find complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Among the treatments given are:

Blackheads—A confession

Blemishes—How to get rid of them

Conspicuous Nose Pores—How to reduce them

Enlarged Pores—How to make your skin fine

Oily Skin and Shiny Nose—How to correct them

Sluggish Skin—To rouse it

Tender Skin—The new treatment and many other treatments.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1920

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

Money and the Movies

"THE making of motion pictures is a business," say the financiers who back the artists creating cinema subjects.

"We are tied down to producing pictures that will make money," say the directors. "The public wont pay to see purely artistic shadow stories. They insist upon having their vampires, their becurled ingénues, their villains, their heroes. . . and their happy endings."

No other art is so handicapped by the money god. There are endowed theaters for the encouragement of true artists of the spoken drama; there are patrons who see that struggling painters receive encouragement; certain publishers are ready to take a chance on literary discoveries. The silent art alone is completely dominated by a greed for the dollar.

Yet at the root of this evil, the lack of artistic advancement in photoplays, lies the taste of the public. Directors and financiers have declared over that they COULD produce more artistic dramas, IF the public would spend the to see them.

I wonder!

Why not put them to the test?

WHY NOT TRY THE ENDOWED PHOTOPLAY?

Let five hundred thousand of us who constitute the picture public donate ten cents a year towards an endowed photoplay fund. Let us hand this money to the acknowledged greatest director of motion pictures. Let us say, We, the public, give you this money freely, to produce an ARTISTIC picture. No limitations, no restrictions are attached to this silver. In no way are you to be hampered. Forget everything except that you are an artist. Then go ahead and create the greatest work you can. Forget your audience, forget the Great God Mammon, give us in a drama of shadows the perfect expression of your artistic soul.

It would be well worth trying . .

And . . . I am wondering if we, the public, did this thing, would the result be an advancement in pictures, or an end of placing the blame for poor pictures on the poor taste of the public?

I wonder!

Nazimova - - - and Her Language of the Soul

Photo © Hoover Art Co.

She is different from other women in everything she says and in every mannerism she possesses. To the prevailing styles of dress she pays no heed If she chooses to appear at the studio in a Chinese mandarin suit resembling a pair of pajamas she does it. Above, a new portrait; right, and below, two new scene studies

"A GARDEN of dreams in a land of twilight and dawn, a fantastic thing that the hand of man has never touched, a dream-garden filled with dream-things."

In those illusory terms the great Alla Nazimova described her visualization of a dream-garden in her latest picture, entitled "Billions."

And in those few words she embodied the spirit that pervades the atmosphere of her pictures, subtle, fanciful, ethereal, unlike any that have gone before, yet the quintessence of art itself.

Her ideas breathe into her pictures her colorful personality, as a rich, cream-white lotus blossom breathes its exquisite, intoxicating perfume into the moonlit air. An effect that is soothing but stimulating, realistic but exotic, delicate but lasting

Nazimova herself is like that.

She is different from other women in everything she says and in every mannerism she possesses.

To the prevailing styles of dress she pays no heed. If she chooses to appear at the studio in a Chinese mandarin suit resembling a pair of pajamas, she does it.

There are stars who strive to wear the latest Parisian models, the newest hats, the fanciest hose, the most elaborate gowns. Nazimova will have none of these.

Her gowns are invariably loose and flowing. They hang straight from the shoulder to within a few inches of the floor, and they seem to be a part of her lithe, graceful figure.

If present-day productions were shown twenty years from now, there would be no antiquated fashion foibles over which to suppress a smile; the simplicity of her garments anticipates all such criticism.

"You have a saying that clothes do not make the man," Madame Nazimova told me, "and neither do they make the actor. I try to dress

By
FRANCES GRAY

becomingly when the part will allow it, but I strive to make my personal appearance secondary."

Madame Nazimova, sitting in a wicker chair in her studio dressing-room, finished this speech with an emphatic twist of her dark head that sent a heavy, black lock of hair straggling across her right eye. Her hair is bobbed, you know, with a few threads of grey in it, and its fluffy unruliness suggests that she has just been out in a high wind.

Her olive skin is set off by large, grey-blue eyes of that indescribable depth that sometimes reflects the warm, purplish lights of the Orient and again assumes a forbidding, grey glint. Her black brows arch high above her heavy lashes. Her lips are full and rounded. But it is her nose that is really her expressive feature. It wrinkles in derision, its nostrils distend with anger, it tilts haughtily high as in the all-night vigil with the villain in "Stronger Than Death," or works pitiably as she chokes back the tears over her dead mother's body in "The Heart of a Child." Yet before you have seen Nazimova you perhaps consider the nose the least expressive part of the face!

And now, about her sensational rise from the unknown Russian player on New York's Bowery to a world-famous star of both stage and screen.

"There is a universal language . . . of the soul . . . and the one who speaks it best is Nazimova"

Mere words in black and white cannot truthfully describe the vivid manner in which Madame Nazimova related the story of her extraordinary experiences. The expressive gestures of her hands, the little shrugs of her shoulders that imply so much, the musical cadences of her voice as it rose to a high pitch when she re-lived for the moment exciting occurrences of the past, or as it fell to that low, throaty, mellow tone that makes her director, Ray Smallwood, declare that she has the most attractive speaking voice of any woman in the world. These, together with an ever so slightly foreign accent, only noticeable on long words, make Nazimova inimitable to the *n*th degree.

"Of course, you know I was born in Russia," she began. "I learnt German and French in Switzerland, music in Odessa, and attended dramatic school in Moscow for four years. My first stage appearance was in 'Tzar Theodore' at the most artistic theater in Russia. I played in stock companies touring Russia for four more years, and in Berlin and London.

"Then I came to New York, playing in 'The Chosen People,' an emotional drama of the downtrodden Jews in Russia. Of course, it was all in Russian—I could not speak English then. That was in March, 1905. I was leading woman, stage manager, property man, wardrobe mistress and everything. But it was great work." And the happy light in her eyes as she said this convinced me that she meant every word.

"It was then," she went on, "that Alan Dale, the critic, wrote his review of me in which he said: 'No one understands a word these Russians are talking about, but there is one language that is universal—the language of the soul, and the one who spoke that best was Nazimova.'

(*Continued on page* 107)

Wally, the Genial

Photo by Paramount Studios

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

"Lord knows, when you have eaten a big dinner, no matter how enjoyable it has been, it is terrible for your hostess to urge you to eat more," grinned Wally Reid. "Well, I'm not going to force my pictures on the public when they have had enough." Left, a new portrait; center, on the lawn with the other members of the happy Reid family, including the dog, and, bottom, a view of the home in Hollywood

THE Wallace Reid home at Morgan Place, Hollywood, was in a state of confusion, for all kinds of excitement permeated the household.

To begin with, the star and his wife, Dorothy Davenport, had just returned from a lengthy stay in San Francisco. Then, a brand new McFarland sport sedan, a gift from Mr. Reid to Mrs. Reid, had been delivered that morning and had required a thoro investigation by the couple, assisted by their three-year-old son, Billy, to say nothing of the chauffeur, who was still busy comparing the merits of the sedan at the front curb with Wally's pet runabout in the driveway.

Looking like a rose in a dainty pink silk morning frock, Mrs. Reid flitted about the house, chatting with maid and nurse and slipping back into her rôle of housekeeper again. Billy, in blue rompers, his yellow hair rumpled by the wind, raced over lawns and house, while Wally sat contentedly among an array of musical instruments spread out on the davenport.

"I'm cleaning the babies," he laughed, easily. "They have been shamefully neglected." Drawing his rare old violin from its case and tightening the strings, he played a bit of melody with fine feeling, for he has the soul of a musician with a touch that is delicate and sure.

"Of course, the violin comes first," said Mr. Reid. "The others satisfy the demands for jazz—and we must have some of that these days," and, taking up his saxophone, he played the jazziest tune imaginable—that set the pulses beating.

Wallace Reid is many-sided in his artistic expression. Not only is he the

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

popular film star known to the world for his winning smile and speedy methods, but he writes—plays, scenarios and even poetry. He paints, this being the development of his early work as a cartoonist on a Newark newspaper, and many of the pictures on the walls of the home bear his signature. Then, he plays about every known instrument and directs his famous "Blue Bungalow Band." This organization had its inspiration during war times, when talent was needed to aid the various relief entertainments, and it has taken a definite place in the community life of Hollywood.

"Had a great time up north," said Mr. Reid, settling down to the demands of the interview. "You know, I was appearing in a stage production, 'The Rotters,' and it seemed mighty good to hear my own voice again, to receive the immediate response to my work. Believe me, it was just pure joy to hear an encore. You cant imagine how it spurs a fellow on to the highest tension. That is one of the things we miss in pictures.

Photo by Northland Studios

His is by no means a single-track mind; he has many enthusiasms, being, in fact, a regular dynamo of action. Right, another portrait, and, below, with three-year-old Billy

"Coming home, we did a three weeks' jaunt of one-night stands and I had the time of my life. We drove down in my roadster. It was a jolly lark."

Mrs. Reid now took up the story. "Lots of amusing things happened. One night at Monterey, Wally was detained for a few minutes, so I drove over to the theater alone, and as I stepped from the car, the crowd gave me one look, exclaiming, 'Gee, we want to see Toodles.' Odd how that name sticks to him; shows how they liked his pictures, 'Roaring Roads' and 'Excuse My Dust.'

Photo by Monroe Studios

"We had an exciting race, too, one day," she went on. "There was a glorious stretch of smooth road for thirty miles and we raced with the train carrying the remainder of the company. It was thrilling, for every one on the train was watching the fun. Wally speeded up and away we flew. There was something wrong with the speedometer; it never registered over fifty-five and we didn't realize how fast we were going. When we reached the station, the engineer said we had been going seventy-one miles an hour, so he really does belong in Toodles' class."

Photo by Hartsook, L. A.

His wife pays him the tribute of saying: "Not once in the six years we have been married have I asked him a question that he has not given me an intelligent answer. His general knowledge is a fresh revelation to me each day"

Wallace Reid has been associated with the theater all his life and there is little either on stage or screen that he hasn't done. He declares, however, that stage people are apt to think that those in pictures can do little that is worth while before the footlights, and this flight into drama again has aroused his desire to do something *big* on Broadway. The experience has not diminished his interest in motion pictures; on the contrary, he

(*Continued on page* 104)

"East or West - - - Home's Best"

Only a few months ago Pearl found Europe her playground. London and Paris were formed backgrounds for her pleasure. But after a few vacation weeks she returned to film productions and her Long Island farm. Once more the neighbors' doorbells ran over for an afternoon's frolic, again the great house rings with laughter, and every morning the smart little racer arrives at the door to take Mistress Where into town and the studios

The day of the dressing-room with a star splashed upon the door in white paint, the glaring electric light or flickering gas-jet above the make-up shelf, and the few hooks upon the wall which comprised a wardrobe, is passé. ¶ Out in California, especially, the stars have bungalows on the studio lots and the illustrating pictures show the quaint Queen Anne cottage of which Anita Stewart recently took possession. ¶ It consists of a charming reception room where she may rest between scenes and entertain guests; a perfect white-tiled kitchen, and last, but not least, the dressing-room itself, faultlessly appointed even to a full-length mirror entirely surrounded by subdued lights. ¶ It includes all the comforts of home, even to neighbors, for little Mildred Harris Chaplin has a similar cottage right next door. ¶ This is, indeed, the day of the dressing-room de luxe

The Dressing-Room De Luxe

The Real Ray

"I play the rôle of a country lad because I like the sort of fellow he is," said Mr. Ray slowly. "At heart he's right, you know. Anyhow, it's my rôle. It has become a very important thing to me . . ." Left, a new portrait study, and, below, a charming view of the Rays' Beverly Hill home

CHARLES RAY is a most difficult person to interview. Not because of his manner—he is as courteous a man as you could meet in a week's journey. He shakes hands cordially, with a pleasant smile. He assures you he is glad to meet you, with a sincerity of tone that is convincing. And he probably is as glad as any one can be to meet a perfect stranger who is apt to break it over into embarrassing questions.

The difficult thing about the interview was getting Mr. Ray to talk about himself. And, strangely enough, the old reliable stock questions do not seem to fit his case.

For when Mr. Ray seats himself calmly and comfortably on the narrow bench near the guiding valve, crosses his long legs a little—he is a trifle more than six feet in height, nice and lanky—and eyes you over quietly with a glimmer of quiet, self-

possessed humor in them, the interviewer feels that now is the time, if ever, to display a little native intelligence.

After I met Mr. Ray and talked with him for nearly an hour in the midst of the clamor and crash of construction now going on in his new studio in Los Angeles, I understood why personal stories of Charles Ray are so scarce. Everyone hesitates to write too freely of an individual who is a compound of dignity and simple reserve, and who keeps a friendly barrier up between the world and his own life.

So I asked questions about his work and the curious choice of rôles he made early in his career, which led to his success and stardom.

"I play the rôle of a country lad because I like the sort of fellow he is," said Mr. Ray, slowly. "At heart, he's *right*, you know. Anyhow, it's my rôle. It has become a very important thing to me——"

As he spoke, I studied his rugged, sturdy face, with its ex-

By
KATHERINE
ANNE PORTER

traordinary frankness and clean, friendly lines. His hair and eyes are dark—many who have seen him only in pictures imagine him to be fair-haired and grey-eyed—and he is immensely deliberate in speech and action. He carves out each word carefully, speaks thoughtfully, his diction somewhat hesitant at times.

When he turned and caught my eye, he must have seen the naïve admiration registered therein, for he turned away again, a slight wrinkle on his brow. Well, any healthy man hates hero-worship, and it must be particularly dreadful to one whose pet horror was being a matinée idol. He is not a gusher, this young man, but a deep well.

"When I skipped out with a dramatic and musical stock company years ago," said Mr. Ray, "I little thought my life rôle would be interpreting the country boy to the world. I did all sorts of parts, but chiefly I was the dapper juvenile—you know, the kind that wears incredible neckties and unheard-of suits and makes romantic love to the soubrette." He chuckled.

Photo by Witzel, N. Y.

This word has been used before to describe Charles Ray's laugh. It is the only word that even begins to describe it. He laughs with a deep appreciation of the humor of things—the sort of laugh one joins in without having to know what it is all about.

"Well, I got out of that!" continued Mr. Ray. "Being fascinating was too much for me. Besides, that rôle was never real—never worth while. I wanted to interpret a live human being, one that people would recognize as true to life, like

(*Continued on page* 102)

"You can throw a rock into the air and hit a rumor" . . he smiled. "I'm not going to stop playing my own kind of rôle, no matter what people say. Tell them I've just begun!" Above, another new portrait and, below, an informal pose

Rosemary

Rosemary Theby seemed younger and much less sophisticated than she does on the screen, . . and, too, she was wearing a different sort of clothes than you would have expected her to wear after watching her on the silversheet

I LOVE the name Rosemary, because it is associated with quaint old gardens, quiet, demure people, old fashioned customs, fragrant memories. For sometime, the name—suggestive of the modest little blue flower—did not seem to me suited to the vivid Rosemary of the screen. That was before I met her. I know now that the real Rosemary Theby is as sweet and wholesome as any rosemary that ever grew in grandmother's garden. She is far prettier out of pictures, too, and those who know her rare beauty on the screen will understand that this is saying a great deal.

There was still another discovery. I had followed Miss Theby's career since her first appearance with Vitagraph, in many and varied roles. I had noted her magnificent gowns. I had heard that she loved and affected brilliant colors and was quite prepared to see a flamenque beauty, ultra modishly attired. With these preconceived ideas in mind, it was hard to believe that the slip of a girl who met me in the hotel lobby was the supposedly gorgeous Rosemary Theby.

Not that she was not exquisitely dressed—she was. Her tailored suit and dainty blouse were faultless in every detail and the tailored hat of red silk gave just the right amount of color and well became the dark hair and eyes, the vivid young face needing none of any application of make-up. But gorgeous doesn't apply to the real Rosemary.

We settled ourselves in a quiet corner and I mentioned this series of surprises.

"Did you expect me to meet you at eleven o'clock in the morning in a scarlet gown with a train and a Kelly green hat with ostrich plumes?" She smiled.

"It is quite true, tho, that I love colors—I revel in them—and am always regretting that the screen does not reproduce them as they are. But as it does not, I have to satisfy my love for color by wearing it at home and on every suitable occasion. Really, tho, while I like to be well and suitably dressed, I dont follow the extreme in fashion. I like to have the feeling that my clothes are right—and forget them. Of course, in California we almost live in sport clothes the year round—which is ideal.

"As for my seeming younger and less sophisticated than I appear on the screen, that is, I suppose, owing to the parts I have played. Even at the sacrifice of my personal vanity and whatever good looks I am supposed to possess, I must be sincere in my art, you know."

During my brief conversation with Rosemary Theby that morning, I recognized in her two outstanding traits: sin-

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

cerity and adaptability. Her beauty, intelligence and talent have given her prominence in her chosen profession—but her sincerity and adaptability, aided by a natural amiability and aptitude for painstaking care of the smallest details, have kept her there. She has adopted a sane, wise philosophy in life, too, that helps her over the rough places that will come up, keeps her faith strong in the best that is yet to come—and has made her photoplaying a very happy experience.

"Do you like adventuresome and comedy parts, or would you prefer something more like you?" I asked her.

"It is not a question of what I prefer," she said. "I find, as I go along, that life doesn't give us just what we want—but if we are really earnest and sincere in our efforts, it gives us something far better—the thing that is best *for* us. I have learnt to be philosophical and to believe that what is—is best—*if* we have given the best that is in us.

"When I came from St. Louis to New York I was a mere child. My whole ambition was to go on the stage. When I finished my course in the Sargent School of Acting, I went out to look for a job. That is once I fell down. I simply couldn't endure plodding around to the managers, answering questions about experience, hearing the same thing, day after day, 'Nothing for you.' Perhaps, if I had persevered—but I didn't.

"When I went to the Vitagraph studio with a note to a director, he did not seem to be particularly impressed, either, but the atmosphere was friendly and I decided to stick around until I got a chance before the camera. For a time, I just filled in; then I attained the honor of a maid's cap and apron. Finally, I had a real part—one of those sweet parts—because I was very young, I suppose—but I wanted a chance to do something really big. Finally they needed a 'heavy,' and, after looking me over, they decided that, as I was tall and dark, I might do. They tried me out and let me play it, and I was cast for similar roles in several other pictures. So, the first part of my screen career with Vitagraph and Lubin, I was well satisfied. I firmly believe that something steered me away from the speaking stage to pictures because I have never had the slightest desire to try the stage again.

"Then I signed with Universal and—well, it was a dull season and stories were scarce and they tried me out in comedy. And if there is anything I *can't* be—it's funny. In fact," she continued, with deadly seriousness, "I dont

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All photos Monroe, L. A.

When Shakespeare said, "Rosemary, that's for remembrance," he meant not the unobtrusive little blue flower . . . but rather its haunting fragrance . . . and, like her namesake flower, there is something pleasingly haunting about Rosemary of the movies

The home of the sheik's harem converted to a movie at the Army Y. M. C. A. theater, Bagdad

Sketches by Harold Weston

The Moving Picture Operator in the Orient

By HAROLD WESTON

Indian soldiers watching a cinema show in the desert of Mesopotamia

IT is something of a novelty to show movies to seven different races in the Orient, among them the *probably* charming wives of the Bagdad sheiks' harems. I wish that you could have been with me to hear and to see what happened! Most of these strange audiences of mine were troops, Indians, Turks, Egyptians, British Tommies, and their reactions were always new, always a delight! If you only could have heard the harem ladies chatter! Of course, if you are of the feminine clan, you might have been permitted to *see* them. Alas! I was a mere man; but more of that later.

After the British had taken Bagdad, we of the Y. M. C. A. went in and did our best to amuse. The first year we had only baby moving picture machines, with funny, short French films. Later, however, Lady Maude, wife of the British general, and other prominent English people, contributed large machines and plenty of films. You can imagine how delighted we were!

Our films were chiefly comedies. Charlie Chaplin was our prize attraction. We had some Keystone comedies, French films and a few English. Our romantic dramas were, of course, American. They were splendid ones. I wish that I could remember exactly what they were! From camp to camp we would go, sometimes, when going to a small outlying settlement, under heavy guard, for fear of

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Success Is Beckoning

By
MAUDE S.
CHEATHAM

"IF only we had tea-things," began Helen Ferguson, as we entered her dressing-room at the Metro studio; "but never mind," she went on, cheerfully, "so long as we haven't, suppose we munch on these," waving a box of Lorna Doones.

We had run away from the set, an interior of a boat, in which Miss Ferguson and Mitchell Lewis

Photo by Evans

Helen Ferguson is like a brilliant flower. Hers is a piquant personality with a youthful vitality and a keen sense of humor developed into a refreshing altruism

were making scenes, coming to this quiet nook for a cosy chat all by ourselves.

"...at do you ...f my old ...nes?" she ...ghed, as ... curled up ... the roomy couch with the box of crackers between us.

Glancing at the fuzzy tam perched on the dark curls that framed the lovely face and on to the blue middy, rough woolen skirt and heavy shoes, I replied, "Well, they look durable and out-door-y."

"When they gave me this rôle," went on Helen, "and I asked what I should wear, the casting director said, airily, 'Oh, something nautical.' I feel as if I were dressed for plowing rather than sailing the ocean blue.

"I'm not much on athletics. Of course, I ride horseback once in a blue moon, but in this picture, 'The Mutiny of the Elsinore,' a Jack London story, I have to do some real stunts. While in San Francisco last week I had to jump off the deck of a boat into the ocean. The wind was blowing a gale, the boat rocking and it looked very scary. I knew it had to be done, so I screwed up my courage, gritted my teeth and went right over. It wasn't half so terrible as I had feared. That's usually the way, isn't it?" and she flashed a radiant smile.

green shutters, and we're so happy. Roses! There are *stacks* of them. I have lived so long in a city that it gives me a distinct thrill every time I walk into my own garden and see things actually growing. We have a garage, too, empty now, but I'm going to buy a car just as soon as I save up enough money to make the first payment—they tell me that's the style," and she laughed at her little joke.

Leaning back against the couch cushions, I enjoyed watching the animated face before me, for Helen Ferguson is like a brilliant flower herself. Hers is a piquant personality with a youthful vitality and a keen sense of humor developed into a refreshing altruism.

"The most exciting thing happened the other day," she began again, enthusiastically. "A friend gave me the darlingest grey Persian kitten—just so long," and the small hands measured off a ridiculously small space. "Secretly, I have never been crazy about pets, but I am so silly over this one that last night I gave up an engagement just to stay at home and play with it. It is so affectionate and has a roguish wink. So far, its only fault is to howl madly at night.

"My little sister arrives from Chicago next week; she's just finished school. We are so proud of each other, but as different——" And again the hands made an expressive gesture signifying a— difference.

"We have a very wonderful mother. She has always taught us to help ourselves, encouraging us to make our own decisions. That is the better way. After all, the big things of life have to be learnt by each one himself.

"Surely the Mind that controls us will guide our smallest movements. I know there are greater things in store for me than I could ever plan for myself, and I have proof each day that I am being cared for. The minute we begin arranging our future, fear creeps in and we see ways of losing our desires. We must get the right mental thought, and if we live each moment as we should, the future will unfold as we need it."

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"During all my years in pictures, I have seldom been called upon to do stunts. It was only recently, while I was making a picture with William Russell out on location in Arizona, that I learnt to ride horseback. I nearly died that first day, I was so lame," and Helen's voice was solemn. "That night we were given a little dance by the townspeople, and tho I could hardly move, I couldn't resist joining in the fun and danced for several hours. I'll not soon forget that experience, for the next morning I felt at least a hundred and ninety, but I kept right on with the riding until I learnt."

Before us on the desk was a stunning blue Venetian vase filled with red roses.

"From our own garden," said Helen, with pride, as I admired them. "Mother and I have a stunning bungalow down in Hollywood. It has white dimity and red roof and

Studio Magic

Photographs courtesy Selznick Studios

Today a huge and barren studio stage — tomorrow the drawing-room of a palatial home, an artist's studio or the cloistered walks of a convent perhaps. And the studio magic which makes these transformations possible consists of a universal co-operation and great industry

The accompanying photographs tell the tale of a "set." First a tiny model is made so that there will be the proper exits and entrances and a general setting, apropos of the action which is to take place. Using this miniature as a guide the set is erected by the studio carpenters. Then the property rooms are called in to furnish the scene and, if necessary, every art shop in the country is explored that a special antique or rare tapestry may be secured

The Contest Closes

Photo by Dickopf, N. Y.

Photo by Marlboro Studios, N. Y.

had practically to fight their way thru to get in the building.

Something had happened which they didn't expect! Evidently more people than they had anticipated had read the innocent-looking little announcement, and when they finally reached the office where they were to receive the visitors, they gazed at each other in some slight consternation, and wiped the beads of perspiration from their—er—respective brows.

About two hundred and fifty girls attended the offices and tried their wiles on the committee. Girls of every possible description, ranging from the little fourteen-year-old tot, her hair in a marvelously complicated mass of curls, to the woman with grey hair who looked as if she might be someone's comfortable grandmother. And not only girls, but men—boys and grown-up men—also appeared to have the same eagerness and desire to seek their fortune on the silver-sheet.

One at a time, each contestant passed in review before the committee, and as they answered a few questions and were carefully observed by the committee, their rating was given them and they were handed over to the contest manager. Some amusing incidents occurred, as in the case of one plucky young miss who, while possessing

Winner Junior Division is 2112 N. Garrett Avenue, Dallas, Texas, right. Together Photograph of 79 Ostego Road, Verona, N. J., and winner, Andre Van Rensselaer of 6 East 53rd Street, New York City, N. Y.

WITHIN a very short while after the appearance of this issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE we expect to have ready for our readers an announcement which will be of great interest to them and their friends. This will be the announcement of the winners of the 1920 Prize and Fortune Contest, which has been running in THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and PHOTOPLAY for the past year.

The contest closed on August first, and since that time several events of interest connected with it have taken place.

Our readers will remember that there appeared some time ago in each one of our publications a notice to the effect that a committee would sit in the editorial offices of the Brewster Publications on the first and second of July, and that those of the contestants who were near enough and could do so could visit the offices, where they would be passed on by the judges, and if eligible, a contract put signed by them. Well, the first of July dawned bright and clear, and the committee arrived at the offices, visibly interested in the impending visit of the fair contestants and probably planning to go off for a day's fishing just as soon as the appointed hours had been finished. As they approached the buildings in which the editorial offices of the Brewster Publications are located, they noticed a crowd, increasing in size with every step they took, and by the time they arrived at the door, they

Filming of "Love's Redemption" Well Under Way

certain qualifications, failed to come up to the high test which had to be set for the winners. She was told that she had been turned down, and went away without a word. An hour or so later, the committee looked up at a young woman whose face was somewhat familiar, but they couldn't exactly place it. It was the same girl who, determined to try again, had gone home, changed her clothes and returned. She put up such a good argument, and the committee admired her pluck and perseverance so much, that she was given a trial, and when the tests were taken on the following Sunday, she turned out to be one of the most eligible of the entire number.

Out of the two hundred and fifty who visited the offices, fifty-one were selected to appear at the Brewster estate, Roslyn, Long Island, the following Saturday, where they were to be given thoro camera tests in order that their screen personalities, if they possessed any, would be discovered. Saturday it rained, but nothing daunted, the trip to Roslyn was made on Sunday, and two sight-seeing buses, each one containing sixty-five passengers, together with several smaller touring cars, started for Roslyn and the camera test. Of course, you will wonder why two buses containing sixty-five passengers each were necessary for fifty-one people, but we forgot to mention that the most noticeable fact about the various screen fame aspirants was their escorts! Some of them came attended by a fond and suspicious parent; others arrived under the watchful surveillance of an entire family, including the father, the mother, the several brothers and even the little sister. Not one of them came alone—perhaps they had noticed, in their reading up of stars and their habits, that, like the nursery rhyme lamb of Mary, an ever-present fond mother was essential to celluloid success!

Photo by DuBois, L. C.

Photo by Empire, L. A.

Above, Billie Holsten of 126 Carlton Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.; left, Helen M. Wakefield of 1029 W. 10th Street, Erie, Pa.; and bottom, Raymond Mackay of 1327 Orange Drive, Hollywood, California

The camera tests were made—and out of the fifty-one selected at the editorial offices by the committee, ten were discovered to be eligible for the selection of the final honor roll members of the contest by the judges.

These judges include Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

Another announcement of interest to those of our readers who are following the outcome of the contest is that the production of the five-reel feature drama, "Love's Redemption," which is being put on in connection with the contest, is now nearing completion. There will be a great deal of interest attached to this production, as it will not only be a film feature which has a strong dramatic story, the best of direction and unusually artistic photography, but it will also contain scenes with the final winners of the contest and the honor roll members.

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Lincoln of the Cinema

Ever since his early Vitagraph days, Ralph Ince has been famed for his portrayals of Abraham Lincoln. Recently when the Selznick company decided to make a series of pictures on the life of Lincoln, it was natural for them to seek Mr. Ince, who is now on their directorial staff. In his Lincoln make-up, he visited the old familar ways once trod by that beloved figure in American history and in the breasts of the older Washingtonians stirred memories—deep and vibrant

graph by Aldo

The Princess in the Fairy Tale

something about Mary Pickford reminiscent of the princess in the fairy tale . . . . and, princess, Mary goes about, quietly, making glad the hearts of little children of orphanages she chances to be, visiting with them and bringing with her all sorts of sweetmeats for their pleasure. Long live the princess!

The Orient on the Subway

In the years since he first came to this country, an ivory-skinned youth, arriving at Washington, he has to some extent mastered our tongue; yet he speaks with an accent of the Far East, depending upon his sweeping gestures more often than his words to convey his meaning. Above, a new portrait; right, in his California garden with his wife, Tsuru Aoki, and bottom, on their porch.

For the man who labors only for the financial reward or merely to satisfy his personal vanity, he has no understanding. Always, he tried to tell me, we must remember we are but a unit in a great universe, dedicated at birth to the world.

"To explain," he said, "maybe some day you hope to be great writer. That is your dream. Always for it you work and study. You call it your career. Then maybe a man come to you and when you find you love him, you fight hard against your heart. For you it must be the career. But you cannot help it—*some day you marry that man.* It is Enity—what you call Fate. In two years, three years maybe, there comes to you a son. Ah, that son—he comes to be the great writer you dream you will be and to the world he gives maybe just *one* message. For that message the world is better. It teaches the world to understand."

He envies no one, for he says, happiness is distributed to everyone alike—in different ways, he admits, but, he insists, equally.

"Your eyes smile," he said. "Yet I say again to everyone, happiness is

LIFE calls us to strange errands, beckons us along strange paths, manifests countless incongruities daily, and yet we hold tenderly on to the kaleidoscopic affair called living, loath to arrive at the parting of the ways.

Recently Life called to an errand strange, and, answering the call, I went to interview Sessue Hayakawa. That in itself does not seem strange, perhaps, until you stop to learn that I interviewed him in a prosaic business office; he on one side of the huge glass-topped desk of a film magnate, I on the other. Manhattan's ceaseless traffic rumbling by beneath and myself late for said interview, due to a block in the subway, the sound of numerous typewriters punctuating our every remark. Then it does become strange.

Imagine if you have a goodly hoard of imagery, talking to this idyllic son of the Far East across a desk in the midst of the bustling commercial world; imagine him sitting there, the same man you know on the screen, with deep, brown eyes of hidden depths and placid face.

In the years since he first came to this country, an ivory-skinned youth, arriving at Washington, he has to some extent mastered our tongue; yet he speaks with an accent of the Far East, now and then hesitatingly, depending upon his sweeping gestures more often than his words to convey his meaning.

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

distributed equally. Maybe you think the rich man in his castle, with servants and great moneys, is happier than the poor man, but I say 'No!' Always he has his fine wines. And the poor boatman, struggling against the rapids in the noonday sun. What about him? You want to know if he is as happy as the rich man with his fine wines? I say 'Yes.' He is so warm, so ver' tired. But by 'n' by ne comes to beautiful green trees which hide from him the scorching sun, and he stops his boat and from the canteen, you call the thing round his neck, he drinks long the cool water—his happiness is ver', ver' much greater than the rich man with his fine wine."

"But some people have much trouble," I persisted.

He smiled.

"It is what you call t-r-o-u-b-l-e," drawling the word slowly, "which makes joy possible."

He pointed to a ring upon my finger.

"Today when you go into the street," he said, "you lose that ring. What then?" and he placed his hand low so that it almost touched the floor.

"Then tomorrow, when you put a notice in the press, an honest man who finds your ring brings it to you. What then?" and he raised his hand high, smiling broadly. "Great joy."

I nodded my understanding.

"What you call t-r-o-u-b-l-e today makes for your joy tomorrow. It saves in your life what you call monotony."

In sincerity he places limitless belief—in insincerity he has no interest. He dismisses the very word with a majestic wave of his hand.

"Always it kills itself," he declares.

Photo by White

Like those of the Far East, he is essentially the fatalist. He does not fight against any unwelcome thing which comes to him. He accepts it, knowing, he says, you can never judge the outcome of things. Above, another new portrait; left and below, in his home

"Some directors never be big success because they have no sincerity," he said. "They sit on a tilted chair with a great big segar in their mouth and say to the artists waiting in the scene, 'Now you come in and take a-hold of his coat and cry, for you are ver' sad.'

"The artists cannot act. The girl do not know why she cry. Maybe once or twice I have such a director and I see the artist does not know why she does anything, so I go to her and say, 'Your mother—she is dead, and before she go beyond you have no money to buy her dainties—to make her poor soul rejoice.' There are tears in my eyes when I talk with her. I give her all I have to give and she cries.

"A director is ver' necessary to the picture—ver' necessary, but it is of import that he love his work, otherwise —" and he outstretched his hands helplessly.

I asked him if he would ever return to

(Continued on page 90)

Hillocks and Hurdles of Talk

Irene seemed far more disposed to talk of Ithaca, of her old stone house there, her horses and dogs and other live stock, than she did of the stage, screen or art terpsichorean. Top, a new portrait; right, the Ithaca stone house. "Home At Last"; and, bottom, on lawn with sheep and dogs

To talk with Mrs. Vernon Castle, nee Miss B. F. Irene, has something of the excitement element of an initial voyage in an aeroplane. There is something exhilarating to it, sort of heady and surprising, as it were.

Being in the nature of a sports-woman, it is perhaps not unanalogous to make the further comparison of saying that she is a good horse-woman conversationally, as well as literally. In other words, she gallops blithely and with no apparent effort over the hillocks and hurdles of talk, small and large. She is quite utterly and refreshingly frank, on all topics, herself included. She has a beguiling and an airy sort of way with subjects. Books, for [illegible] I was carrying a ponderous tome under one arm, I made reference to it with a literary outpouring from the svelte [illegible] "Who could tell" she might prove to be a Swedenborgian, a disciple of Nietzsche, a dour Schopenhauerian dancing with skilled, fantastic feet over her innate pessimism? As I say, I made reference . . .

"Dont know a thing about books," dispensed she, with a wave of her hand; "never read 'em. Haven't time. Couldn't sit still long enough, you know."

In an adjoining room Vernon Castle's sister (I believe that is the correct relationship) and her husband, newly arrived from London on an initial trip, were being the guests of Mrs. Castle on a sightseeing expedition. "I came down from Ithaca," she said, "for the express purpose of showing them the night life of the city theaters, shops and all the rest of it."

I asked her, politely, what had been their first impression of the city. What they had thought, impressionistically, and all that . . .

Irene wrinkled her animated brow. The odds were ten to one that she had not thought of asking them anything at all about impressionism. She had just been glad to see them, was doing all she could for them, and there they are! That would be Irene. As for the impressions, she herself would probably have had a couple of dozen in less than that number of minutes and would expect the same of others, did expectancy figure in. "Oh," she said, "they thought the skyscrapers were amazing. They've none in London, you know, and they cant get past them. Wait," she added, "until I get thru with them."

I frisked

By
GLADYS HALL

about the subject of dancing, knowing it to be a fertile field. At least informatively. It wasn't. Irene seemed far more disposed to talk of Ithaca, her old stone house there, her horses and dogs and other live stock, than she did of the stage, screen or the art terpsichorean, save that she did say she would never dance again in the same fashion that she was wont to dance with Vernon Castle. "It wouldn't *be* the same," she said, "so why pretend?" As far as the stage part of it went, when I danced with Vernon I never thought of my audience. I loved doing it and I didn't think about the rest. Of course, people keep at me,. Just recently the head of the Castle School of Dancing urged me to dance again, said it was a shame to deprive the public, and all that . . . and maybe some day I might do something along that line. Costume dancing, or something of the sort . . . never the other kind. We were complete, and now *I* would be incomplete."

"Think you'll stick to the 'fillums,' then?" I asked.

"Why not? I can do them off and on, as it were. Work part of the time and make a few pennies, then rest up and spend the few. And then, my last picture did rather interest me. For the first time, I didn't 'wear clothes'—that is to say, I did character work, being by way of a dowdy, and it turned out big. I didn't believe I could do it, and I guess no one else did, either. Also, I hear it's to play the Rialto. I'm just tickled to *death* with that. All my relatives get so footsore and weary trudging over to Third Avenue to see my pictures. I'm *always* on Third Avenue . . ."

She branched off, abruptly but enthusiastically, to Ithaca.

"I do live the ideal life now," she said: "farm, you know. Old stone building, been there since Adam; lots of horses; lots of dogs; bully winter sports; kitchen garden; heavenly servants who never bother me about a detail, all that sort of thing. Both my husband and I are *mad* about horses. Robert wants to go in for them professionally, as it were. Show them. We ride in the morning, at noon and at night. I literally live in a saddle . . . when I am not in college."

Photo by Alpha

"I never learnt anything at school," she explained; "wouldn't study . . . didn't want to. Now I am studying French. I know just enough of it to make me want to know it well." Above, another new portrait study; left, with her favorite horse, Sir Roderick Doone, just after a ride, and, bottom, returning after a long day of skiing

I said, "College?" I must have said it blankly.

Irene threw back her Castle-cut head and laughed. Her eyes, it occurs to one frequently, are startlingly bright and *blue*.

"I never learnt anything at school," she explained; "wouldn't study . . . didn't want to. Now I am studying French. I

(*Continued on page 96*)

Passing the Censors Without Clothes

By
H. HERBERT

There is a company now under way known as "Robert Gordon Productions," in which this young man will be presented in stories dealing with characters similar to Huck Finn and others which he has vivified for the silversheet. Above, a new portrait study; right, in the character of Huck Finn, and, below, between scenes with lovely Alice Joyce

BY descending three steps below the pavement on Forty-fourth west of Times Square, New York one quits the realm of song-writers, movie actors, film and stage managers for an atmosphere that savors of the *Spectator's* coffee house. They lead you down three centuries from the modern commercial age to the fast-moving eighteenth century satirized by Addison and Steele.

This establishment, known as Keen's Chop House, is a monument in that real traditions of New York. It is adorned with playbills of Wallack's Theater and other memorabilia of the palmy days. The floor of the main dining room is covered with sawdust, in the best old English tavern style. Its bar

Any one of them become your private possession by placing your name in a record, whereby, years later, you may claim the same bowl and stem. Pursy waiters, resembling robins in their plump red waistcoats, serve meat puddings, mutton chops and ale in battered cups at the porcelain-topped tables. While waiting your order, the *London Sketch* or *Mirror* is at your elbow.

Here at noon hour you may meet numerous of the younger celebrities from the literary and theatrical zones. It's an exclusively masculine place, frequented by the sober-minded when they happen to feel sober. Occasional frequenters from the picture world are the Barrymores, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Gordon, Edward Earle; such chroniclers and critics as Frederick James Smith, Peter Milne and Arthur Edwin Krows.

Recently I met there Robert Gordon, who, with

(*Continued on page* 108)

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Photo Hoover Art Co.

Even when she was teaching school, Mary Thurman used to dream of the stage, even tho she never felt she would get anywhere near it

see, I played leads in those first pictures.) I remember thinking I would be coming down to play just a part, so instead, I went to the Sennett forces. They offered me twenty-five dollars a week more. I had been getting fifty and it seemed *wonderful* to me then.

"Even then—I hated comedy. I wanted to do dramatics, to be a great emotional actress. Everyone was very kind to me at Sennett's and I figured it all out that my pictures were being released regularly and I was becoming known to the public, a good stepping-stone to real dramatic rôles.

"Then, one day—I dont know what got into me—I felt I just couldn't stand it any longer. I *couldn't* do another comedy. So then and there I quit. I had nothing else in view—no idea where I'd get another job.

"I left, took a vacation trip to New York and came back more determined than ever to get into straight, dramatic pictures.

"It took a lot of grit and courage, I can tell you—you see, there was no money coming in and they were offering me wonderful contracts to return to comedy. Fortunately, I was too ambitious to give up easily, and at last I got my start in drama—it was in a Mae Marsh picture and oh, how I cried over the result for they had cast me as the ...avy, and the photography was terrible!

"But I stuck it out, altho the setbacks have been heart-rending at times. *Now* I have exactly the kind of part I have always longed to do. It is in Allan Dwan's new Mayflower production, which he hasn't even given a working name yet. I take the part of a young girl, the daughter of the family . . . all sorts of things happen to me . . . and I have a great chance to 'rant' (she smiled at her own expression) all over the place . . . and I'm *so* happy!"

Photo Hoover Art Co.

For a second we were silent—while just the roar of the waves sounded—a loud, steady, unconquerable sound.

I wanted to tell her that I knew she had done good work, that I was sure she would do greater things; but somehow, I hesitated—her superb self-depreciation was so sincere and such a wonderful goad to her ambition that—who was I to spoil it all?

And so we sauntered down to the adjacent amusement park, and I found it hard to believe

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Just June---

"Really," smiled June Elvidge. "I begin to think I'm quite stupid when I see the woman of today juggling a career in one hand and a family in the other. Frankly, I dont see how they do it"

IN the first place, I was ten minutes late—that is never, under any circumstances, the interviewer's prerogative. It belongs, rather, to the stellar interviewee, and even while I dashed frantically thru the hotel lobby I gave frantically about for the dignitary who was to introduce me to Miss Elvidge. He was not there, and I immediately concluded that my first guess was wrong.

It was the tea hour and the place swarmed with smartly dressed women and, thanks to the prohibition era, well groomed men as well as the inevitable beverage.

Five minutes had passed when a girl accosted me and asked if I was waiting to meet Miss Elvidge. I said that I was and learnt that the aforementioned dignitary had been called out of town and sent her, his secretary, to perform the introduction rites.

She felt sure she would know Miss Elvidge, she said. She looked just like her screen self. So together we glanced one way then the other, scanning every face, but no one there resembled the object of our quest.

When fifteen minutes had dragged by and my guide had searched the crowded anteroom I was about to give up, quite certain that even the press lacuna, Miss Elvidge was

anywhere but there and happily oblivious to the fact that she had an appointment.

Then June herself came from one of the anterooms to look at the hotel timepiece and compare it with her wrist-watch. She, too, was evidently entertaining qualms. Soon everything was all right and I found myself wondering if she always looked as attractive as she did in the well cut brown suit, sable scarf and pale green hat she was wearing.

The first thought I had after meeting her was that her eyes should be blue. You would expect blue eyes with her light-brown hair and delicate coloring. It was my last thought as well when I left her, and when I think about it now there is little doubt of the fact that the same thought occurred to me with a certain persistency during the entire time I talked with her—every time, in fact, she turned her very, very brown eyes upon me.

I mentioned this to her.

"It is strange, really," she said, "but every one seems to think I should have blue

By
BETSY BRUCE

eyes. It's the only thing about me, however, which isn't true to form. In every other conceivable thing and way, I am and do just the thing which is expected of me."

And she spoke truly, I would say. There seem to be two sorts of people: those who become individual thru their very eccentricities, thru their bizarre perspective; and, on the other hand, those other people, more rare by far, who attain an individuality thru their saneness, thru their clear perspective. There is little doubt of June Elvidge belonging to the latter class. Instinctively you realize that she possesses a generous portion of that thing so mistakenly called "common sense"—rather, it would seem to be uncommon sense.

She is one of the most normal, most sane people I have ever met. We talked about books, and it was impossible to mention anything worth while with which she was not familiar; we talked about the new plays, and I found myself wondering how she had managed to see the number she had seen since returning from upper New York State, where she had spent the last few months working on the Charles Miller production, "The Law of the Yukon," from the poem by Service, which is to be a Realart picture.

Photo by Geisler & Andrews

Photo by White Studios

It is not one whit difficult to imagine her in the Long Island town in which she lives—the mistress of a well-appointed home; a charming member of the country club and the hostess of the cleverest parties—and she is essentially the mother of Carlotta—

The conversation drifted to the salaries received by motion picture folk, and Miss Elvidge declared that the salaries, large as they are, do not permit extensive bank accounts.

"Take, for instance," she explained, "the years when I was with World. I was doing, on an average, one picture every six weeks and, thanks to my stature, my rôles, with few exceptions, were society ones, demanding ten changes to every picture.

"A merchant cannot count all which he finds in his cash register at the end of the week as profit and neither can we call our weekly check pure gain. Clothes eat a huge hole in it,—then there are the expenses of photographs and of our

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On Location

These pictures were taken while Bill Hart and his company were on location somewhere in the California mountains, miles away from civilization. They lived in wagons and "roughed it" in every sense of the word. The little blonde girl sitting on the steps of the wagon with W. S. H. is no other than Eva Novak, sister of Jane. Bill has taken her [illegible] ofessional wing and she is t[illegible]ne of his new

Thats Out

By TAMAR LANE

Photo by Abbe

Originality Note

WHY doesn't some director have a Russian wolfhound in his picture? Some very effective "shots" could be taken with said wolfhound and the star. Of course, they wouldn't mean anything, but still they'd be very effective.

How Come?

Why, in the movies, is there always "just one doctor" who can save the hero's or heroine's life; said doctor always being a great European specialist?

Isn't it about time that our old friends, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, staged a come-back on the screen?

The Height of Insult

Asking a camera-man who is the most important factor in the making of photoplays.

Judging from some photoplays, there isn't much difference between the villain and the hero that a barber cant remove in ten minutes.

Some day Marion Davies is going to get a good vehicle and surprise everyone by not being so bad after all.

A certain young scenario writer has had the nerve to write a play called "What Women Love." If said young man has discovered the answer to this age-long problem, he is wasting his time writing scenarios.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

Here comes a production, "Humoresque," and makes a tremendous hit, but there is no villain who attacks "the girl" in the fourth reel.

Whatever doubts we may have had regarding Elaine Hammerstein's histrionic ability have been entirely wiped away, for in "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes" she plays a dual rôle. No actress can be called good until she has played a dual rôle.

In the movies the only way a candidate for an office can be defeated is f[illegible] in to get the candidate's wife in a compromis[illegible]n, while in real life it is usually the dove of pe[illegible]ce of soap that does the trick.

There is no accounting for taste. In a big contest recently held in England, the winning votes were cast as follows:

For best dressed woman on the screen...Pauline Frederick
For best screen fighter.....Eddy Polo
For best villain.....Warner Oland

Mystery Note

What is D. W. Griffith up to? His lieutenants are doing most of the direction of his pictures and he has released all his old players, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron and Richard Barthelmess included. The movie industry is in a quandary.

It Cant Be Did

How did Harold Lloyd have the nerve to try and become a screen comedian without the aid of a trick mustache and a pair of oversized trousers?

Count that month lost when at least one new "Tarzan" picture isn't launched at a perfectly innocent public.

Famous Remarks Via Ouija Board

The Producer — Dont put my name on the screen. It doesn't mean anything.

The Author—Dont give me any credit, either. All my stories have been awful and I'm trying to live them down.

Scandal Note

Viola Dana has been busy working on "Blackmail" for the past few weeks.

That fellow Will Rogers is getting so good now that he can act better than he can throw either the rope or the bull, and that's saying something.

Now we will soon have a chance to see whether Charles Ray can be Charles Ray without Thomas Ince. Some say "Yes" and some say "No."

It is only a matter of time now before we can expect to see Babe Ruth driving them home in the movies.

The greatest movie mob scene was recently viewed on the screen when Pathé took a scene of the Republican candidates for President. And they all wanted to be in the front line of camera trenches.

A Dreamer Under Arms

By
BETSY BRUCE

While in school, he decided upon a theatrical career and, taking Horace Greeley's advice, he journeyed even farther into the West, finally accepting an engagement with a company in San Francisco, which later started on a tour that would take over a year and include most of the Far East. He went part way with it and then, deciding that things were materializing too slowly, he returned to California, determining to try the films.

"Always it has been my impatience which has worked as a destructive force in my life," he told me, "it has kept me on the go, never permitting me to stop a bit and figure it all out. I kept going constantly, striving frantically, over-ambitious, as I judge things now, and always supremely impatient.

"Thomas H. Ince became

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It is not easy to believe that before this period under arms, he failed to take time to build the things of the gossamer, for his eyes are the eyes of the dreamer and his outlook and beliefs are those of the philosopher. Top, a new portrait; center, a scene from a recent picture, and below, with Corinne Griffith

WEBSTER CAMPBELL was to call for me at the magazine offices at twelve o'clock, when we planned to go to luncheon, where I might hurl questions in true interviewer fashion, so at twelve o'clock I was just about getting ready—you know how 'tis—movie folks always plan to do twice as much as is humanly possible when they have a free day, with the result that they are always at least thirty minutes late.

But not Webster Campbell.

Announced our efficient telephone operator at two minutes past twelve, "Mr. Campbell is here to see you by appointment," then, unfortunately, "Mr. *Webster* Campbell."

We drove to one of the nearby restaurants in his car, and over the luncheon I found him prone to discuss O. Henry, of whom he is very fond; the work of his fellow Vitagraph players; the latter plays winning popularity thru their merit—about everything but himself and his work.

Then I took things into my own hand. It was all very enjoyable, but I realized that it would fall to my lot to write of him and his work, and time was fleeting.

His life, from what I gathered in snatches here and there, has always been a well filled affair, even from the days when he left the University of Michigan.

Stardom Via the "Follies"

Altho there are no statistics available on the subject, Mr. Ziegfeld has probably created more cinema stars than any other producer in the theatrical world. Eileen Percy, who has belonged to the stage ever since she was a child, is the latest erstwhile "Follies" girl to prove that the Ziegfeld Roof is the surest road to stardom. For a time, Eileen played leading rôles in the films, but that was not for long. At present she is a-starring for Fox out California way with her first pictures, "Her Honor, the Mayor," and "The Husband Hunter," two popular magazine stories

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays in Review

THE trend of the screen has always been interesting to study. For a time it fluctuated between the Wild West picture and the story of heartless vampires. Then sex plays seemed to have cornered the photo-play market, and with their waning we find a definite emphasis being laid upon the characterization. It would, at this time, be apropos to paraphrase Shakespeare and say, "The characterization is the thing." No longer is the most popular screen play built about a plot within a plot, and even the matinée idol is forgetting to turn his perfect profile camerawards while he offers something different from that which he has done before, even adopting a character make-up for the sake of his art. There could be no greater proof that characterizations are the cinematic vogue. And directly in line with this trend towards character work comes the latest work of that great artist, Mary Pickford.

Above, Mary Pickford in "Suds," and while it was the acme of artistry for Mary to so shed her beauty, it was somehow so fitting that it was like seeing a lovely flower painted. Right, William Farnum in "If I Were King," a colorful picture, dealing romantically with medieval times.

First a tear, then a smile—and then a sigh. That's "Suds." You live right along with Mary Pickford always, forgetting the world about. The story takes you down to the lower end of London, where the folks drop their *h*'s and look forward eagerly to the 'alf 'olidays, when they journey to 'Ampsted or Epping Gardens.

We shudder to think what this screen adaptation of "'Op o' My Thumb" would be without America's Sweetheart, for while it is a whimsical story, it might easily have become monotonous.

Amanda is a little bent back, crooked mouth slavey in a squalid and steamy laundry in the East End of London, where she toils all day and ofttimes far into the night, over the steaming tubs of suds and laundry. But Amanda is rich in her store of that God-given gift, imagination. One day, when she is alone in the shop, a youth comes in with a shirt, which he leaves to be laundered. Into all her imageries, all her dreams, Amanda weaves this youth, and as the days lengthen into weeks and the weeks into months and he fails to return, she continues to picture him as her hero, washing his shirt over and over, that it may be ready when he finally comes. By and by she comes to love, with all the love pent up in her starving soul, this stranger.

Left, Alma Rubens in "The World and His Wife," which adds another story to the increasing number of photo-plays with unhappy endings

She tells the girls in the shop that the shirt was left by a man who loves her, and they jeer and laugh as they look at the ugly little person before them. Then she tells them how she is really a duchess and how the Knight of the Shirt is Sir 'Arry—that it was because her father, the dook, thought 'Arry loved her for her jewels and her position that he turned her out into the world that she might be loved for herself alone. She tells them, too, that he

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

will come back for her some day—she is sure of it. Then one day he does come, but, of course, he shows no recognition for little Amanda until she pleads with him to make believe he is her "beau" before the girls. This he does, and when the girls have gone he comes to the realization that he has been idealized by the little person gazing at him with worshipping eyes.

There are two endings to the picture—one the conventional happy ending, but this was not shown. In the version we saw, her hero went away with his shirt, and as he mounted the steps to the street, poor little Amanda sank to the floor heart-broken, sobbing, all the dream-stuff, all the gossamer torn away:

"Nobody could love me——

"Nobody ever wont," and the picture faded.

Thruout, Mary is the bedraggled slavey, with all her golden curls brushed back and her mouth held in a crooked little line. In one episode only do we see her as we know her to be. She is, the rest of the time, a pathetic little form moving about in sordid surroundings. Certainly it was the acme of artistry for Mary to so shed her beauty—yet it hurt, somehow, to have her so—it was like seeing a lovely flower crushed.

Above, "Yes or No," with Norma Talmage donning a blonde wig that she may better play a dual rôle. Left, Mildred Harris Chaplin in "The Inferior Sex." Below, "Passers-By," which is the best J. Stuart Blackton picture released in some time

Here and there are interspersed brightening bits of comedy, which tend, if anything, to tighten the lump in your throat. Mary's little Amanda is very real. We doubt if we will ever forget her and it has probably taught us to be more understanding of any little Amandas we know—to think more about their right to dream.

But we're hoping for another "Poor Little Rich Girl," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" or "Pollyanna" the next time, Mary!

IF I WERE KING—FOX

"If I Were King" is a colorful picture, dealing romantically with medieval times and presenting William Farnum as the likeable even tho disreputable poet and thief. And never has Mr. Farnum endowed a rôle with more spirit than that of Villon, the vagabond poet who frequents the Fircone Tavern, where he is king of the Cockleshells, a band of men who plunder for their livelihood.

The age is that when Louis XI, dubbed by Villon a puppet, reigned and the Duke of Burgundy besieged the gate of Paris while the court was filled with intrigue.

When robbing the royal chapel, Villon sees Katherine, with whom he immediately falls in love, writing exquisite

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Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Above, Jean Henry, Jr., of the Selznick Enterprises comedies, watches the "birdie." Right, Buster Keaton stopped working on "The Saphead" long enough to demonstrate caveman tactics, much to the discomfort of Virginia Lee and fellow severe-coiffure cave dwellers. Emory Johnson, on the ground that Elsie Ferguson has been absent from the screen for the last year or so

ONE of the most attractive studios on the Pacific Coast is the Thomas H. Ince studio at Culver City. Its cool, green lawns, with refreshing water sprays playing over their surface, are decidedly welcome after the dust of the trip from Los Angeles. At present Hobart Bosworth is making his pictures at the Ince studio, and I was very much amused the other noon to see him drive his large brown touring car to the side of the studio grounds, climb out, unlock a small brown shed, then drive his machine in and reappear, locking the door securely after him. California is well bitten by auto-mania, and those who haven't cars of their own have a *handy* way of acquiring them. Mr. Bosworth evidently believes in taking no chances. A prudent man indeed.

Louise Glaum also is working at this studio on the final scenes of "The Leopard Woman" or "The Leopard's Spots"; anyway, it has something to do with that animal, and she has as her leading man House Peters.

House Peters, by the way, still announces periodically that he will form his own company. But 'tis said that he has refused to start producing unless his backers come across with $250,000 for the first House Peters picture.

Another who has been bitten by the forming-own-company bug out here is Anna Q. Nilsson, who has incorporated her own company for the production of pictures, according to articles filed a few days ago.

Enid Bennett and her director-husband, Fred Niblo, are also going to produce independently, but their relations with Mr. Ince are still most friendly, for Mr. Ince has offered them the use of his studio until they can build one of their own.

Another mighty pleasant studio at Culver City is the Goldwyn studio. This was formerly the home of Triangle pictures, those wonderful offsprings of the old days. But the white buildings of Triangle have almost tripled under the Goldwyn régime.

There are many, many human stories taking place on the Goldwyn lot. For instance, I ran into that erstwhile cowboy, Charlie Oldrich. He wore a regular cowboy outfit, well-worn chaps, bandanna handkerchief, sombrero and all the regular paraphernalia connected with riding the ranch. And he idly twirled a bit of rope as he sauntered along, head downcast. You see, Charlie Oldrich is the beloved of Jimmy Rogers, Will Rogers' bright four-year-old son. Jimmy took such a fancy to Charlie that he wanted him around all the time, and so Bill Rogers keeps his old cowboy friend around just to bring Jimmy up. And Charlie idolizes Jimmy, whose little life has just been miraculously saved from the plague of diphtheria which seized upon the four Rogers children. Little Freddie, the baby of twenty months, succumbed, and our most sincere sympathy is with Will Rogers, who is simply devoted to his family. The other three children are safely on the road to health, but Charlie Oldrich wont raise his head again till his little playmate, Jimmy, has fully convalesced and is back on the lot.

By the way, when you see "The Penalty," I want you to take special notice of the performance given by Lon Chaney, the famous frog-man of "The Miracle Man." Mr. Chaney played a one-legged man in "The Penalty." He played his part with his leg strapped behind him, and it hurt so terribly that he could only work for a few moments at a time and then had to be released and rest for a while before he could continue working.

Mabel Normand's new red Stutz roadster ornaments the sidewalk just inside the studio gate very regularly these days, for she is rapidly

Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

Has this ever happened to you?

WHAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle—on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows—the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

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Above: Suzanne directs a love scene between her fond parents availing herself of her father's directorial stepmother right. Florence Reed has been vacationing lately, spending a great part of the time on the links, and below, Conrad Nagel and Mae Nagel in a romantic moment

fornia played all the latest jazz movements until I could scarcely keep my feet still. Victor Shertzinger was directing. He is really an intensely interesting man, slightly inclined to rotundity, with eyes that smile and hair that curls more tightly the harder he works. Mr. Shertzinger is a very accomplished musician, and when he waits—as everybody does in a studio—for his star or his set to be fixed or what not, he has a habit of sitting down at a piano and composing—real snappy compositions, too. They say the $10,000 pipe-organ which he is having installed in his home is one of the finest in California.

I was very much interested in watching Frank Lloyd direct a scene for "The Great Lover." This is the famous stage play of Leo Ditrichstein, and John Sainpolis is taking Ditrichstein's part—silently. Mr. Sainpolis was wearing a stunning black velvet brocaded dressing gown and was making delightfully sophisticated love to Claire Adams—to the tune of the camera's click. Frank Lloyd is another of those splendid directors who speak in a low voice but accomplish great things.

"The Great Lover" must have cost a tremendous sum. One scene alone which I saw taken at Clune's Auditorium employed 900 extras and a symphony orchestra of seventy-five pieces. Frank Lloyd will make a picture version of Herman Bahr's "The Concert" after the completion of "The Great Lover."

Reginald Barker is to film that famous stage play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

Goldwyn maintains a commissary, where everything can be purchased from grease-paint to luncheon. Everything is bought wholesale and sold to the players at purchase price, which means a saving of several cents on every article.

Little Johnny Jones, who has made such a success of Booth Tarkington's "Edgar" series, has been busily engaged in a very complete Sunday-school set which was erected for "The Sunday Courtship." One of the largest theaters in San Francisco found that the "Edgar" stories drew so well they featured them in their advertising, reducing the five-reel production to second place.

Jack Pickford has been spending some time recently at Mount Lowe, where scenes are being taken for "Just Out of College." Molly Malone is the lucky leading lady.

The Fox studio, at the tip edge of Hollywood, is a regular beehive. The place swarms with people I feel I ought to know, but cant quite identify. Eileen Percy, a very lovely and recently made Fox star, has just finished her second picture, to be called "The Husband Hunter."

Fox has a splendid idea in his bungalow court. Here there are, I should say, very nearly twenty individual bungalows—a separate one for each important Fox star, director or scenario writer. All are painted grey, with white trimmings, and are surrounded by green lawns. Bill Farnum's is the largest, of course, but Tom Mix's is

(*Continued on page* 121)

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Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Louise Huff, who has been away from the screen for a short time, will have the leading role in Metro's all-star production of "Pink Feathers," adapted from the stage drama of the same name. Eugene Pallette plays the rôle created by Robert Edeson.

Robert C. Bruce, creator of "Bruce Scenics," is motoring thru England and Scotland. In the latter country he is having an opportunity which probably has never fallen to the lot of another scenic artist—that of picturing the native haunts of a national hero who bears as name—Robert Bruce of song and story.

Will Rogers' many friends mourn with him the loss of his little son, Fromond, who died of diphtheria June 17 while his father was on location at Sacramento, Cal.

Ward Crane, seen with Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon," also "Harried and Hurried," will appear with Billie Burke in a forthcoming production, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

Bryant Washburn was in New York for a few days before sailing for Europe, and was a much appreciated visitor at our offices.

Wanda Hawley was the guest of honor recently at a society tea given by Mills College, the largest woman's college on the Pacific Coast.

Thelma Percy, sister of Eileen, is playing the leading feminine role in Metro's production of Jack London's "The Star Rover."

The statement in the August number of the **Motion Picture Magazine** that Louise Lovely was appearing with William Faversham was a misstatement one. The fair maid's name was **"Louise Lovely** is supporting William Faversham in 'The Square Trouble-Maker.'"

Jewel Carmen is going to the front in "The Scuttler," the William Farnum picture, by the way that the love story is filmed in a charming little moss-covered cottage on Los Angeles's suburban coast near Redondo, and right next to the house in which he himself lives.

Percy Marmont rises to the status of a featured player in a Vitagraph production, titled "Dead Men Tell No Tales." Catherine Calhoun is cast opposite him.

Flora Finch has come back to pictures in the initial production of Hiram Abrams' Superior Productions.

Dorothy DeVore of the Christie Comedies, was loaned by them to Cecil B. DeMille for an important part in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

Madeline Traverse has withdrawn from the Fox forces and will reappear in the fall in her own company as star of a big special production.

Ora Carew appears as leading woman in William de Mille's production for Paramount, "The Parson and His Wife," an adaptation of Conan Doyle's novel of that name.

Lew Fields, of vaudeville fame, is starring in a two-reel comedy, entitled "Peggy."

After twelve years with Vitagraph, **Harry Morey** has severed his connection with that company and has formed his own producing company.

June Caprice, who began work with Pathé several weeks ago, is in Spain with the George B. Seitz entourage, and is co-starring with the famous producer in "Rogues and Romance."

Forrest Stanley recently signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky and will appear as leading man of Cecil B. de Mille Productions.

Annette Kellermann has finished "What Women Love," her first picture to be released by First National, and is vacationing in the Orient.

GLORIA SWANSON

Arline Pretty is heading the cast of a screen adaptation of "Life," the famous Drury Lane melodrama being produced by William A. Brady.

Helen Weer will play the rôle of Molly Brent in Metro's production of "Someone In the House," adapted from the stage play by Larry Evans.

Several Chinese actors, who have considerable fame on the Pacific Coast, appear in support of **Earle Williams** in "The Purple Cipher," a Vitagraph production with a decidedly Chinese atmosphere.

Claire Whitney plays a prominent rôle in Robert G. Vignola's adaptation for Cosmopolitan Productions, of Merwin's "The Passionate Pilgrim." **Frankie Mann,** too, is cast in this production.

Lucy Cotton, popular on stage and screen, is playing opposite Bert Lytell in "The Misleading Lady."

Edith Day, who is repeating her New York success on the London stage, in the title rôle of "Irene," contemplates making two pictures while there for Carl E. Carlton, who recently produced "Children Not Wanted," starring Miss Day.

Raymond McKee became seriously ill at the Fox West Coast studios while playing opposite Shirley Mason in "Merely Mary Ann." Casson Ferguson was engaged to take Mr. McKee's place, and all scenes that had been taken with Mr. McKee in them were re-photographed.

Lowell Sherman, who spent the recent season villaining with Marjorie Rambeau in the stage production, "The Sign on the Door," is now devoting his talents to the films, recently appearing with Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No," and now comes the news that he is to play opposite Alice Brady in "The New York Idea."

Montagu Love, who did such excellent work in the rôle of Don Julian in "The World and His Wife," is taking a month's vacation before undertaking further work. He will spend the major portion of this time in the Adirondacks.

Douglas MacLean's first independent starring production will be in the title rôle of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," by Charles Belmont Davis.

Three common mistakes that mar the skin

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

A SECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind drys and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind, sun and dust.

BECAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base, in Pond's Cold Cream, makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

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Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Ralph Graves is playing opposite Ina [illegible] production of "Polly of the [illegible]."

Ethel Clayton is in Europe, where she will make several productions at the [illegible] studios of Famous Players-Lasky.

Clifton Webb, well-known vaudeville and musical comedy star, makes his first screen appearance to support Ina Claire in a picturization of "Lilly With a Past."

Monte Blue, popular young Paramount leading man is back in the East, playing an important part in "The Scandalous," directed by Charles [illegible].

Lionel Atwell plays opposite Madge Kennedy in [illegible] Eastern [illegible] Jim Hughes."

Robert Gordon is playing [illegible] role in the first production of the Lasky-de Mille Pictures, [illegible] the direction of Edward [illegible] who directed Mr. Gordon in his first Vitagraph productions.

An enterprising fan has written an anonymous letter to King Vidor suggesting that the young director change her name to Cassie. A good idea. "King Cassie Vidor" would be quite effective.

The special talent of the Griffith forces in discovering youthful talent and bringing it to the front has scored another find in the person of Tom Douglas, who is playing the juvenile in Dorothy Gish's newest production, "A Tale of Two Cities."

Monroe Salisbury's first picture [illegible] as an independent organization known as "The Monroe Salisbury Players" is called "The Barbarian." Donald Crisp [illegible].

Alma Rubens, featured player in the last two releases, "Humoresque" and "The World and His Wife," will appear in another Paramount Production, the title of which has not yet been announced.

Milton Sills is playing the [illegible] role with Mary Miles Minter in "Sweet Lavender," a production of one of Sir Arthur Pinero's most successful plays.

Marion Davies will be the star of Frank Borzage's second Cosmopolitan production, "The Love Piker," which, like [illegible] originally appeared in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Betty Blythe has purchased some property on Calmenga [illegible] and will [illegible] there.

Vincent Coleman also divides his time between screen and [illegible] Constance Talmadge in "Good References."

Shannon Day, a Ziegfeld Follies girl, will appear in a new [illegible] picture, an original story by Jeanie MacPherson, [illegible] not yet been announced.

The Lily Sid Mrs. Kenneth Alexander became the mother [illegible] Alexander Jr. (Or so Mrs. Alexander was [illegible] Molly King and will be the silverplate.

Florence Turner, known on two continents as a motion picture star, supports Viola Dana in her production of "Blackmail."

Rosemary Theby is playing opposite Otis Skinner in "Kismet."

Among the stage successes acquired by Realart as screen material for the coming season are "Tommy and Grizel," by Sir James Barrie, for Constance Binney; "Oh, Lady, Lady" for Bebe Daniels; "Those Who Walk in Darkness" for Alice Brady, and "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" for Justine Johnstone.

Beatrice Burnham, winsome young feminine lead, plays opposite Douglas MacLean in his latest Ince comedy, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

ANN FORREST

James Morrison, famous in his boyhood days as a member of the original Vitagraph stock company, plays the juvenile lead in Anita Stewart's First National attraction, "Sowing the Wind."

Maurice Tourneur is completing a palatial home on a sightly Hollywood hilltop, where he intends maintaining his permanent residence while engaged in producing big photoplays.

Barney Sherry, who appears in Monroe Salisbury's "The Barbarian," is playing an important rôle in support of Dorothy Phillips in her first independently produced Allen Holubar feature.

Otis Skinner, distinguished stage star, was filmed by Tony Gaudio, former camera-man for Allan Dwan. Into the filming of "Kismet," Gaudio introduces some novel Oriental lighting effects and shadow photography.

Stuart Holmes, all-around villain and home-wrecker of the silversheet, portrays an important rôle in "Body and Soul," a melodrama by William Hulburt, in which Alice Lake is the featured player.

When Shirley Mason was making "Merely Mary Ann" she received a letter from Eleanor Robson (now Mrs. August Belmont) wishing her success equal to that which Miss Robson enjoyed when she originated the title rôle on the speaking stage some years ago.

"The Fighting Chance," a forthcoming Paramount production, might well be termed "The Wives of the Famous," for included in the cast are Mrs. Wallace Reid and Mrs. Nigel Barrie.

Everybody is sailing for vacation trips to Europe these days. Dorothy Gish, Constance Talmadge and Mrs. Gish are to sail together, with Norma leaving a little later on and joining them abroad.

Ann Forrest, too, has reached a place in stardom. A recent announcement tells us she has been signed by Famous Players-Lasky and will play in the forthcoming Cecil B. de Mille productions.

We wish to announce Dena W. Melanger as the author of the Popular Players Puzzle, which appeared in the March magazine. Her name was omitted thru an error.

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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Ross C. H.—Thanks for sending me the seed flowers from your garden. My humble appreciation. You want a picture of May Allison. Yes, when you write don't ever. Before that even, if she will take to get hold of some new poses of herself.

Jess, Ohio.—At last you get the courage to write me. How nice! No, Olga P. is not an actress. Just one of our readers for the last eight or nine years. Yes, Carlyle was married to Joseph Kaufman, who he left last year. So you think I ought to bob my whiskers. Now that the summer is nearly over, I think that's rather a bad thought.

R. F. Hall.—No, I am not what you would call a man of the world, but I have been around some. Yes, I did see Hazel Goodner in "Vanity Fair," years ago, and she was quite beautiful. I dont know where she is now. Yes, we have the pesky things here, too. Did you know that a mosquito has twenty-two teeth, all of which may be seen thru a microscope? I'd hate to have one get tangled up in my beard and build a nest there.

R. F. Richmond, Va.—I will not get angry, for it would never do for both of us to be angry at once. Travis Berrigan is producing in Los Angeles. Carlyn Blackwell is in New York. No, Clara K. Young never married again, but her husband did. Oh, I enjoyed your typewriting immensely. It shows wonderful character. Forgive me another letter soon.

Ethel.—Thanks for the gum. No, you have no rivals, you are the only Fluff I have. Yes, Viola Dana is Metro. Los Angeles, Cal. I am a great devotee of Shakespeare that great magician who left immortal viewpoints for the spirit of man in its weary journey thru this world. Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Wind."

Irene B.—John Barrymore is resting in a sanitarium now and I doubt if he will answer you. George M. is not playing in pictures. He's too busy with the legitimate. Viola Dana in "Blackmail." Paul Hunter isn't married now. No, I didn't care for "The Great Accident." Very mediocre picture.

Sweetness.—Thank you for the verse you sent me. Yes, Bernard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay and I am sure they will be happy ever after, in spite of those who say that married happiness is like a glass ball; they go with a dining the honeymoon, then it is shivered in pieces, and the rest of life is a struggle of remembrance as to who broke it.

Miss Anne I. from Wooster.—Belle Daniels in "You Never Can Tell." Edna Clayton in "The Sparrow Flies" as per your request. No, Robert Warwick is not with Famous Players.

Florence M. Cleveland.—Your letter was returned.

Dorothy Gish.—*Answer pending.* Yes, it is true about Harry Houdini. You ask, "Do actors and actresses have to have years of concentration?" I'll say they do, and about forty other poses. Yes, indeed. I've learned much from you, but tell me, how about chewing gum? Shall I have a four foot tea?

Polly Tics.—Your first letter to me. Good! I hope you will be a regular contributor. So you think Percy Marmont has a very pleasing personality and that he has a fine sense of humor—for an Englishman. And that you should like to meet him. So should I—I have never had the pleasure. You talk like a very domesticated person, Polly. I'm with you. I enjoyed every bit of it.

Grecie and Sue.—Pearl White is playing in "The White Moll," written by Frank L. Packart, who wrote "The Miracle Man." Her first five-reel picture in several years. Yes, when the swallows homeward fly.

D. F. A.—Well, I dont know of anybody who wants to swap places with me, do you? You say this is the only Answer Department you ever read. Ditto! Valeska Suratt, why she is vamping in vaudeville now. You bet Bert Lytell will write you, drop him a line at Metro.

Queen Elizabeth, Jr.—Glad to get the book. Many thanks. You want me to use my influence with Mr. Brewster to have an interview with Wallace Reid. I'll do that little thing for you. It wont require much influence to put that over. Why, I understand Vitagraph are going to enlarge their Western studios to the extent of $200,000. Eileen Percy in "Myra Meets His Family."

Canadian Pep.—Yes, and do you know that a London policeman is not allowed to marry without the approval of his superior? Why, Pell Trenton played the part of Pell in "The Camouflage Kiss." No, I dont like to be sarcastic, but I cant help it sometimes. You also say you "wish I could be your helper, but not when it comes to a hall bedroom and buttermilk, and salary." This is so sudden! I expect a raise soon.

Cecelia W.—Nance O'Neil is to play in "The Passion Flower" for the screen. Rodney La Roque is playing in "Life."

Lambert.—You neglected to enclose the wherewithal to return your favor.

Leon H.—My word, you say you are not familiar with such words as "Starring," "Fictionize," "Picturize" and "Featured." All are terms used in connection with moving pictures. I try not to get irritable, but sometimes I just cant make my disposition behave. Shirley Mason in "The Little Wanderer." Mildred Reardon is playing opposite George Walsh in "Number 17." George's next will be "The Plunger."

Pimple.—Hope you are fully recovered by now. You can reach Miriam Cooper at Mayflower. Dorothy Dalton has signed up with Famous Players. Viola Dana in "The Chorus Girl's Romance." Olive Thomas is the wife of Jack Pickford.

Margaret S.—What do I use to make my whiskers grow? Ah, that's my great secret. If I told you, you would ask me why I do not use it on my head. Well, if the prices keep on climbing we shall all starve to death. And then, I suppose we shall rise and meet them there. Willard Mack in "The Valley of Doubt." Irene Tams in "Determination."

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You can bank on Camels because they have the quality. And, because Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos is a revelation—*it gives Camels their wonderful mellow mild body!*

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The Answer Man

Edward Hale.—I dont know what makes me so funny, what does? Would that it were not so. I try to be profound and the verdict is that I am plummy. Louise Lovely will be starred in Fox pictures. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is making "Man and His Woman." He was the founder of this magazine. Pauline Stark in "The Untamed" with Tom Mix. You're very welcome. Run in again some time.

Doodles.—Thanks for the fee. You are so good to me. Yes, Norma Talmadge's "Panthea" is being revived by Selznick. Niles Welch is about 32, and Cullen Landis is 23. He has dark hair.

Lova.—No, I dont write for *Picturepla*y. Just the Motion Picture and Classic. Well, the man who differs with us is wrong. We who differ with him are wrong, therefore, we are all wrong—it is simply a matter of opinion. I really liked Norma Talmadge's "Yes or No." She is emotional, pretty and knows how to wear clothes.

Movie Love Mary.—So you think William Duncan is a peach. Rather effeminate for him. He's a regular feller. Yes, the ocean cables rest on the bottom for the most part.

Inquisitive.—Clara Horton was Youth, Bebe Daniels was Vice and Margaret Loomis was Modesty in "Everywoman." I really cant tell you whether some of the actors feel bashful about kissing their leading woman, but you know it is part of their duty, and they have to take their medicine.

Gerry Farrar Forever.—Rather personal, what? Glad you had a good time at the theater party. There's no time like the pleasant. Go to it, but it is easy to be critical—and hard to be correct. Theda Bara is not married. You say you want to hear more about Ann Little. Little Ann, speak up, you are paged.

P. L. Cutler.—I'm sorry, it should have been Santa Ana.

Kismet.—Awfully glad to get yours. Thanks. I enjoyed it all.

Ngari.—I see that there is no use trying to teach enthusiasts prudence. Fire away. Ethel Clayton is on her way to Europe at this writing. Dont know why that player left Famous Players, but maybe Milton's line explains it—"Rather than be less, cared not to be at all." Do write again.

Whit.—No, we dont intend to run a department showing how to operate machines and theaters, because this magazine is for the public, not for the trade. Yes, "Forbidden Valley" was a Blackton production released thru Pathé. You're entirely welcome. Keep the change.

Ima Baby Vamp.—Out of my sight, woman! If there is anything in this world I fear it is a baby vamp. You'll get every one of those interviews in due time. Be patient. Madge Kennedy in "The Truth" and "The Girl With the Jazz Heart." Awfully glad to hear about your house. Tell me some more. Makes me regret my bachelorhood.

Myrtle.—Yes, I got you right, and hence you get left.

Bebe.—Casson Ferguson opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Shuttle."

Gloria Swanson Fan.—Interesting stuff you write. Yes, we ought to have more child plays. Fairy stories and the like. Gladys Brockwell in "A Sister to Salome." Marguerite Namara in "Stolen Moments." I hope she acts as well as she sings. I have heard her many times. Thankee muchly.

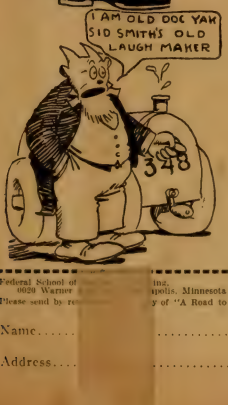
Fluff.—What do you mean by "Dear Old Hypocrite? Zounds! But that's just what you are and I dont care how it sounds. Yes, I do, too, but wont you please pity me, and let my eyes rest on my very own name in your column? If you only knew how happily I come from purchasing my Motion Picture Magazine and then—disillusionment." After that, dear child, I will answer you most reverently. Shoot! Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood had the leads in "The Luck of the Irish." Come in, anyway, and we'll have a chat.

(*Continued on page* 111)

CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

In this weary old world, everyone from childhood to old age wants to be made to laugh, and men who succeed at this are highly paid for it. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and drafting ability, cartoonists like Briggs, Fox, King, and Smith make $10,000 to $100,000 a year. YOU may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.



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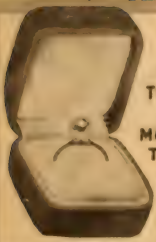

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The old-fashioned grocer who used to put a potato on the spout of the kerosene can, and

The old-fashioned tailor who used to sell clothes on credit, and

The old-fashioned girl who didn't use rouge, lip-sticks, perfume, brow-pencils, powder, cigarets, etc., etc., and who stayed home nights, and

The old-fashioned hen that laid eggs at fifteen cents a dozen, and

The old-fashioned restaurant that served regular food, and

The old-fashioned people who used to walk on the sidewalks, and

The old-fashioned star who acted her head off for $75 a week, and

The old-fashioned director who directed good pictures for $150, and

The old-fashioned author who was glad to sell a story for $500 and build the continuity to boot, and

The old-fashioned folk who used to be courteous and kind and neighborly, and

The old-fashioned dollar that used to buy a dollar's worth of anything and not make the eagle ashamed to look the Goddess of Liberty in the face, and

The old-fashioned picture show that used to give a big program for ten cents, and

The old-fashioned sandwiches that had bread on both sides and a slab of meat not shaved off with a safety razor, and

The old-f—but what's the use?

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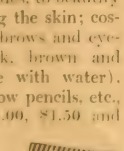

GRAF BROS., Inc.
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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a consensus opinion of our editorial staff critics, easy to read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it means no box office merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a postcard, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D	Drama
C	Comedy
F	Farce
E	Educational
SD	Society Drama
WD	Western Drama
MD	Melodrama
CD	Comedy Drama
SP	Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

ATONEMENT—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.

BANDBOX, THE—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.

BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Haworth.

BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.

BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.

BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

BLACK IS WHITE—D-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

BLESS YOUTH—D-9.
Walter McGrail.
Leatrice Joy.

BOAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

BOOBY'S BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

BROKEN BUTTERFLY, THE—D-6.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.

CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.

CHIMMIE MACBIRD, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.

CONFIDENCE—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.

COST, THE—D-8.
Isabel Heming—Paramount.

COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE, THE—MD-9.
Pauline Stark, Niles Welch—Vitagraph.

DESERTS' FOOL—CD-8
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DAUGHTER OF DAWN—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.

DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

DAWN—D-7.
Breamer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.

DEADLIER SEX—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

DEVIL'S PASS KEY, THE—MD-11.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

DON'T EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Daw—First National.

DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.

EASTERN WESTERNER—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

EVERYWOMAN—ALLEGORICAL—6.
All Star—Paramount.

EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

FAITH—CD-6.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.

FEAR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.

FIGHTING CHANCE, THE—D-10.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.
Anna Q. Nilsson—Paramount.

FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS—D-6.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAPHAEL—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.

FORTUNE HUNTER, THE—CD-6.
Earle Williams—Vitagraph.

GAY OLD DOG, THE—D-11.
Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.

GO AND GET IT—CD-9.
Pat O'Malley—First National.
Agnes Ayres—First National.

GREAT ACCIDENT, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

GREAT ADVENTURE, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

GREATEST QUESTION, THE—D-9.
All Star—Griffith Prod.

HAUNTED SPOOKS—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

HEART O' THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—First National.

HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.

HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.

HIGH AND DIZZY—C-9
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.

HIGH SPEED—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.

HOMER COMES HOME—CD-9.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

HIS TEMPORARY WIFE—D-7.
Rubye De Remer—Hallmark.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN—CD-8.
Paramount.

HUMORESQUE—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.

HUSHED HOUR, THE—D-6.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

IDOL DANCER, THE—D-7.
Clarine Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

INFERIOR SEX, THE—CD-8.
Mildred Chaplin—First National.

INNER VOICE, THE—D-7.
E. K. Lincoln—American Cinema.

IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

JACK-KNIFE MAN, THE—D-11.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.

(*Continued on page* 124)

The Best Way to Select a Phonograph

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2 VERSATILITY
3 GUARANTEE
4 (MOTOR)
5 SIMPLICITY
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ESTABLISHED 1913

Hillocks and Hurdles of Talk

(Continued from page 55)

knew just enough of it to make me want to know it well. It's been embarrassing, too, when I've been traveling. I don't like to see or to know anything unless I can excel. Mediocrity doesn't interest me. That's a sort of slogan, a philosophy, a "line," a what you will. Anyway, I'm a regular student at Cornell. Isn't that a scream? I admit it. You'd be amazed at some of my fellow-students. Middle-aged folk studying agriculture, for instance, as seriously as tho their lives, not to say their livelihoods, depended upon it. Living in dormitories, too. I think it's rather sweet."

"It shows that people never give up," I hazarded.

Irene nodded. "The desire to press on never abates," she said, with rare gravity.

"Dont you miss New York, being *in* it and *of* it?" I asked.

She *looked* such a metropolite, in her slim, black satin gown, very straight, embroidered in henna color, her tan silken hose and strapped tan slippers, her spirited small head.

"Miss it! I love it! And whether I love it or not I should have to be an Ithacan. You couldn't drag Robert away from Ithaca with a derrick. He's a part of the landscape. His father and his father's father, I guess, lived there before him. Robert's father is the Hardware King, you know . . . we kid the life out of Robert about selling a couple of pounds of nails and a yard or so of bobbed wire . . . anyway, they've just *always* been there. They've taken root. As for me, we come to town every month or so for a few days, see the shows, shop around, and then I've had enough of it, and am glad to go back home (we call our house 'Home At Last') and take root with the rest of the family. I like the people. I love the animals. What more could I want?"

I couldn't say; I didn't attempt to. I departed and left her to club sandwiches, her relatives, her persistent 'phone calls and her husband's callers, knowing her to be adequate to what the well-known Walrus might term "many things."

THE FADE-OUT

(As Swinburne might have sung)

Thru famine, flood and fire,
To seek, and never tire,
The star of dear desire,
For oh, the joy to feel
The all-embracing fade-out,
The never-failing fade-out,
The happy, happy fade-out,
That ends the weary reel.

In sorrow and in gladness,
In happiness and madness,
In pleasure and in sadness,
Adversity and weal—
To dream upon the fade-out,
The bliss-enfolding fade-out,
The sugar-coated fade-out,
That sweetens up the reel.

Then troubles go a-winging,
Then orioles are singing,
Then wedding bells are ringing
Their universal peal
Oh, ever blessed fade-out!
Oh, smooth, artistic fade-out!
Oh, gloam-dispersing fade-out!
That finishes the reel!

J. F. Hall.

"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

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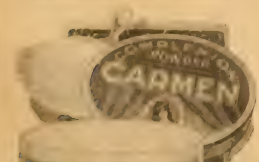

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Stafford-Miller Co.
St. Louis, Missouri

The Final Touch

Just June

(*Continued from page* 65)

fan correspondence with the pictures we send out by the score. I grant you we are generously paid, but not quite so generously as the layman is wont to believe.

Unlike most stars she did not come to the screen, having all her life desired such a career. Her earlier life was spent in a small country town in which she sang in the village choir and it was not until after her marriage and the birth of her now six-year old daughter Carlotta, that she joined the Winter Garden, a few months later signing with the World, where she remained constantly until December last, when she began work on "The Law of the Yukon."

Too, now that she has returned to New York and the gay white way she is playing on the stage once more and, incidentally, winning excellent criticisms.

I asked her if she found motherhood and a career adapting themselves to one another. She laughed as she replied:

"Really, Miss Fletcher, I begin to think I'm quite stupid when I see the woman of today juggling a career in one hand and a family in the other. Frankly I dont see how they do it. I really dont. I find Carlotta in herself quite two hands full, and if it were not for my mother, who lives with me, and watches after her when I'm away, I couldn't manage it."

"Boarding-school," I suggested.

"I shouldn't like that," she made immediate answer, her face growing serious, "not for a while at least. No boarding-school is sufficient in itself."

On the screen she has proved her ability as an actress because she has been thoroly natural—she is just the character she so often portrays—the mistress of a well-appointed home in a pretty suburb; a charming member of the country club; the hostess of the cleverest parties—it is not one whit difficult to imagine her as all this in the Long Island town in which she lives—she fits perfectly into such an atmosphere and she is essentially the mother of Carlotta——

She is—just herself,—just June—even to Carlotta who calls her "Mamajune."

Eleanor Shipley Halsey, a Brooklyn magazine writer and poet, forwarded to Metro Pictures Corporation a poem upon Nazimova, the brilliant Russian star, whose latest triumph, "The Brat," has aroused a storm of popular interest thruout the country.

NAZIMOVA

You pass, a shadow in a land of dreams,
And yet the silence of your passing seems
To echo with the wild and wistful songs
Your people wail, in bitterness, of wrongs
As old as time, more sorrowful than death.
But when our tears would fall, like tender breath
Of summer wind, where northern sunlight gleams,
Comes laughter and the joy of ice-freed streams
That, vast and deep, flow forth to friendly seas.
Oh, child and woman, whom life's tragedies
And joys have made a thing of cloud and fire,
You are a people's pride and their desire.
The strange and lovely beauty of your face,
Your subtlety, your strength, bespeak your race.
So we, who scorn her ways her woes despise,
Find hope for Russia in your steadfast eyes.

The Orient on the Subway

(*Continued from page* 53)

Japan to make pictures and he said he hoped to go there to make a great production, one which would have great beauty in its scenes and, in a certain sense, be spectacular.

He prefers to do the Hawaiian rôles because, he said, laughing:

"Then I can act ver' ver' wild. It is a great relief to act wild."

He enjoys good times, only, he explained, he does not think what some are prone to call "wild parties," a good time. Good music and good books with gaieties and festivities interspersed, he enjoys, but for "wild parties," he declares you pay well.

"How they feel the nex' morning?" he inquired. "Not so well. Always you pay —for this, this way; for that, that way—always you pay."

Like those of the Far East he is essentially the fatalist. He does not fight against any unwelcome thing which comes to him. He accepts it, knowing, he says, that you can never judge the outcome of things.

And in accepting things, he spares himself many unhappy hours.

"No one should be unhappy any more than is necessar'," he concluded, as a friend came to take him to the races. "Yet people hate this thing and that. It is foolish. When you hate, it causes you pain here," tapping his breast with his index finger. "Ah, but when you love,' and his face became illumined, "it is then you know a great joy."

As he left, I thought again of the placidity of his face.

And he is essentially a son of his native land, for even in a business office in Manhattan-on-the-Subway he suggested the far-away isle where he was born——

Temple bells in a violet dusk; peaceful nights and dawns fragrant with cherry blossoms, which wake in pale rose to birdcalls and the shuffle of sandaled footfalls along the quiet ways.

Oh, What a Girl Is Mary!

(*Continued from page* 63)

that this slim girl in her simple pink gingham frock with a wide white sport hat pulled down over her bobbed auburn locks was indeed Mary Thurman, erstwhile Queen of Sennettian bathing girls.

And I looked at her and I looked at the ocean where women in one-piece bathing suits were gleefully disporting themselves.

And evidently sensing my thoug her perfect bow-shaped mouth bit ruefully into a smile.

"I l piece bathing suit," she said, n knows, I had to get used t

"Yo iming?" I asked, trying to be

"Ye *now*—but the funniest part o thing is—I didn't *learn* to swi 'r I left the comedies."

And rgot pictures, for Mary had d popcorn stand—

And delved into every kind of po ent, she apologized—

"I popcorn's fattening, do you? it, cant resist it—you like th cind—dont you?"

I no hetically.

And ve had a peep at the real M an, a girl of radiantly warm tense ambitions for her career

Five Things Happen

When you brush teeth in this way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Dental science has produced a new teeth-cleaning method. Millions of people have already adopted it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

In effective ways it combats the film on teeth. And it deals with this tooth wrecker as was never done before.

The fight on film

Modern dentistry finds that most tooth troubles are caused by film. The film at first is viscous. You can feel it now. But it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

Ordinary methods do not end this film. So millions who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay.

A multiple attack

Now new ways have been found to fight film. Careful tests have proved them. High dental authorities approve them.

They are all combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It meets every modern requirement. And this new tooth paste is fast coming into world-wide use.

You'll know in a week

Some results of Pepsodent appear rapidly. Within one week the good effects will be amazing to you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the films. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling. In all these ways it brings and maintains whiter, safer teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with your old methods. Then let those evident results tell you what is best. Cut out the coupon now.

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It darkens and beautifies their Eyelashes and Eyebrows instantly
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"The MAYBELL GIRL"

Rosemary

(*Continued from page 39*)

know when anything *is* funny. There's nothing funny about me. But, strange to say, the picture was a success. So, greatly to my disgust, they kept giving me comedy parts. Of course, a contract is a contract—and I dont believe in breaking them. So many stars try to do that after deciding they have been miscast or something. They dont consider the expense the company has been to in advertising them and producing the picture. Naturally the producers want to get their money back. I dont think it's fair to break a contract—but no more comedies for me.

"Since then, I have done free-lancing, and have done very well. In fact, it quite suits me to continue that way unless I decide to head my own company. Recently, I have done pictures for Metro, Artcraft and Goldwyn. My last one, 'The Splendid Hazard,' an Allan Dwan production, with Henry Walthall, is the best thing I have done perhaps. One could not help doing good work with Mr. Walthall. He is the most wonderful actor I know—and he brings out the very best in those who are fortunate enough to work with him."

"Of course you were glad to get back to New York and dont you wish you were going to stay?"

"Yes and no," she smiled. "I was glad to come, as I had not had a vacation for four years. I just packed up and came on the impulse of the moment. I'm glad, too, that a change is supposed to be a rest, for my visit here has been anything but restful. For four weeks I have rushed around to theaters, teas, dinners, shopping, seeing friends—have not had one real night's sleep.

"No, I dont want to stay. I have some offers—but—if they want me badly enough—let them send for me. In the meantime, there is a Goldwyn picture waiting in California. It is so beautiful there—such an ideal place to work and to live—so different from mad, glad, hurried, hectic New York. My mad rush is not yet over," she said, apologetically consulting her wrist watch. "It is now twelve and my train leaves at three. And I have a luncheon engagement, my packing to finish, and must say good-bye to some friends. When I am settled on the train I shall not *move* until we reach Los Angeles!"

Rosemary Theby is singularly reticent about her personal affairs, her likes and dislikes—but we gathered that she is unusually free from whims and fancies, finds her greatest recreation in music, a few favorite books, some close friends and her home—a bungalow court which is home also to many film favorites. But, above everything else, her interest is in her work and she has for it the same zest and enthusiasm that has been characteristic of her since her early Vitagraph days. She would like to head her own company, she says, as it would give her greater opportunities—choosing her own stories for instance—but free-lancing has no terrors for her as she is always busy and makes practically her own terms. One senses in her a sure strength, a splendid certainty that gives one—worldly-wise and cynical tho one may be—faith in her sane, wise philosophy that all is for the best if we do *our* best—that the best is yet to be.

When Shakespeare said, "Rosemary, that's for remembrance," he meant not the unobtrusive little blue flower—but rather its haunting fragrance. And, as I left Rosemary Theby, there went with me the memory of her gracious personality—a personality as poignantly sweet as the perfume of the blue flower of remembrance.

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The ache stops. The toe from that moment is comfortable. And shortly the entire corn loosens and comes out.

The method was perfected in this world-famed laboratory. It is gentle, scientific, sure. It is now the recognized, the model way of dealing with a corn.

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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Mercolized Wax

The Real Ray

(Continued from page 57)

someone they knew, or someone they once were themselves—and the screen gave me my chance.

"I first realized I had found my niche when I had a chance to play the coward in Thomas Ince's picture of that name . . . I had been in the Ince company for several years, just playing small roles here and there and learning the craft, when all at once this part was given me. I never worked so hard on anything in my life. And after that, I played the type of rôle straight thru. I liked playing the rôle of the pugilist in 'The Egg Crate Wallop.' And I have another pugilist rôle for my first independent picture, too, you know—Kid Burns, in 'Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway.' He is a Bowery product who goes to the country, and slips into the rural habit of mind. He has been a lot of fun to work out."

I began to understand more fully that Ray's portrayal of the country youth is the highest form of mimetic art. He literally assumes the character as a garment and casts it off again at will. In everyday life he is of a spick and spanness in attire, like the famous gentleman who once stepped out of a handbox.

Nothing is more complete than his transformation from the clever, quick-witted, perfectly-togged young man, with his high-power cars and his love for outdoor sports, to the shabby, self-conscious, humorous-pathetic, blundering clodhopper that he has created on the screen.

The stammerings, the half-formed gestures, the unutterably comic pathos of the youth tussling at first hand with his luck is art of the most sincere kind.

So here is a man of liberal education, who writes good short stories, and paints better than the average; who loves all good literature from Euripides to Carl Sandburg; who plays tennis, rides, swims and motors with the finish of a trained sportsman, yet he gets under the skin of the rustic adolescent better than any other actor in the world—he actually is that youth on the screen, so much so that it seems impossible that he could have any other personality beside the one familiar to his public. How did he achieve it?

"I like country people," said Mr. Ray, with sudden animation, as tho he had been thinking of it a great while, and had just now got round to saying it. "Maybe that is the reason I gravitated naturally toward this character. These country boys are the very spine of the nation——

"They come to town full of hopes and plans, and they grab at life like a pup grabbing at a thistle, and they dont let go when it stings. They just grab harder. At last, they get the job they want, and the girl they want, and they get a little polish without losing their clean country ideals. I like them, because they are Americans—just as the screen is distinctively an American art. You cant find just their type anywhere else in the world."

"There was a rumor that, under your new contract with First National and Arthur S. Kane, you were not going to play any more country boy rôles," I said.

"Oh, yes, I heard it, too. You can always reach into the air and pick out a rumor." He smiled. "I may do other things some day, but it's a long way off. I have my old friends about me, my old director, Jerry Storm, and my old cameraman, Chet Lyons, and I mean to keep on the way I've been going, only always better, I hope. Stop playing my own kind of rôle that I found for myself? Well, rather not! You tell them I've just begun!"

The Whisper Market

(*Continued from page* 61)

wrong. She never dreamed before that she possessed so graphic a tongue as she used when she painted to him the life still stretching before him, a broad highway. She mocked him for his futile use of his tremendous powers. She touched his heart when she told him it was beneath him to make a woman his prey, his stepping-stone to the unrighteous acquisition of wealth he did not need and would not use.

In the midst of her pleading Hobson, her husband, and the searching party entered the rooms. The thing which is beneath the skin in every man and will assert itself at a given moment came to birth then when Tilden Burke hid her in his bath and, with a sort of dignity amazing, informed the officials that there was a woman in there and he must beg their desistance. When they *did* insist Erminie drew a deep, quivering sort of breath—not so much at the terrific danger of the insistence as at Tilden Burke's reply. He told them he would show them the stuff he had smuggled in—cocaine—if they would go without trying to learn the identity of the woman behind the closed door. They had come, not for the woman, but for the cocaine, and the bargain was sealed. The officials—and the American Consul—departed. Burke handed Erminie the photographs, and they faced one another in a silence made more still by the grey gathering of the curtains of night.

"I dont know what to say to you," said Erminie, "it was fine."

Tilden Burke shook his head. "Rough soil for fine things to grow from," he said.

"That is where, quite often, the finest things do grow." Erminie held out her hand. "Thank you," she said, "thank you so much and good luck . . . and God bless you! Some day I hope to hear of you again—differently."

The man held her hand in his. "Thank *you*," he said, "for a glimpse of a far country almost lost sight of—for a fairer river than any I have yet crossed—for —for the hope you hold out to me. Goodbye."

Erminie stole quietly from the room. With her she had secreted one or two of the cartridges in which Burke had concealed the smuggled cocaine. These, with a misleading message from Burke, she sent to the Saltmarshes. She then phoned the Customs House to investigate them and the Brazilian Department of Justice about Burke's sacrifice for her. The result was a promise that Burke might go, providing he leave the country on the next outgoing steamer.

By nightfall it was all over. North came home to tell her of the strange woman concealed in Burke's rooms; of the facts that the Saltmarshes had been trapped and Burke set free; of the closing out of the whole affair.

"It is that sort of thing," he told her, fondling her plaited hair, "that causes a fester in society and must be rooted out, cleansed, healed."

"*There are so many ways,*" murmured Erminie, touching his hand with fond fingertips, "*of going about it*——"

NO CHANCE FOR A STILL

"And did he have the dentist take an X-ray of his wife's jaw?"

"They tried it, but all they could get was a moving picture!"

But One Cent

Serves that dish of Quaker Oats

When you think of high food cost think also of Quaker Oats. One cent still serves a large dish of this food of foods.

Other breakfast dishes cost many times as much. Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calory value, average nearly ten times the cost.

No price can buy a better food. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Its fame is age-old as a body-builder and a vim-food.

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Quaker Oats . . .	6½c
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Note the cost per calory of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. The needed breakfast calories in Quaker Oats will cost the average family about 35 cents less than they cost in meat foods. The calory is the energy unit used to measure food value.

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3427

Wally, the Genial

(*Continued from page 33*)

believes it has been stimulated by its giving him several new angles, but he hopes to change the two to advantage.

"Eventually, I want to direct," he confided, quite seriously. "I know well enough that my popularity will not always last, and that I intend to stay in motion pictures just as long as the public want me, I shall leave them as soon as I feel myself slipping. Lord knows, when you have eaten a big dinner, no matter how enjoyable it may have been, it is terrible for the hostess to urge you to eat more. Well, I'm not going to force my pictures when the public feel they have had enough.

"I want to know, first of all, when it is time to retire and then to go ahead and do it as gracefully as possible. It would spoil anything I may have done by that time if I 'hung on,' so to speak, after there had ceased to be a place for me."

Tho he had done many good things before the camera, the first work that started Wallace climbing up the hill toward stardom was a bit in that historical Griffith picture, "The Birth of a Nation," which was responsible for making several of our brightest stars. In it he had to fight a dozen or so and he says that for a long time the fans took it as a "dirty trick" if he fought but one man to a film.

"A motion picture audience is an odd mixture," and he shook his head solemnly. "It is estimated that about seventy-five per cent. of it is composed of persons under the age of twenty-five and you must endeavor to satisfy these. Usually they want romance—spelled with a big R, quick action, a lot of thrilling adventure and a generous sprinkling of comedy.

"I'm plunging right into work again, rehearsing the stage play of 'Sick-a-Bed' —you know I made a film version of this play—with an all-star cast, to be given at the Little Theater for a several weeks' run. Then, I'm beginning a new picture, 'The Charm School'—where the chap inherits a girls' boarding-school, and not being much on books, he decides to specialize on dancing and all the little social graces that are so charming. It is cleverly worked out with many humorous situations and ought to make a lively play.

"I missed seeing 'The Dancin' Fool,' was it good?" he asked, suddenly. "I hated that wild-man stuff. To be sure, I wore a string of beads and a leopard skin at Vitagraph when I made a series of Indian pictures, but that seemed all right. Funny what a psychological effect a coat of tan makes. Brown like an Indian, the primitive costume seemed wholly appropriate, but with white skin you feel so darn undressed prancing about.

"These are the togs," stretching out his long legs and glancing with approval at his golf clothes. "Dont have much time to play the game but live in the duds. My best recreation is to get my hands on the wheel of my car. Nothing rests me like that."

"It's thrills he's after, he has had only twenty-five cars in the past six years," said Mrs. Reid, again joining us.

"Did he hasn't taken up flying," I remarked, recalling how many of the film colony have gone in for this sport.

"Uh-h, dont mention it," and the wife shook her head at me. "Lieutenant Lockbear is planning to take him up and I'm frightened for fear he will never be satisfied to stay on the ground again."

Two parrots, important members of the Reid household, came toddling into the room. The South American dwarf of varied colors followed the proud struts of the gorgeous green Panama bird, which amuses with his flow of Spanish swear words. In friendly fashion they hopped about Mac, the beautiful Shetland Shepherd, which lay stretched on the floor, while Billy played with the three pets as if they were children.

"What is son to be when he grows up?" I asked, for with a talented father and mother the future of this lad promises to be interesting.

"A plumber, I should imagine," remarked Wally, good-humoredly, rescuing several fierce looking tools from the child's hands.

"He's a worldly kid. When I came home after my long absence, the first thing the rascal said was, 'Daddy, what did you bring me?' and he was so interested in the junk—a train and a motor-boat—that he hardly knew I was here," and catching the child in his arms he swung him right into the air, while Billy giggled his delight.

Mrs. Reid is a niece of the famous Fanny Davenport and was on the vaudeville stage for several years. However, when the two met they were being costarred in a series of Universal pictures which Wallace wrote, directed, and in which he also played the leading rôle.

It was when the Lasky company were arranging the cast for Geraldine Farrar's first film venture, "Carmen," that the handsome Wally was engaged for the romantic part of Don José, and he continued to play opposite the lively Gerry in all of her Lasky productions and a year or so ago he was raised to stardom, becoming one of the favorites of this company's brilliant galaxy.

His is by no means a single-track mind; he has many enthusiasms, being, in fact, a regular dynamo of action and wearing himself out with his excessive energy. Above all, he is blessed with that most desirable gift—a retentive mind, and his wife pays him this glowing tribute:

"Not once in the six years we have been married have I asked him a question that he has not given me an intelligent answer. His general knowledge is a fresh revelation to me each day and it is a delight to get him started on a subject, for he is not satisfied until he arrives at the correct solution. He is an excellent example of having taken advantage of every opportunity offered, for he had little schooling, but uses, daily, everything he ever learned."

One might paraphrase a bit here and say, "Seldom is a man a hero to his wife."

Remaining the hero, then, after the courtship has waned would seem to be a gift. And after talking to Dorothy Davenport Reid, it is a gift you are willing to attribute to the genial Wally.

Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, one might say quite by accident, for his parents had started back to the New England home for the event, but were forced to stop off en route. Of course, the whole trend of his life and environments argued for a stage career, his father being Hal Reid, playwright and actor, but had the circumstances been different, he would have been a surgeon. He is passionately interested in this branch of science.

However, the fans scattered over the country are glad that he is an actor, and best of all, a motion picture actor, and knowing Wallace Reid on the screen you may feel that you know the man.

Success Is Beckoning

(*Continued from page 46*)

Tho born in a small town in Illinois, Helen was reared in Chicago, within a stone's throw of the old Essanay studio. She was always "screen struck," as she originally expressed the Great Urge. Gaily she told how she used to climb the studio fence to watch the fun, and added that she was frequently chased away with the other "kids."

Every day for four months she called at the Essanay only to be turned down. All this time she was attending high school and keeping up to a high mark in her studies.

Then, with all the lurid background of the tragic-comedy of a "movie" thriller, came the turning point in Helen Ferguson's life.

On the very day of her final examinations she received her first call from the studio. Not understanding the vagueness of time limits of motion pictures, she confidently hoped to play a sort of two-a-day program, and phoning to the school that she would be a little late for the exams, she started forth on her career.

Frightened, and with a sinking heart, she watched the day fly by with no chance for her to leave and when the afternoon saw the little company going to *her* school to take the final scenes, she felt this was indeed the very last straw. There, in full view of teachers and pupils, Helen had to go thru her act.

Well, with the hard-heartedness of school authorities for youthful dreams, they flunked her, wouldn't listen to explanations or give her a chance to make good. School had meant so much to her, she had been the teacher's pet, and averaged above 90 in all her studies, so the blow fell hard and she declares she will never get over this disappointment.

With her school days behind her she became a "regular extra."

"There were thirty-five girls in one little room with three mirrors and how we used to scrap about being the maid. Essanay was the Palace of Tears, a place of heartaches and broken hopes, with a few triumphs!

"The first picture I made was with Ruth Stonehouse and Henry Walthall in 'Temper.' Ruth and I have been friends ever since, and now, here we are occupying the same dressing-room. I'm devoted to her. Coleen Moore and I were chums at Essanay—still are, and how we used to dream dreams and build air-castles. The Bryant Washburns, other Essanay friends, are here, and oh, it seems as if everyone of that old crowd is here.

"I had been with Essanay for two years when I asked for a chance. I reminded them that I had been fired five times and before that happened again I wanted to see what I really could do. The next day they gave me a good part and I played leads with Bryant Washburn, Taylor Holmes, Jack Gardner and a lot of others.

"Then, I thought my Great Opportunity awaited me in New York. I was only sixteen, but was caring for the family on my thirty a week. I had never been away from home or my mother and it took courage to make the break, but I did it. I found a room over in Brooklyn for four dollars a week and then came the heart-breaking experience of trailing around to all the casting directors. They were very nice to me, but as I had never done anything in New York they closed the doors on me.

"Things went pretty bad for a time, was down to my last nickel, but my landlady was kind and I did some clerical

"Good Bye, Boys!"

"Today I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. It was my first job and I took it as a matter of course. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine—doing things that anyone could do and that I couldn't expect to advance that way.

"So I had a talk with the manager and I'll never forget what he said. 'If you want to get ahead, put in some of your spare time getting special training along the line of your work. We want men who care enough about their future not only to do their work well but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.'

"That very night I wrote to Scranton and a few days later had started studying evenings at home. Why, do you know, it gave me a whole new interest in our business? In a few months I was given more important work and more money. Since then I've had three increases, six months ago I was put in charge of my department, and now my big chance has come—I'm to be manager of our Western branch at $5,000 a year!

"Tom and Dave could never see any sense in my studying nights—they said eight hours a day was enough for any man to be bothered with business. They had the same chance I had—they could have been big men in the firm today. But they stood still while I went up to one of the best jobs in our business. It just shows what spare time training will do."

Every day men who have let the International Correspondence Schools help them are moving up to more responsible positions and bigger salaries. Clerks have become advertising, sales and business managers; mechanics have become foremen, superintendents and engineers; carpenters have become architects and contractors; men and boys have risen from nothing at all to splendid positions of responsibility—because in spare hours at noon and night they have learned to do some one thing well.

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Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.

ROUGH ON RATS

week to help out. It was when I met Sax McKee who was doing a government picture, that I had my first chance, and I have been going ever since with a pay check somewhere every week. For several years I free lanced. Gee, how lazy I was toward the last of each picture. I would phone to everyone I knew telling them I would soon be free.

"I hate to be idle. Of course, here it isn't so bad, for I work in the garden and mow the lawn; see my muscle?" and the sleeve of the middy was pushed up for me to view the firm white arm.

Love is hovering over this young girl and she seems to be holding off merely to be sure. She has many "old-fashioned" ideas and one marriage is among them. She thinks "for life" is a long, long time.

"It is marvelous to have him and I realize each day how hard it would be to give him up. We have such fun together — just a couple of kids." And the dark eyes grew warm and soft as she spoke.

Helen is now a featured player with Metro, so, with a career beckoning and holding several immediate alluring plans, it is rather a hard question for her. She feels she is just beginning to reap the reward of her steady work.

Peter Kyne's thrilling story, "Kindred of the Dust," now running in the *Cosmopolitan*, is to be filmed with an all-star cast and she is to have the leading rôle.

"I'm very happy over it and am going to put all I have into this picture, so I shall probably rise or fall with it. While I was in San Francisco recently, Mr. Kyne gave a little dinner for me and when he introduced me to Mrs. Kyne, he said that I was the only girl that should ever play that rôle. Mrs. Kyne, who is a very beautiful woman, looked at me for a full minute, then agreed that I suited the part. I consider this the most splendid compliment I ever received."

With her emotional temperament, Helen can easily swing into the undercurrents and subtleties of a story, while tears and smiles are very near the surface.

So with the gift of youth, beauty, dramatic ability and a clear thought of the guiding Mind, Helen Ferguson is surely walking straight up the mountain of success.

THE IDOL DANCER

(In memory of Clarine Seymour)

Over the fragrant seas,
Comes the warm breeze
From those idyllic isles
Where darker Beauty smiles,
Breathing a sigh
For you, too fair to die.

In this sad hour,
Exquisite "Almond Flower,"
What pale exotic blossoms shall be laid,
Petals that will not fade,
For the delight you gave,
Upon your grave?

The ukulele's strain
Trembles, with haunting pain,
But you no more shall dance
Where the moonbeams entrance
The ways that once you trod,
Before your carven god.

With laughing breath,
Into the arms of death,
As those of love, that unreturning day,
In mirth you danced away,
Leaving no word to tell
The sadness of farewell.

F. V.

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The Lan[illegible] of Illustrating and Cartooning 1102 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Nazimova—and Her Language of the Soul

(*Continued from page 31*)

"After that the society people of New York began attending our plays as a sort of fashionable slumming trip, among them two kindly old gentlemen, Robert Underwood Johnson and Richard Watson Gilder, poets and editors of the old *Century Magazine*, whose influence and words of praise helped to bring about my opportunity to star.

"In May, 1906, the other members of our company returned to Russia. I, of course intended to go too, but due to an offer of Lee Shubert's to stay in this country and learn English I let them go back to the old country without me."

"My English teacher was Mrs. Harris, the mother of Richard Barthelmess. In three months' time I had a fair smattering of the language and at last came my chance to star in 'Hedda Gabler.'

"After that I didn't have to be property man any more, nor did I have to make my own clothes, but I was my own producer and I worked harder than before."

This with dozens of little shrugs and raising of fine brows was the only explanation the incomparable Alla can or will give of her phenomenal rise to fame.

"If I could explain it better, I would do so," she assured me. "I would be glad to help others become successful, but it isn't a matter of help, it is only a matter of ambition and work. There is no other formula for success." And she smiled—revealing even white teeth and narrowing her oval eyes to long, dark slits.

After her sensational triumph in "Hedda Gabler," Nazimova starred in "A Doll's House," "Little Eyolf," "Comptesse Coquette," "The Master Builder," "The Comet," "Bella Donna" and "'Ception Shoals." In 1915 she played in "War Brides," her only vaudeville engagement.

Four of her stage successes have been picturized and she has produced them on the screen: "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House," "'Ception Shoals" which was released under the name "Out of the Fog," and "War Brides." The others which she has produced up to to date are "Eye for an Eye," "Revelation," "The Red Lantern," "The Brat," "Stronger Than Death," "The Heart of a Child" and "Billions." The last one has not yet been released. Nazimova always plays with the same leading man, Charles Bryant, her lover both on and off the screen, her husband.

This successful woman, like those who are truly great, is not the least bit unapproachable, as the affectionate nickname the studio staff has given her implies. It is "Jazzimova," undignified—yes, but she likes it. She salutes the smallest office boy with equally as cordial a greeting as she bestows on the president, and when passing any of them on the street leans far out of the window of her luxurious limousine to wave her hand and smile.

In Nazimova's pictures there is a conspicuous absence of love-making, that is the love-making of the ordinary "garden" variety. But in real life when Nazimova waves away her big, blue limousine and climbs into her husband's open roadster to drive from the studio to their beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills, and is rewarded by an adoring glance from him, we know that the song that says "And we'll weather life together in the good, old-fashioned way" applies to a great genius equally as well as to you and me.

Alan Dale would say again, "There is a universal language of the soul—and the one who speaks it best is Nazimova."

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(from page 50)

...s role...
...rast with
the Lord,
...original color,
... of brown. We
the stereotyped hero
and we had about de-
... the tailor-made man in
...e primitive. The critics seem
...ink I am best suited to character parts, which is fortunate, since I prefer them. And Barthelmess, as you know, has been making a record. I never saw anything better than that chink in 'Broken Blossoms.' Really, Dick, it was——"

"Almost as good as your Huck Finn in 'Huck and Tom,'" interrupted Barthelmess. "I really was curious to see how a character got over. I'm glad Griffith did it so well, because now I'll have a chance to do other characters."

"It is like Barthelmess to pass the credit entirely to Griffith," commented Gordon, when the Griffith star had departed, leaving us to coffee while he rushed across the street to keep an appointment at the Lambs' Club.

I found Bob Gordon much more discoursive on the art of others than upon his own. He was confident he was going to do something. As for his past achievements, they were simply milestones on the first lap.

"I dont know how I ever got so far as I have without any clothes," he said.

I didn't make him out. He didn't look Edenesque, and I knew he had not qualified as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. Nevertheless; he insisted that for two years he had passed the board of censors without clothes. That is to say, *he* was was without apparel; I am not familiar with the appearance of censors.

"I had no money with which to buy clothes at the outset," he explained. "Fortunately, I was so cast that I didn't need them. I wore a smock and bare skin as a native in 'The Soul of Tarsus,' my first histrionic endeavor. I was so impressive that they at once demoted me to the position of assistant property man. Then I was fired for forgetting to bring a camera tripod on location. But the divine spark kept scorching me on—'Act or Perish' was my motto, and I nearly fulfilled the latter alternative. I got a part in 'Joan the Woman,' costumes supplied. Wallace Reid about ended my life when he casually walked over my neck while I was interpreting a dead soldier in the moat."

Clothes may not make the man, but they sometimes almost undo him. Gordon felt he had reached his zenith when chosen from the mob to dance with Mary Pickford in a scene of "The Little American." Director de Mille gave a glance to his rented dress suit and immediately transferred him to the background before he could so much as ask Miss Pickford for the dance. The casting director took pity on the boy without clothes and gave him character parts with Jack Pickford in "The Varmint," "Huck and Tom" and "Tom Sawyer." Freed of sartorial worries, young Gordon proceeded to awaken the public to the fact that here was a young player with genius—with the "divine spark," as he satirically put it. And when he played "Blue Blazes Rawden" with Bill Hart did Bob acquire a wardrobe worth hangers. He inveigled the famous bad man into a poker game and separated him from three hundred dollars, all of which went for clothes.

In a way the lack of clothes was the making of him. This shortage in wearing apparel induced the character parts, and in characterization Gordon excels. Indeed, he belongs to that celluloid group which includes the Barrymores, Richard Barthelmess and Jack Pickford.

In appearance he somewhat resembles Charles Ray. Clear brown eyes well-spaced, thick dark hair, a sensitive mouth and firm chin, the symmetrical body of an athlete, he is the type of fellow who arrests attention. You would mentally classify him as a college man. He might serve as a model for those posters depicting Harvard and Princeton athletes.

His most distinguishing trait, however, is his philosophy. He is a firm believer in the power of Mind to work miracles. Whether it is New Thought, Christian Science, Socratism or Buddhism, it has given him a mental attitude which does not permit of failure, unhappiness or ill health. It is unusual to find in this syncopating, cinematic life a man, particularly a young man, so entrenched in ideals.

And he has demonstrated that ideals pay. At the age of twenty-two he is considered one of the leaders in his profession. For the past year he has been co-starring with Sylvia Breamer in such Blackton productions as "The Moonshine Trail," "Dawn," "Respectable by Proxy" and "The Blood Barrier." His salary is sufficient to afford him an apartment in the exclusive section around Riverside Drive and West End Avenue. The mistress of this place is Alma Frances, known in musical comedy as "The Pink Lady"—at home, Mrs. Robert Gordon.

Recently a group of Texas oil men interested in picture investment surveyed the film field for the star whose future promised the greatest returns. They chose Bob Gordon. When I met him at Keen's, negotiations were under way for an organization to be known as "Robert Gordon Productions." Its object will be to present the star in stories dealing with characters similar to *Huck Finn, The Tennessee Shad* and others which he vivified in Paramount pictures.

As the old stars fade and the younger generation dawn into radiance, Robert Gordon, I believe, will hold a place of his own in the film firmament.

THISTLEDOWN

By Dixie Willson

A year of nights she danced, and I
In adoration, watched and dreamed
Of open field, and sunny sky—
An airy wind-tossed thing she seemed!
I dared to dream of days when she
Would be the real sweetheart of me!

Somehow, I never knew her name—
I looked beyond the Broadway lights—
Somehow I quite forgot her fame—
"Twas just for *me* she danced those nights!
And then, as moonlight fades with dawn,
I found one day—that she was—gone!

So—when today, there came a bit
Of thistledown, upon the wind—
Like airy toes and finger-tips,
Like breath of hair and checks and lips—
I caught it—just to play that she—
My sweetheart—had come back to me.

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THE FILM VAMPIRE

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

By Mabel Cantl

Fans, players, directors, lend me your ears,
I come to bury the vamp, not to praise her.
The hearts that vamps break live after them,
The other things are oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with this vamp. The noble public
Hath told you the vampire was criminal;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath the vamp answered it.
Here under leave of the public and the rest
For the public is a competent judge,
So are they all, all competent judges
Come I to speak at the vampire's funeral.
She was my friend, lovely and good to me;
But the public says she was criminal,
And the public is a competent judge.
She hath brought sunshine into the hearts of men
Whose lives otherwise were dull indeed.
Did this in her seem criminal?
When that the heart was lonely, the vampire has kist;
Crime should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet the public says she was criminal,
And the public is a competent judge.
You all did see that on a certain day
A married man thrice offered to dance with her.
Which she did thrice refuse. Was this criminal?
Yet the public says she was criminal,
And, sure, the public is a competent judge.
I speak not to disprove what the public says,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did yearn for once, not without cause,
What cause withholds you then to mourn for her?
O judgment, thou art fled to jealous wives.
And men have lost their feelings! Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin with the film vamp
And I must pause till it come back to me.

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A Dreamer Under Arms

(*Continued from page* 68)

interested in me at the same time he took Charles Ray under his directorial wing. Unlimited opportunity stretched before me. Then one fine day things didn't pan out as I thought they should and I quit. It was then that I should have stopped to reason why, but instead I went directly to work with the Vitagraph.

"In my life," he went on almost musingly, "I am able to count but one concrete period in which I took time to philosophize, to think, to plan—and to dream. That was the months I spent in service when, after the day's tasks, I indulged in these things to my heart's content. For those months I shall always give thanks. They gave to me a broader outlook, a clear perspective, a philosophy. During the time I wore the khaki, I sat up on a fence, so to speak, and watched myself go by. And I came to the conclusion that in my mad haste to arrive at what materialists term 'Success,' or 'Finis,' I was leaping over worth-while things which would give happiness on the way."

It is not easy to believe that before this period under arms, he failed to take time to build the things of the gossamer, for his eyes are the eyes of the dreamer and his outlook and his beliefs are those of the philosopher. Yet he possesses a grasp on the material as well as the immaterial which causes you to realize that he has not totally dedicated his life to dreaming. He has been up—he has been doing.

"And now?" I asked.

"Now," he smiled, "I'm not forgetting to dream some before the day wanes. I feel too that I have, to some extent, curbed my impatience, for I find a satisfaction in the portrayal of every rôle which comes to me in my stock work at the Vitagraph studios. I feel that I'm receiving an experience which will later permit me to do the things I want to do."

He grinned as he said:—"Yet there is still one thing over which I am impatient and that is the leading juvenile rôle which sometimes falls to my lot. Nine times out of ten the character is insipid and vapid. In fact, I much prefer playing 'heavies.'"

He finds time now and then to write short stories and, in this work, he apparently finds an outlet for the philosophy, the dream stuff, the gossamer and the ideals he acquired under arms.

"I should like to write far more than I do," he said, "but everyone knows how impossible it is to write and do other things well at the same time. However, my desire for a theatrical career has not weakened since the University of Michigan days. It may, tho, have a trifle different and more serious trend," he explained, "for I have come to believe that it was at first an insatiate appetite for fame and accord which such a career would bring. Today I feel that I want a part in furthering the art of the screen; in dispensing with the claptrap which is still offered now and then. I want to help in the placing of the cinema where it belongs because I believe in it absolutely."

He is still impatient. And he probably will be so for a number of years. Youth and impatience are boon companions.

He should be thankful for the supreme impatience of his early days, for thru it he has acquired a knowledge of diverse things—too, thankful for his dreams under arms, for they have dressed the realities in a gossamer and I should not be surprised if the morrow found him going on, creating to an even greater degree,—building in realities the dreams he dreamed under arms.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 88*)

MICKEY.—Yes, I am glad to hear from little girls. Yes, those were real sheep in "A Dream of Fair Women." It was a case of locked in the stable with the sheep. Wheeler Oakman in "Mickey."

NELLIE.—Those things happen in the best regulated families, but the trouble is you hear about them most when they happen to prominent persons. You write a most interesting letter. Yes, do come to Brooklyn.

THE MIDNIGHT MAN.—My dear gold-plated friend! William Faversham and Carlotta de Felice in "One Million Dollars." If I had a million. Oh, Boy. Well, it is easier to pretend to be what you are not than to hide what you really are; one who can accomplish both has little to learn in hypocrisy. However, be that as it may.

HELEN 17.—You say "Just one look upon your heavenly face gave me the needed courage to write you, for all women admire a handsome man, and I am sure none in Omaha could compete with you in looks and in patience." Say, child 17, are you laughing with me or against me? You can be my friend for life after that.

HALIGONIAN.—Yes, you refer to William Bailey in "The Eagle Eye" serial. No, I'll agree, no fellow can make love successfully when he has a cold in his head. In either case I cant cure you, neither of the love nor of the cold. Pauline Curley and Antonio Moreno in "The Veiled Woman." Justine Johnstone is with Metro.

SOLDIER BOY.—Oh, I manage to eat shredded wheat, and I dont get it mixed up with my whiskers. They are pretty warm this kind of weather. Yes, I am always glad to hear from our brave boys. Shirley Mason is about 19 years old.

ETHEL R. W.—"Erin go bragh" means "Ireland forever." I just got that from our Irish Editor. Your verses are wonderful. I will use them later.

LITTLE CHICKEN; WILLIAM T.; MARJORIE; VIOLET RAY; ELSIE U.; PEGGY J.; BOSSIE; ELEANOR H.; BLUE VIOLET; CON C.—Better luck to you next time.

PED B. B.—This is much too much. You say "You are a genius; you must have a very big head, and a brain even bigger. Where do you get all those ideas of yours? You must have been born long before Christ was, proved by the fact that all your sayings and utterances deal about happenings in the Old Ages; that you are still alive is because you may have taken in something that rejuvenates, then common, whenever you reach that age when one can no longer move. Yes, you are worth being idolized and worshipped. I mean your talent." Bring on the aromatic spirits of ammonia, James. I'm fainting! Thanks, however, thanks. Jane Cowl is on the stage. Very interesting the other part of your letter.

T. G. E.—Perhaps the negatives were reversed. Never heard of a Pauley in pictures. Well, I have no kick coming. I get three meals a day, a bed to sleep in and one suit a year and the air free. I'm happy.

ALICE B.—Dont you mean Monroe Salisbury? He played in "Ramona." Eugene O'Brien is about 36. 'Sfact! I dont mean in size—years.

DEVOTED MOVIEITE.—Yes, silence may be golden, but you cant make some of these salesmen that come in here believe it. Yes, Elsie Ferguson is married to a banker in New York. Bebe Daniels in "Oh, Lady! Lady!"

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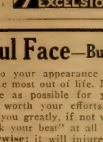

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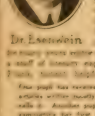

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MOLLIANNA.—The closer a man is the harder it is to touch him. I dont know any new You Tellems You tell 'em calendar, I've got a date. Fair. Mary Miles Minter in "Sweet Lavender." "The Little Clown" and "Blindness." Mary is 26—I mean Mary Pickford. William S. Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y.

FARNUM FAN.—Well, a man may be driven, yet a woman must be coaxed. William Farnum was born in 1876 in Boston, Mass., and Dustin was born in England. You want a satisfying interview with William. Um-m, what kind of an interview would satisfy thee? You are not the first one who thinks Louise Lovely resembles Mary Pickford. A little bit.

JEAN O'DARE.—Umbrellas are not modern. They were honored in the fashions of the ancient ladies of China and India, and for their antiquity date back to the ruins of Nineveh, and they are to be seen sculptured on the monuments of Egypt. Oh, that would take up too much room here. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. It would be quicker, too.

ECONOMY.—Do I concur? I should say I do. *Ad finem.* Dont forget that we become what we earnestly desire to be. Honestly, my greatest ambition when I was four years old was to be an Answer Man. Would you believe it? And I had to wait only sixty years to have my dream come true.

JUST JANE.—You refer to Rudolph Cameron. Why, Oregon's great forests are now protected from fire by aeroplane patrols. Alice Brady in "The New York Idea." Justine Johnstone played in "Black Bird." Constance Binney is to appear in "Tommy and Grizel." You just bet I want you to write me again.

DOT THE FIRST.—You must have appeared in the Bible. There are a lot of dots there. Think of it, Dot, the whole town of Moneta, Wyoming, sold for $10,000, and a lot of people in New York cant rent a house for that sum. Nazimova in "Madam Peacock." Come in again some time, Dot.

LONE STAR LASSIE.—Of course it is much better to subscribe.

JOHN K.—Thanks, old man, for the card.

FERN C.—No, indeed, I am far from being great and mighty. He must suffer to be great, he must conquer himself and the world to be mighty, and neither has turned up in my cards. Jack Crosby was Kenneth in "A Daughter of Two Worlds," Gilbert Rooney was Harry and Frankie Lee was Jimmy. Percy Standing in "Bonds of Love."

SYLVIA J. A.—Now that you are on the subject, Sylvia, there are three kinds of passions, especially idealizations, which are yet designated loves: the love of wealth—avarice; the love of power—ambition; the love of bodily pleasure—voluptuousness. They all set up something to be worshipped, not to symbolize, but to conceal the claims of God. Sorry you started? Rudolph Cameron is about 24. Yes, he is Anita Stewart's husband. Why, Henry G. Sell was Henry Gsell. No, I am not one of the original hall-room boys. "'Tis nothing new or novel, to find a genius in a hovel." Or in a hall room, I might add. That's right, Washington Square, for instance.

OLUF.—Yes, indeed, Will Rogers is starring. Big star, too.

ANNA M. B.—Wilfred North is directing for the American Cinema. Is he a star? Yes, North Star being a star director. Gladden James is married, but what's the difference? Viola Dana and Pell Trenton in "The Willow Tree."

(*Continued on page* 115)

The Mollycoddle

(*Continued from page 44*)

was lack of proof. He was always making trips across to Holland with a yacht full of the most absurdly respectable people, so I got myself invited as a guest. That paper I found proves clearly enough that he's been getting quantities of rough stones polished in Holland and taking them back to the States, but I dont know yet where he gets the rough stones. I've got to keep on till I get the whole case, but——"

She hesitated, in scorn of what she had been about to do. No! She would not play on his sympathy, whine and whimper about being sick of the work—she would not use Mollie's weapons. Let him think what he pleased of her! After all, it was more important what she thought of herself. She felt her hand seized and shaken, not sentimentally, but with a comradely grip.

"Great stuff!" encouraged the Mollycoddle, "but you're taking an awful risk—that man's da gerous. He's a killer—got the same look in those yellow eyes of his I've seen in jaguars! Besides, how can you find where he gets the stones? You cant tag him once the trip's over."

"We're invited to go to Arizona—we're going to cross the desert in a prairie-schooner," she whispered, looking about her nervously. "We—we mustn't stay here talking any longer. He's already suspicious of you and jealous of me," she was turning away but paused and he saw there was a soft shine of tears in her eyes. "I wish," Virginia faltered, "I wish you were going, too——"

From the cabin sounded the harsh voice of Van Holkar, bawling her name. Richard Marshall looked down at her, smiling quizzically. "I told you I'd prove there was something to heredity!" he said, cryptically. "If this bird lets me loose when we get to the States I'll be there when you want me. And if he doesn't let me loose—" he paused, and she saw for the first time that his muscles could stand out upon occasion like those of a fighting animal, "if he doesn't let me loose—I'll be there too!"

Which may or may not explain why a very greasy and unbelievably dirty form wrapped in a blanket, pausing beside the prairie wagon, the Desert Yacht, two weeks later (having spent the intervening time among the Indians on the reservation) to sell the tourists bead trinkets and braided baskets, broke his stolid silence when he came to Virginia and spoke a few words in Oxford English under his breath. When she unfastened her beaded purse she found a note scribbled in pencil.

"The stones come from a mine hidden in a crater in the mountains. Van Holkar told the Injuns it's haunted and they wont go near it, but they know where it is. I'm going to play the innocent tourist and call at one of the villages on the reservation. I'll get the location out of them somehow. They'll sell their own grandmothers for a box of tobacco, you know. Meanwhile, Van Holkar's getting nervous. He's got a tip somehow he's being watched, and he's liable to be ugly. For Heaven's sake keep your automatic handy and use it if you need to. A little killing would do that skunk a heap of good. Yours, R. M. —P. S. Did you get that 'heap?' If that isn't American I dont know the language!"

Virginia had a foolish desire to kiss the smudgy, practical note, quite as Mollie might have done, but being a wise young woman she burned it instead. She had already noticed Van Holkar's increasing

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sadness, but to her intense surprise it seemed directed toward the futile Mrs. Warren and Mollie rather than toward herself. It seemed improbable that he could suspect such empty minds of harboring Machiavellian motives, and she decided his resentment was due to Mrs. Warren's determined efforts to marry him off to her daughter. Toward her, Van Holkar raged with eyes that grew more and more absorbing and desirous as they left exhaustion farther behind.

When, one morning, he returned from one of his solitary horseback excursions and suggested smoothly that the three young men should take the Warrens to see the view from a nearby mountain ledge, Virginia felt a stabbing premonition that at last she stood on the threshold of the climax. For a moment, looking after the retreating backs of the others, then into Van Holkar's face with its heavy, brutish jaw and covetous eyes, she grew faint and sick, but the thought of Marshall swept her mind like a reviving breeze. She was not wholly unfriended—what had he said? "Use your automatic—"

"Do you know why I sent them away, Virginia?" Van Holkar was asking in a surry voice, as he closed the door of the Desert Yacht and deliberately locked it. "For am I the first man to tell you you're a devilish pretty girl?"

She tried to laugh naturally, fingers touching the pocket of her heavy skirt. Would someone come? Or would she have to shoot him—take a life. She had wanted activity, excitement, thrills. Well, she was getting them now. In the next few moments she would know what she must do. He was going to his safe now, opening it, taking out trays filled with tiny pebble-like things that caught the sun now and again. She watched him as he brought the trays to the table, her heart thundering in her own ears. Thru the sound, his voice came thinly, far away.

"D'you see them, eh? They dont look like much, but they'll buy you all the pretty clothes you can wear in a lifetime! They'll take us away, Virginia, to the South Sea Islands—anywhere where there are no prying eyes—" he was moving nearer, but she could not move, fascinated by the play of tawny light in his eyes. "I've known there was a spy on my heels for months. At first I thought it was that expatriate, Marshall—it wasn't till the other day I had word from my agent it was a woman. That damned Warren woman thinks she's got me safe, but I would advise to be afraid of *her* much longer, and so devilish plausible, too! Buried under an avalanche—that's better than a knife in the dark. The will of God!" He was very close. His eyes shot yellow lightnings, paralyzing her will. Her dry lips moved difficultly.

"An avalanche—you mean——"

Van Holkar laughed rather dreadfully. "I mean the Indians will send the mountainside down on the whole damned bunch—maybe they have already! Then you and I'll skip back to the yacht and thru their fingers. I'll make you a present of the world, Virginia! Come on, stop looking at me like that, my girl! I'm not such a bad lover——"

"Stop!" but Virginia spoke in the dragged voice of fear. The automatic wavered in moure fingers. (Oh, God, why didn't *he* come—he had promised!) She laughed wildly. "You've sent your avalanche down on the wrong people! *I'm* the spy—I've been hunting for evidence of your illicit diamond deals and now I've got enough to send you to Sing Sing for twenty years——"

The pupils of the eyes before her contracted to pin-points that seemed to stab her. She tried to force her stiffening fingers to pull the trigger, then felt the weapon taken out of her hands—saw it hurled thru the window in an arc of light. His arms were crushing her very life out, the world reeled, grew black and the sound of thunder filled her brain.

The thunder was not imaginary. Van Holkar was hurled into one corner of the Desert Yacht, his victim into the other by the tidal wave of tremor and sound that filled the tiny cabin. The fragile wagon danced like thistledown on the crest of the avalanche. But the force of it was spent, and the tinder-box cabin was not even broken. "Those damned Indians—" the man muttered, crawling painfully up from his corner, "they sent it in the wrong direction—"

"No!" said another voice, with a certain grimness, "they sent it in the right direction, and brought me along with it——"

Virginia struggled up on her knees. "Richard!" she cried, "Oh, Richard—if you hadn't come—when you did——"

The Mollycoddle advanced toward the blustering, cringing figure of Van Holkar, and his face was not pleasant to see. "So!" he said, slowly, "So! Well, we'll settle this right now before the sheriff comes. I telephoned him as soon as I bought your plans from one of your Injuns for my toothbrush and a couple of collar buttons. But he'll have to take what's left of you after I get this other little private matter settled up——"

Virginia crouched in the Desert Yacht, listening to the primitive orchestration of sounds outside—the dull impact of fist on flesh, growls, screams, and yelps of pain. She had a strange sense of having crouched thus ancestrally in some cave while her mate fought in her defense, many lives ago. After all, that was what a woman was—something to be fought for, and guarded by her man's strength, something to be cared for and protected, and loved gently . . .

She was weeping abjectly when the Mollycoddle came in presently and stood looking down from his great height. "Have you—killed him?" she choked, "it sounded like it."

"He's soft as a rabbit!" growled the man, suddenly masterful, "he'll get over what I gave him sooner than what the law's going to give him! The sheriff's taking him away now. Is that all you're crying about!"

"N-no!" she wept, "the rest—he's killed them! He r-ran an avalanche over them!"

"They're safe," Marshall told her, crisply, "I got to 'em first and put them under a ledge. Then when they told me they'd left you with that beast I flagged the landslide and rode it down. It was the quickest way I could get here. Is that what you're crying about?"

"N-no!" Virginia wept still harder. "N-no, that isn't all—I know I've m-made a p-pup-perfect f-fool of myself! I'm n-not a detective at all. I'm just an ordinary w-wuh-woman——"

"Thank the Lord!" said Richard Marshall, almost devoutly, and without further parley gathered her in his arms, "heredity does tell!"

Together they knelt upon the floor and studied the plans—the plans which Marshall had secured at risk of life and limb more because she wanted them than because of anything else in the world.

But still she sobbed on, comfortably against his rough shoulder, while he patted her hair helplessly. "Darling, tell me—what else are you crying about?"

"I'm crying," quavered Virginia, and snuggled closer, "why, you great silly, I'm crying because I'm s-s-so happy——"

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 112*)

PEGOVIDA.—Glad you are a happy member of the Scroll Club. Yes, and the man who boasts of having money to burn may soon have ashes to throw away. Why, Alice Lake in "The Misfit Wife" and "The Gorgeous Girl." You're welcome.

MONTE.—As I understand it, the elaborate tattoo marks with which the Maori decorates his body indicate the tribe and family history of the wearer. That would be kind of nice to have when we go shopping instead of trying to make some of our shop girls understand our names. Monte Blue can be reached at the Lambs Club, New York City. No, your interesting letter wasn't too long.

G. W. S.—But a man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects woman's delicacy. So you liked "Double Speed." Yes, there is a regular daily air service for both passengers and freight between London, Brussels and Paris. Would you like to try it some time? Yes, Madge Kennedy is in Europe by now.

SNOODLES.—That's the only way, be frank. Frankness makes people disagreeable, but not all disagreeable people are frank. Write George Walsh at the Fox studios. Yes'm, I miss U.53 also. Maybe he has gone under. You just write to me whenever you feel like it. If you dont get an answer right away, you have the satisfaction of knowing I read it.

ANNA G.—Thanks for all the nice things you say about me.

X. Y. Z.—Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas. No, I never lend. There are three things that no man but a fool ever lends; or, having lent, ever hopes to get back again—books, umbrellas and money.

INQUISITIVE ANN.—Have made a list of the people you want interviewed, but you will have to be patient.

HOLLY SMOKES.—And worse than that. Do you know that there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue? This is one of those times.

BOOKWORM.—Kind friend, I appreciate the time it took you to write those thirty-odd typewritten pages, containing over fifty questions, but honestly I have to spend a few hours out of every twenty-four in bed. If all of my children were as heartless as you I would soon be spending all my hours in bed—or in my grave. Why not start a magazine yourself? Dont you ever sleep? I dont know who the author of "The Sun Was Sinking in the Sink" was, unless it was yourself. So you think my answers are just as good since prohibition as they were before. *Answer.*

HOPEFUL IF HELPFUL.—Answered you by mail.

NATALIE.—Of course you can buy the CLASSIC at almost any newsstand. Why not subscribe? Sure thing, tell us what you like best and dont like about our magazines. Just what we want—we want to please. Like they say in the bedstead ad—you spend one-third of your life in bed—why not be comfortable? Pronounce it Hoo-dee-nee.

BLUE KITTY.—Just 18, and between college and the stage, and dont know which to choose. Let your hand be your guide. I'd say college every time. So you think Peggy Hyland is true blue. She is that. I like her very much. Yes, Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman."

DOLLIE; WINA M. T.; JOHN T.; MISS INQUISITIVE; TEXAS; G. W. MANDA; EDNA K. and ANNIE S.—See your answers elsewhere please, and be content.

(*Continued on page 126*)

LIONEL STRONGFORT
"Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

And YOU Call Yourself a MAN— SHAME!

Oh You Misfit

Sailing under the name of man. You know the truth, if no one else does—you know what you lack—what you need. You may hide it from the others in a way, but you can't hide it from yourself. Are you a victim of any pernicious habit that you want to get rid of? Have you a spark of ambition left to be the man you once were, to be the man you ought to be? Are you an easy victim of every little ailment that comes along, going around without snap or vigor, losing ground when you should be gaining? Then wake up and be a man, not a misfit. Deserve the name of man, be vigorous, virile. It makes no difference if you are a physical wreck, if you join hands with me I'll make you the kind of a man that's wanted, the kind of man that's needed, the kind of man that's sought for, and bid for, in all walks of life, the kind of man who dictates what his salary shall be, and it will be done without the aid of drugs or stimulants.

YOU WILL GAIN in vim and vigor; your muscular power will increase in flexibility and strength, your nervous system fortified to renew its energy, not bolstered up for the time being, to fall back below the level it was as it does when you resort to drugs or medicine.

YOU BUSINESS MEN, overworked, did you say? You are not doing half as much as you ought to be able with your experience. Never mind, there is a way to get back your aggressiveness, to be right in the fight and enjoy it. Don't let success or failure stand in your way to perfect health and manhood. You can double your worth as a man and enjoy life as you should be able to, as you have always wanted to.

YOU YOUNG MEN, Strongfortism will make a man of you. Health, strength, symmetry and figure are as natural as the rising sun. They are nature's laws, and you should be a walking symbol of them if you obeyed them. Nature, if you understood her, would make you a perfect man. Strongfortism points out nature's way. There is no mystery about it. No quacks in the form of drugs or nostrums. It is simply nature's way to restore you to your normal self; to replace the tissues that have been abused by excesses of former years, to build up health, strength, vitality, to restore lost symmetry and beauty to form and figure.

YOU OLDER MEN. Don't think you are old. Strongfortism is as important to you, and more so, if you are over 40 or 50 years. There is no reason why your muscles should be stiff; why your activity should be limited; why you should be corpulent, or grotesque, simply because you have attained middle life. Let Strongfortism show you how to correct these things; how to take twenty years off your appearance and to make you feel years younger.

STRONGFORTISM is the science of correct living; the only known method of getting the most out of life, wherever you live or whatever your occupation. Strongfortism embodies the strict, sound sense through understanding your physical and mental constitution and the laws that govern health, strength and vitality at any age.

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Under my methodical system and the plan of practicing Strongfortism, you men can build your body up in symmetrical proportions as nature intended you to be. You will gain greater confidence in yourself, and compel others to have more confidence in you—at, best of all, brings you success that you can call success, capped with the glow of health and the supreme joy of living. You can keep your youth with you, no matter what mistakes you have made, or what your present physical condition is, or what ailment or disorder you have—youthful errors, vital losses, devitalizing habits, poor memory, constipation, rheumatism, no matter what. See that coupon, check what interests you most and I will send you helpful personal information. It will not cost you anything and it will surely help you to broader, bigger, better things and a great deal more happiness.

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 77*)

verses to her beauty. One evening when the King visits the tavern in disguise that he may ascertain the loyalty of his people, he hears Villon recite his poem, "If I Were King," and when the Grand Constable deserts and goes over to the enemy, Louis orders Villon drugged and placed in the Grand Constable's quarters where he is to act as Grand Constable in the future. Thru Villon, victory is eventually won for Louis and by proving her love for him, Katherine saves Villon from his sentenced death.

The settings are picturesque—castle walls, turreted towers, royal gardens, raftered inns and iron dungeons. The major portion of the cast, too, is colorful; Fritz Lieber gives a characterization of the King which, altho a trifle exaggerated, was generally excellent. Betty Ross Clarke as Katherine did not redeem the promises she made in "Romance," and photographed poorly. She seemed worried by the importance of her role. A gradual rise is always better for the inexperienced player, altho Miss Clarke may have been handicapped in ways not evident.

Renita Johnston in the rôle of Hugette gives a vivid performance and will be remembered.

Incidentally, Mr. Farnum has lost much flesh and looks most attractive, especially in his vagabond attire.

YES OR NO—FIRST NATIONAL

"Yes or No" has a goodly share of Norma Talmadge scenes and, therefore, "Yes or No" is interesting.

It is adapted from the stage play of the same name with Norma playing both the society woman who murmurs "Yes," and the woman in the tenements who says "No."

There are really two separate and distinct stories. The society woman who resents her husband's apparent neglect even when he attends to business to the detriment of his health that she may play, finally consents to go away with an idler who promises to marry her later. Of course, he doesn't and she finds life unendurable.

Her maid is the sister of the woman in the tenements whose husband neglects her that he may work overtime and attend night school and thus better the conditions under which they live. A chauffeur boarder portrays the snake in her Eden, but she says "no" and is later rewarded when her husband invents a washing machine which takes them to a charming little home in the country and the wholesome things of life for which they have always craved.

As the society woman, Norma wears a blonde wig and ravishing gowns. As the woman of the tenements, she wears a black dress and a gingham apron and while it is clearly seen that she made no attempt to be beautiful in these scenes, she is, nevertheless.

As both the "yes woman" and the "no woman" she is very real and the dominant figure in every scene in which she appears, altho the supporting players in some instances do excellent work.

THE VILLAGE SLEUTH—PARAMOUNT

The silver-sheet would be poorer by far without Charles Ray bringing it a breath of comic town romance every now and then. He was one of the first stars to win favor thru characterization work pure and simple. And in "The Village Sleuth" we

National Bob

Youth and Fashion is everything, that's why I am wearing the latest National Bob. It's too lovely for words with its soft, wavy hair falling tenuously over the combs that slip so easily through my hair. Everyone thinks the Bob's my very own—it matches so perfectly and I never sacrifised a hair. I use invisible pins to attach the ends and it's on and off in a jiffy. My picture shows the Bob charm. How did I get it? I **sent a strand of my hair with $10.00 and it was promptly sent**—Postpaid. I'm as happy as a child with a new toy and I never looked so well. You'll like it too.

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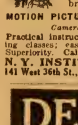

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

find him again cast as the whole-hearted country youth of battered hat and overalls. The story is trite and tells of this boy who reads Dead-Eye Dick detective tales when he should be doing the chores. Finally his sheriff-father permits him to leave the farm and seek fame as a detective and he eventually lands at a sanitarium where his Sherlock Holmes talents are no longer wasted on the discovery of watermelon thieves.

The story is not guilty of dragging and while it does not compare favorably with the better Charles Ray offerings, it is pleasant entertainment. Charles Ray is his screen self and Winifred Westover as The Girl is pleasing.

PASSERS-BY—J. STUART BLACKTON

J. Stuart Blackton's "Passers-By" is suggestive of Foss' "House By the Side of the Road"—"where the race of man go by," you know, "men who are good and men who are bad; as good and as bad as I."

Herbert Rawlinson is he who lives, figuratively speaking, in a house by the side of the road; who watches Life go by thru his window and who one night impulsively decides to keep open house for the passers-by, trapped in the fog.

One of the passers-by chances to be one he loved dearly—one who went out of his life and the shelter of his home and who has become merely a passer-by. There is the reunion, of course, with his son, little Peter, happy upon his long unknown father's knee. Together they sit at the window watching the passers-by and in Big Peter's heart there springs a love for humanity which it has not before known—a comradeship with those constantly passing, silent forms moving slowly in the thick curtain of the fog.

This is the best Blackton production that has been released in some time and while the continuity of the story could have run more smoothly and culled more real snatches from the original story, it is an interesting production.

The scenes of the raw and foggy nights, with the London streets wrapped in their hazy blanket, are worthy of special mention as are the characterizations of the old cabby and the tramp—and the butler, played by Mr. Ferguson. Herbert Rawlinson makes the most of his role and little Charles Blackton as Peter does delightful work, altho he does not seem to typify the Peter of the story.

It was a wise choice which brought this work to the screen.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT—GOLDWYN

Winthrop Chase, Sr., is running for Mayor and into all of his campaign speeches, he puts a plea for prohibition. Winthrop Chase, Jr., expelled from college, spends the major portion of his time illustrating his father's discourses on the curse of drink.

Naturally the opposing party of anti-prohibitionists look to Wint to kill his father's chances of being elected and by a joke he comes cut of a drunken sleep the day after election to find that he, rather than his father, has been made Mayor.

Realizing the full significance of this trick, he turns the tables and at the end of his term we find him all that a young mayor should be—and intent upon closing every saloon in the community. Threatened by this boomerang sort of thing, the anti-prohibitionists endeavor to plant a scandal at Wint's door, but those he has helped from time to time come to his rescue and the last scenes find him re-elected by a great majority and about to

More Bubble Grains

Millions of dishes coming

Direct from the harvest fields we get the choicest wheat that grows. Then we seal the grains in guns, apply a fearful heat and explode them. They come out as bubble grains, flimsy and flaky—puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the grains remain shaped as they grew.

Every night of the coming year millions of children will enjoy this Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk.

Three grains now exploded

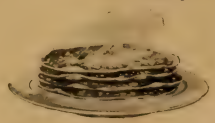
Three grains are now puffed by Prof. Anderson's process, and each has its own delights.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

All are thin and airy—all have exquisite flavor. And every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Serve all of them in all the ways you can, for no other form of grain food can compare with these.

For nutty, fluffy pancakes



Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes nut-like, fluffy pancakes—the finest ever tasted. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. Try this new dainty. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

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Dead Men Tell No Tales

ask the girl of his heart to be Mrs. Mayor.

While "The Great Accident" is not a bad picture, neither is it a good picture and Tom Moore has often been seen to far better advantage. Jane Novak does good work as the girl, Joan; and Ann Forrest, who has since won a place in Cecil B. deMille's ranks, again demonstrates her ability, as Hetty Morfee, the maid in the Mayor's home.

Not more than once does "The Great Accident" get beneath the surface. It glides along not unconvincingly, but, on the other hand, it fails to strike the human note.

MARRIED LIFE—FIRST NATIONAL

They advertise it as "'Married Life'. (Not a War Picture)." and that advertising line is probably the best line in the picture. Five reels is a little too long, in our estimation, for the rapid-fire action comedy. "Married Life" is funny—now and then very funny, but there are longer lapses between laughs than there should be. Without a doubt there are not twice as many funny incidents as you find in one of the Mack Sennett two-reelers, with the result that there is sufficient time between laughs to wonder what it is all about. And time to wonder what a slapstick comedy is all about might very easily prove fatal. It would be impossible almost to keep the tension of a two-reeler thruout five reels of course, and it has not been done. However, it really is a funny picture and one containing what is known in the language of the comedy as "new gags."

HIGH AND DIZZY—PATHÉ

Harold Lloyd is a great comedian. And he has never caused you to feel more certain of this fact than in "High and Dizzy." To mention the plot of his picture would be futile. To describe his action would be even more so, as it were. And Mildred Davis becomes more adequate as a foil for the bespectacled Boy with every picture. "High and Dizzy" is all the name implies, chock full of laughs with thrills well interspersed. Harold Lloyd set for himself a high standard and he has not once failed to live up to it.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE—COSMOPOLITAN

Perhaps no picture aroused more arguments and contradictory opinions than "The World and His Wife." People either think it is a very good picture or a very poor picture. No one accepts it lightly. We are one of those who think it a very good picture. Montagu Love plays Don Julian, Alma Rubens, his wife, Teodora, while Gaston Glass is cast as Ernesto, the poet, whom Don Julian takes into his home. But the world and his wife cannot understand the innocent affection which exists between Ernesto and Teodora and day after day when gossip comes to his ears, Don Julian refutes it and goes on believing nothing of the unpleasant stories which come to him after their birth over the chessboard, tavern tables and cups of cheer. But the gossip persists and finally Don Julian too comes to believe the worst of his beautiful young wife and the stranger he has taken within his gates.

Never before have there been so many pictures with unhappy endings and "The World and His Wife" adds another to the number. It is a romance of modern Spain with beautiful Urban settings and artistic direction by Robert Vignola. Alma Rubens is the featured player and does creditable work in several scenes while Gaston Glass is excellent as Ernesto. However, despite these things it is Montagu Love who takes the picture as his very own thru his artistic portrayal of Don Julian.

ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—H. B. WARNER

Mystery stories should always have, above all other things, a very clear continuity and, besides this, definite action. Otherwise they become more of a mystery than it was originally planned they should be. In "One Hour Before Dawn" you are so confused by the comings and goings of the players that you lose the thread of sequence.

It has a certain element of suspense, however, and deals with the power of hypnotic suggestion in conjunction with a murder which occurs one hour before dawn.

H. B. Warner is, of course, starred and Anna Q. Nilsson, who plays the leading feminine rôle, is pleasing even tho she finds no opportunities for any work worthy of mention.

The Moving Picture Operator in the Orient

(*Continued from page* 40)

the robbers who might swoop down from the outlying hills and make off with our precious machines, sometimes showing a ribald comedy in the midst of tragedy and suffering; but no matter how grim the situation, we always "got a laugh." That was our aim in life and war.

I remember the first show we had for the dusky Indian troops. They would sit there quite silently, until we'd throw on "Rastus Loses His Elephant," or "Max's First Cigar." Then you'd hear a low gurgle, then a murmur, then *real* laughter —for the humor of a lost elephant or pies thrown neatly on the nose, is translatable in any language. Love-scenes and the Indians, however, were an entirely different matter. When *they* make love they dont bother about preliminaries. They simply couldn't understand our methods. To say that they did not appreciate them, would be far from accurate. But to them, a picture of love-making is actually sinful. However, we did not attempt to cut the films for *their* benefit. I hope it didn't do them any permanent harm!

There was an Egyptian labor car at the main advance depot unloading barges. One night we went up to them. They were noisier than the Indians, they laughed more quickly and more enthusiastically, and they weren't shocked at the love-scenes. Things were getting more on a home basis.

Our next experience was with the Armenian women who had been given refuge by the British in Bagdad. Some of them had been turned over to the authorities by friends who were harboring them; others had been bought back from the Arabs who had purchased them from the Turks; others had wandered down across the desert by themselves, sometimes eating grass by the road, and going without water for several days at a time. There were three or four hundred. They marched over from their quarters quite solemnly, ranged according to height, and dressed all alike. They sat down quietly enough. The first indication we had that there was a definite spirit behind those apparently solemn faces, was when a Tommy went on the stage dressed as a clown. He started to sing. Well, he couldn't, and, moreover, the Armenian ladies knew it—they "booed" him from the stage in true New York City fashion, and if they'd *had* eggs, you may be sure they would have thrown them. So even the

damsels of Armenia, it seems, fail to appreciate British humor! When it came to the films, they enjoyed every minute—and, lo and behold, when it was over, they actually *clapped!* Applause!—that was a welcome note from across the water. Shrieks—as I remember, the film that drew forth a riot of squeals was a summer beach and the famous bathing beauties.

There are about four local cinema theaters running thru the week in Bagdad. The films, tho, were very bad during the war, so we decided to give a Red Cross benefit show for the native Bagdadians. This we did—and made them pay good high prices! They came, too, altho you could see them wince when they dealt out the shekels.

When the British were recapturing Kut-el-Amara in 1917, I gave several shows at the temporary Turkish prison camp. The camp lay on the flat desert plain by the banks of the Tigris. You could occasionally hear the guns near Kut. Within the camp were some fifteen hundred prisoners, some of them just brought back from the trenches. I could see them shrink back in terror, as the two tall poles were erected for the screen. Gallows!—that's what they thought. Soon, however, there is the click, click, of my machine, the slim cone of light speeds to the white sheet the comedy comes on—the chase begins—gradually the groups approach—laughter starts and rises—fear vanishes—a dying man is carried by—the show is ended—and a prisoner comes to thank me for them all. He speaks perfect French.

The most thrilling incident of my movie career in the Orient was in the improvised theater at Bagdad. It was a great open courtyard, with a stage built at one end. This night we had an audience of Tommies. It was bright moonlight. We were, from the air, the most noticeable "bull's-eye" in all the town. What a prize for the hostile aeroplane! The entertainment was progressing. We were having "stunts" as well as movies. Suddenly there was the hum of approaching aeroplanes; the boom of anti-aircraft and machine guns. Air raid! Lights went out. Plop! plop!—those are the bombs! Would our audience take French leave? Suddenly someone has an inspiration. The moonlight is flooding full on the little stage. The curtains swing open, and out roll two Tommies dressed as man and maid. The piano thumps. "Come take a stroll in the moonlight!" sing two lusty voices. A roar goes up from our audience, they take up the chorus, and almost drown the report of a bomb that has fallen not 200 yards away!

Where can you find better human drama than this? It was educational film night, and our audience was, I think, largely made up of the Scotch Guard. The lecturer was just becoming warmed to his subject. The films were *action* pictures, and the men were always interested in anything that showed them how to take care of their bodies and souls in the trenches. All at once I heard a tremendous commotion at the back of the hall. There were shouts, there was laughter, there were more shouts! I hurried down from the platform and to the rear. This was surely not the traditional British discipline. I found an old soldier embracing a youngster with noise and abandon. Were they drunk?

"Here, here," I said, "dont you know that a lecture is going on?"

The old man thrust me aside. "Father and son," he shouted, "father and son"—and proceeded with his exclamations.

I repeated my demands, and used force to drag them apart. This time the old man stopped suddenly.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but, you see, we

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

forgot. This is my youngest son. I hadn't seen him until this moment for over three years. I didn't even know that he had enlisted. He ran away from home to do it. Here we are in the same country!"

Needless to say we let them go out to shout their joy far from movies and lectures.

Naturally, we were much excited when it was decided that we should arrange a moving picture show for the chieftain of Bagdad's wives. It seemed an almost impossible thing to do, so strict are the rules and the mystery that surround the Oriental lady of high degree. However, there was a very clever Englishwoman in Bagdad at the time, whose job was to get to know the Oriental women as well as possible. She had already given a tea for them—strictly feminine, of course, and now she was determined that they should enjoy the Occidental movie. She came to me, and we decided that the experiment was worth mutilating a few films. We therefore proceeded to cut the slightest trace of love-making from several of our romantic reels. The British authorities furnished a cordon of native police, who escorted the fair ones, and remained as a guard around the walls. Behind the range of seats was the operator's box. In this were two of my assistants. They could see only the backs of the harem's heads. I was behind the scenes. The English lady translated and interpreted the films. There were, of course, plenty of loopholes. But alas! On my word of honor as an American, I was made to promise that I would not play peeping Tom. So, of course, I didn't! I took my place before they arrived. The first that I knew of their presence was a gentle cackling. As the films increased in their amusing qualities the cackle rose. There was no idea of organized applause—just little shrieks, and chatter! The show was over—but the ladies of the harem refused to budge! There they sat and began to discuss—I presume, the scandals of the screened part of Bagdad. There was I, trapped behind the screen. The word for gossip is a fitting one—*gufti-gu*. Well, they certainly *gufti-gued!* Finally I delivered an ultimatum. "If they dont go," I shouted, "I'll come out!" Translated, that disposed of the younger ones; but several old hags in the front row,—I suppose old age renders them less particular, stayed on as I came out, and kept on with their noisy *gufti-gu!* It was an experience! Alas, however, I cannot say that I *saw*, but only that I *heard* the far-famed beauties of Bagdad.

Tragedy, however, was always at the doors of our improvised theaters. I went out, one day, to a British hospital. As I brought my machine into the tent ward, and started to set it up at the foot of a bed, the boy who was lying there, looked up at me, and smiled. I smiled, too, and busied myself with the necessary preparations. These occupied me, but I noticed that the boy was breathing rather heavily. An orderly touched me on the shoulder.

"You'll have to move over there a minute!" he said.

I went to the corner of the tent indicated.

Two orderlies put a screen quietly around the boy's bed. In a moment they removed it. The boy and the bed were gone.

"All right, sir," said the orderly, "you can go ahead!"

"But, the boy—" I began.

"Dead, sir," said the orderly. "Go right ahead, sir; the others are waiting, sir!"

So they were—and soon the tent was ringing with laughter as Charlie Chaplin slid into a mud puddle.

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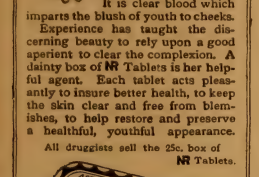

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Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

(*Continued from page 80*)

a close second. Prowling about Mix's I found an endless assortment of every type of sombrero. Some were so heavy I could scarcely balance them on my head. They varied in color, weight and size. Some were green, some white and some quite ornate with gold lace.

I met dear little Shirley Mason in her bungalow, which is directly across from Tom Mix's. Hers consists of a small cretonne-draped reception room, a dressing room, shower bath, and kitchen. Miss Mason was dressed in her raggedy costume as "Merely Mary Ann" and was curled up on her cretonne-covered couch, waiting her call and meanwhile re-reading "Merely Mary Ann." Little Shirley is a most sincere artiste and really lives her parts. She says she simply cannot read her next play until the present one is finished because it distracts her. Shirley Mason possesses a certain gentle seriousness that I found very charming. She is a quaint pretty little girl, the kind of girl one instinctively wants to take care of—*but* she is entirely capable of taking care of herself.

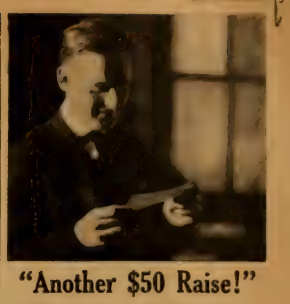
Speaking of "Merely Mary Ann," Ray McKee, who did such splendid work in "The Unbeliever," started work opposite Miss Mason. A couple of reels had been taken when he suddenly became very, very ill, they feared sleeping sickness—and Casson Ferguson had to be substituted. Of course all the scenes in which McKee appeared had to be filmed over again.

When May Allison's picture, "The Cheater," was shown at the Kinema Theater in Los Angeles, the manager changed the name to "The Miracle Woman." He said it was one of the best pictures of the year.

Jack Mulhall is playing with Bebe Daniels in her first starring picture, "You Never Can Tell," instead of Conrad Nagel as was announced. This was due to the fact that Miss Daniels' illness postponed the beginning of the picture so long that Nagel was forced to take up another contract the date of which clashed. I saw Mr. Mulhall perched on a ladder waiting to be called for the scene. He is a brown and brawny looking chap with a great deal of style. The set represents an East Side tenement and three child actors were enclosed in a tumble-down bed. They had fallen really and truly asleep—while a fourth, a babe in arms, was crying while its stage mother anxiously endeavored to pacify it.

While other stars talk about going to Europe, Bryant Washburn has quietly finished his arrangements and with his wife sailed July tenth for England. They left their youngsters, Bryant Jr. and Dwight, with Mrs. Washburn's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Chidester, who have come from their Chicago home to reside in the Washburn Hollywood home. Washburn will film a picture in England from David S. Foster's novel, "Road to London." After his return to the United States, Mr. Washburn will produce four pictures a year under his own company.

Walter Hiers, the rotund comedian, is as jovial off the screen as on. "He is one fine fellow," is the verdict wherever he goes. The other day he nearly smashed my hand with his handclasp out at Lasky's. He had only come around from the Christie studio, where he is taking part in the big Christie special, "So Long, Lettie," to pick up some pieces of wardrobe.



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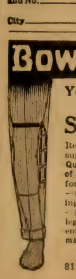
Bowlegged Men



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The Contest Closes

(Continued from page 49)

These people will thus have an immediate opportunity to prove their histrionic ability, without having to wait to be signed up by any film company.

The honor roll for this number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is as follows:

Louise Orsburn, of 2112 N. Garrett Avenue, Dallas, Tex., is an unusual type possessing brown eyes and light-brown hair. She has had no experience.

Claudine Fitspatrick, 23 Ostego Road, Verona, N. J., has a pair of hazel color eyes and light-brown hair. She has never had any previous experience.

Andre Van Remoortel, of 61 East 53rd Street, New York City, is a Belgian entry in the contest. He has been an amateur actor since the age of 14. He has dark hair and grey eyes.

Miss Billie Holsten, of 126 Carlton Ave., Jersey City, N. J., is another fair contestant who has had no previous dramatic experience. She has brown eyes, auburn hair, and fair complexion.

Miss Helen M. Wakefield, 1029 West 10th Street, Erie, Pa., has had no previous stage experience. She has dark blue eyes, brown hair and fair complexion.

Raymond Mackay, 1327 Orange Drive, Hollywood, Calif., has played bits in pictures. He has blue eyes and brown hair.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The judges' committee will sit on Friday, September 3rd, between the hours of ten and four, at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to interview personally all contestants who can make it convenient to appear at this time.

Tests will be taken before the motion picture camera at Roslyn, Long Island, New York, on the following Saturday, Sunday and Monday, of all those contestants who seem qualified to be chosen for the final honor roll.

Wanda Hawley received a letter that pleased her mightily. It was from a Chicago girl who admires the beauteous Wanda's acting exceedingly and was written entirely in verse. The letter read:

You answered me once, so with courage again,
I'll write you a ditty with my trusty pen.
I'm happy and proud as a peacock of old,
And I'll treasure your picture as if of pure gold.
I've framed it and now as it hangs on the wall,
It smiles down on me. Am I proud? Not at all!

When the postmaster said, "Miss Dottie, for you!"
And the kiddies all cried, "Oh, open it, do!"
In my heart I felt funny, and good too, and glad,
And I hurried and showed it to Mother and Dad.

When I go to the "movies," I'm going to pretend
It's me that you're smiling at there at the end.

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Interest Rife as Contest Draws to a Close

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At the time of going to press we are in receipt of a message telling us of the death of Lieut. Locklear, who was killed when his plane crashed to the earth during the filming of a picture.

For the last few months Lieut. Locklear has been engaged performing every manner of daredevil stunt for motion pictures, starring in a number of films, among which is "The Great Air Robbery."

The accident which killed both him and his companion occurred when, after making a nose-dive, he was unable to straighten his plane in time to make a landing.

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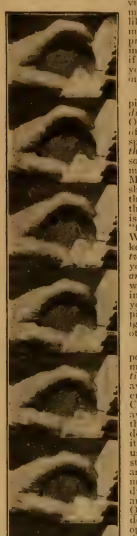

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard* — learning something about Harmony and the Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much* because you *understand what you are doing.* Studying this way is a *pleasure.* Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

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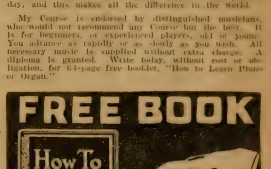

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shoulders, the large muscles that means you are 100%
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The Screen Time-Table

(Continued from page 97)

HOW TO—C-10.
WILL ROGERS—Goldwyn.
LET'S BE FASHIONABLE—C-7.
Douglas MacLean, Doris May—Paramount.
LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.
LOVES OF LETTY, THE—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MALE AND FEMALE—D-10.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
MARRIED LIFE—F-7.
Mack Sennett—First National.
MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—D-8.
William Faversham—Select.
MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN—CMD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MIRACLE MAN, THE—D-11.
Compson & Meighan—Tucker Prod.
MISS HOBBS—C-6.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
MOLLYCODDLE, THE—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM—F-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
MY LADY'S GARTER—MD-6.
Sylvia Breamer—Paramount.
NURSE MARJORIE—CD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—D-5.
H. B. Warner.
ON WITH THE DANCE—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.
PASSERS-BY—D-7.
Herbert Rawlinson—Blackton Prod.
PINTO—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-8.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
RESTLESS SEX, THE—D-5.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
REVELATION—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.
RIDERS OF THE DAWN—D-8.
Roy Stewart—W. W. Hodkinson.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
RIVER'S END, THE—MD-10.
All Star—First National.
ROMANCE—D-9.
Doris Keane—United Artists.
SAND—D-10.
Wm. S. Hart—Paramount.
SCARLET DAYS—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
SEA WOLF, THE—D-8.
Noah Beery—Paramount.
SEEING IT THROUGH—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.
SEX—SP, MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.
SHARK, THE—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.
SHORE ACRES—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.
SILVER HORDE, THE—MD-9.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.
SIRS OF ST. ANTHONY, THE—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE—MD, SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.
STOLEN KISS, THE—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.
STREET CALLED STRAIGHT—D-5.
Naomi Childers—Basil King—Goldwyn.
STRONGER THAN DEATH—SP, MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
SUE—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
THREE GENERATIONS, THE—C-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.

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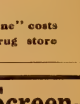

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Unless you are sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

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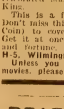

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TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.
23½ HOURS' LEAVE—CD-10.
MacLean & May—Paramount.
TWO WEEKS—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
THRU EYES OF MEN—D-8.
Frank Mayo—Taylor Prod.
VICTORY—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.
VILLAGE SLEUTH, THE—C-7.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL—SP, MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.
VIRTUOUS VAMP, THE—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
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Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.
WILLOW TREE, THE—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.
WOMAN IN THE SUITCASE, THE—MD-6.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.
WOMAN GIVES, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
WOMAN AND THE PUPPET, THE—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.
WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD, THE—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.
WORLD AND HIS WIFE—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Paramount.
YELLOW TYPHOON—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
YES OR NO—C-7.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

READER CRITIQUE

A LADY IN LOVE—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—MD-8.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
AMATEUR WIFE—D-7.
Irene Castle—Paramount.
BEHIND THE DOOR—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
BLOOMING ANGEL, THE—C-7.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.
DANCIN' FOOL—CD-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN—CD-9.
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John Barrymore—Paramount.
EASY TO GET—CD-7.
Marguerite Clark—Paramount.
EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
FROM HAND TO MOUTH—F-10.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-7.
Nazimova—Metro.
HIS HOUSE IN ORDER—D-8.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
HUMAN DESIRE—D-8.
Anita Stewart—First National.
IDOL DANCER, THE—MD-8.
Seymour-Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
JENNY BE GOOD—MD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
LEAVE IT TO ME—CD-10.
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OLD TIMER.—Go to the head of the class. You are right. Glad to hear from you any time. Earle Williams in "The Purple Hieroglyph."

VERA L.—They do say that Australians are by far the most prolific letter writers in the world. They average 150 letters per head each year, as against an average of 80 for the people of the U. S. I'll say they know how to write long and interesting letters. Robert Ellis in "The Spite Bride." Yes, Gladden James is married.

DOROTHY D.; MADOLYN; EUGENE O.; LONE STAR LASSIE.—See above.

ANNA MAY, P. I.—If you dont know whether a thing is good for you, ask yourself whether you want it. If you do, it isn't. Clever stuff you write me. Enjoyed it very much. "Woman in Room 13" was Pauline Frederick's last. Glad to get your ideas about the contest. So you think Lumière uses the same vase and beads too often. Samuel, Samuel——!

MARJORIE H. ROSLYN.—Well! Why Douglas Fairbanks played in "The Modern Musketeers," "Arizona," "He Comes Up Smiling," "Bound in Morocco" and so on. Emily Stevens played in "The Wheels of Justice." You live in a famous town, Marjorie.

JESSIE.—*Faux pas* means, A false step. Edward Earle in "The Law of the Yukon." But a man's idea of an argument with his wife is to begin first, say everything he can think of to say and then wind up with "Now, that'll be about all—drop it. I dont want to hear another word." Oh, you're all wrong, the woman always has the last word. Run in some time and we'll argue it out.

STELLETTA.—I did not intentionally lie. If a boy ten years old should be whipped for breaking a window, what should be done to a man seventy-nine years old for breaking the third commandment? Florence Turner is out West now. Oh, I wouldn't say divorce is all the style. Lottie Briscoe is in California.

W. H. T.—That's right, talk up—you want to see more men on the covers. I dont know but what I heard that Lewis Stone is going to marry Florence Oakley. Good luck to them. Zena Keefe in "Red Foam."

I ENJOYITT.—So do I. I dont mind answering questions. That's what I get paid for. You are the first one I have heard of who didn't care for "Why Change Your Wife?" Marion Davies played in "Buried Treasure," taken in California.

BILL HART FOREVER.—Oh, I make the movies once or twice a week. You know I can afford so much extravagance on my $9.50 per. Two looks at my pay, when I get it and when I give it. The Q. in Anna Nilsson's name stands for Querentia. I suppose a family name.

REMEDIA.—The phrase "the handwriting on the wall" is often used by persons without a knowledge of its derivation or meaning. The words are in the Chaldaic language as follows: Mene (numbered), tekel (weighed), upharsin (divided). They were traced upon the wall at Belshazzar's feast and were significant of his impending doom. No, May Allison is not married. Your letter was mighty interesting.

MARY S.—Why, Sessue Hayakawa can be reached at the Haworth studios, Los Angeles, Cal. You want to know why it is he never kisses his leading ladies. I'll have to consult him personally. Jean Paige and Joe Ryan are playing in "Hidden Dangers" for Vitagraph, another serial.

BROWN LASSIE.—No, no, Marguerite Clark was Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Keep the change.

(*Continued on page 129*)

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Solid gold mounting with white flat band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine Tifnite. Price $6.95; only $4.50 on arrival. Balance $2.00 per month.
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I agree to pay $4.50 upon arrival, and balance at rate of $2.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 127*)

G. T. R.—Let the heart dictate, but the head confirm. Oh, yes, there is no question about it. Lillian Gish is pretty. Why, Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are to play in "The Branded Four" for Selznick. Remember him with Edison?

MARY HAM.—Oh, I haven't time just now to tell you my favorite poet, novelist, composer, play, baseball player, actor, etc. Later on. I'm too old to be taught Spanish. I understand "Peter Ibbetson" is going to be screened soon.

C. M.—I look on candy as one of our greatest blessings—it has done so much to sweeten life. Thanks for the fudge. Yes Seena Owen is George Walsh's wife and Kenneth Harlan is not married. Vivian Martin is an American. William Farnum married Olive White. Lila Lee is 18. Call again.

NATALIE.—Ha, ha, I laugh every chance I get and wish I had more chances. Houdini is in New York; just returned from Europe.

TOOTHPICK.—Is that how you look? Everybody I know is dieting to get thin. Best thing I know of is to read "Eat and Grow Thin," and to follow it. Henry Barrows was Hardcastle in "The Right to Happiness." File my letters? I should say not. We have three vans call every morning to take away my letters after they are answered.

LOLA A. E. I had a fine time reading your letter. Didn't see that Dorothy Gish. Oh, I manage to put in about seven hours of good sleep. You wouldn't want me to be like Alfred de Musset, the Byron of French letters, who died at the age of 41, weary and disgusted. His last words were, "At last, at last, I shall soon be able to sleep." So you think our interviews ought to have more about the players themselves, where born, color of eyes, etc., etc.

RACHEL F.—William Farnum is 5 feet 10½ inches. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, indeed, I like Harold Lloyd very much. Some think he is as good if not better than Chaplin. Come again.

PHŒBUS APOLLO BELVEDERE.—Greetings! See whom we have with us this evening. So you would rather not know who I am because if I were a woman I would be robbed of my romance and my glamour. Oh, shucks! Dont worry, Phœbe Snow. I wont shatter your hopes, but will remain enshrouded in mystery. Clever stuff in yours. Write me again.

TONNY.—So you think that poverty improves a man's morals. Right you be, and that's just why I am so good. Yes, Nazimova in "Madam Peacock."

NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.—Norma was born in Niagara Falls in 1897. Priscilla Dean is married. Charles Meredith played in "Yes or No." Why, Wanda Hawley is playing in "The Masked Ball," "Her First Elopement," "Sweetie Peach," and "Food for Scandal."

U. C. 30.—No, I dont. All right, that's a go, let me be your big brother. You say you are 55; well, that's not too old. Look over the department and I am sure you will find your answers.

LONESOME.—Cheer up!, Duty is what we expect from others. Why, the blackboy tree grows in Western Australia, and is used for resins and gums. No, I never eat watermelon—too much trouble picking the seeds out of my ears and beard. Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption" and "The Misleading Lady." Dont know where Zoe Rae is now. You want Marguerite Clark on the cover. So you dont agree with our Celluloid Critic.

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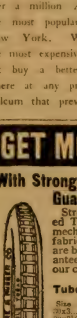

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NOVEMBER

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DOROTHY DALTON

OCT 14 1914

Little rules that help you look your best

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules*. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

Never permit your face to look shiny

Powder—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, *natural* look. And when you powder, do it to *last*.

The only way to make powder stay on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

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A rough skin a sign of carelessness

To get out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin and cause roughness.

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Cohan's.—William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another summer revue, but we doubt if it will even apeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

Gaiety.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Morever, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Hilting.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes them now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Fulton.—"Scrambled Wives." Another topical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

Globe.—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out summer revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

Greenwich Village.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Colorful and lavish John Murray Anderson entertainment, of

(Continued on page 8)

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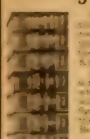

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Continued from page 6)

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Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gillmore.

Hudson.—"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult rôle.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer-girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR

"Jane Clegg."—St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

"Florodora."—The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

"The Storm."—A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox."—Weak adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel. Alma Tell in the stellar rôle.

"Scandal."—Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various queens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid who died death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Ouija Board." Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"Shavings."—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

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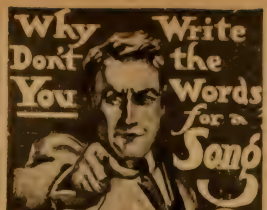

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Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to motion picture directors." F. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

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This is a fascinating profession paying big salaries. Don't miss this opportunity. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. H-8, Wilmington, Delaware.

Unless you are sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

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Letters to the Editor

The letter published in the September magazine concerning nuns wearing habits of the wrong order has caused extraordinary comment. Below is a letter which holds that the producers are correct:

Dear Editor:—In the September issue of The Motion Picture Magazine, a letter to the editor criticized two pictures in which part of the action takes place in Holy Cross convents. The writer claims that the habits were not those of Ursuline or Holy Cross nuns. I would like to say that a Holy Cross convent is not necessarily conducted by Holy Cross nuns, because I attend such a convent in New York City and it is conducted by Sisters of Charity. I know of several similar instances where convents are conducted by orders entirely different from the name of the convent—so, you see, the director was not necessarily wrong in portraying the nuns as he did in either of these pictures.

I am watching the outcome of the Popularity Contest with great enthusiasm. I fail to see why Mary Pickford continues to lead. In my opinion, and in that of many of my acquaintances, Norma Talmadge has first place. And why does Mary persist in playing child rôles? A great many of her admirers are anxious to see her grown-up.

I might add that my favorites are Norma Talmadge and Richard Barthelmess, whose stardom is a well-deserved reward for earnest and sincere work.

In closing, I wish your three publications every possible success.

I am,

Sincerely yours,
Madge T. Baum.

Boston, Mass.

Anent backwoodsmen and Indians with highly polished nails and other similar things:

Dear Editor—In our state, Maine, woodsmen, farm laborers, Indians and "such like" do not have highly polished, well-trimmed nails, nor do they wear diamond or other rings.

I noticed in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone" that all the villains did these things—this also is true of the majority of films.

Also, country movie heroines are afflicted with the manicures of the sophisticated city belle and the latest things in coiffures and novelty silk stockings! Even in the films of the Tennessee backwoods they have them.

It would be well for some of the directors to come East and see real country girls. They are not he- ones by any means, but neither do they suggest the girl of the big city.

Sincerely yours,
M. W. Bedell.

58 Winter Street, Auburn, Me.

Good stories and the right sort of advertising do help—the lack of both these things has been responsible, too, in some instances, for failures where there should have been success. And because of this, the letter printed below is interesting:

Dear Editor—I enjoy the letters to you which are printed in the Magazine very much indeed. The letters are not to

(Continued on page 14)

DR. LAWTON'S *Guaranteed*
FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

will show reduction within place 10 14 days or money refunded. The Electric tuel electricity reduces invisibly parts promptly, reduces only where you wish to lose, and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicine or treatments; not only puts out of fat, but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor, and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 pounds. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy, disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is $5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 10-4 daily.

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and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning $40.00 to $125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.

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Margaret H. Sanger

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW!
SENT PREPAID FOR ONLY 50c

This book is written by Margaret Sanger—the great birth control advocate—and although it was condemned by the postal authorities, we are now permitted to send it to you.

It contains information never before published, and everyone that reads the book cannot help but be benefited. It is highly endorsed by eminent physicians. Send your order at once. Don't delay.

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Send us your name and address for full information regarding the Aviation and Airplane business. Find out about the many great opportunities now open and how we prepare you at home, during spare time, to qualify. Our new book "Opportunities in the Airplane Industry" also sent free if you answer at once.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
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WE'LL HELP YOU ALONG
By composing the music FREE and publishing same. Send poems today.
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9x12 ft. Size Reversible Rug

Only $1.00 Down

A Wonderful Wool and Fibre Rug Bargain

An expertly woven seamless reversible wool and fibre rug of rich charm and beauty.

"Princess" Wool and Fibre Rug. This is a very pretty pattern in a high grade reversible wool and fibre. It is seamless and the fibre and wool yarns used are of the finest quality, soft and warm and rich looking. The special feature of the rug is that it is reversible. Both sides are equally artistic in coloring and it is absolutely seamless.

The design is unusually attractive. Note the beautiful floral center and graceful border. The rug comes in green, rose and tan, all the colors being soft and blending harmoniously. The rug because of these soft rich colors and fineness of its fabric is suitable for any room in the house and the fact that it is reversible naturally insures it doubly.

This is really a remarkable rug value and must be seen to be appreciated. Send for it on 30 days free trial. **No. A116. 9 x 12 ft. size. $24.65. $1.00 cash. $2.50 a month.**

Easy Payments

You can have this Wool and Fibre Rug shipped to you for a very small payment down. After you receive it, you can examine it carefully and, if it is not satisfactory and up to all you expect it to be, you may return it to us and your original payment will be refunded. If you decide to keep the rug, you can pay the balance in small monthly payments. One price to all. No discount for cash. Send coupon NOW!

Money-Back Guarantee!

We have no dissatisfied customers and don't want any. Order the Princess Wool and Fibre Rug shipped to your home today. If at the end of 30 days you are not entirely satisfied with it, return at our expense and we will refund your dollar and any freight charges you have paid. No special discount from this advertised price.

Send $1 and Coupon

Mail them to us today. Have this Princess Wool and Fibre Rug shipped to you on thirty days trial.

L. FISH FURNITURE EST. 1868

Pay the balance in easy monthly payments if you are satisfied. Read the coupon and mail it today. NOW!

L. FISH FURNITURE CO., Dept. 1268 Chicago, Ill.

L. Fish Furniture Co. Dept. 1268 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Princess Wool and Fibre Rug No. A116. If I keep the rug I will pay you $2.50 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the rug within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I have paid.

☐ No. A116—9 x 12 ft. size Princess Wool and Fibre Rug. $1.00 Down, $2.50 a Month. Total price, $24.65.

Name .....

Address .....

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If you only want Furniture, Rug, Stove, Phonograph, and General Household Catalog, put X in box ☐

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You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single night hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you in full every cent of tuition you may send us if you are not absolutely satisfied. Won't factors other than a name now? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School of Correspondence
Dept. H-856 Chicago, U. S. A.

American School of Correspondence,
Dept. H-856 Chicago, Ill.

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Structural Engineer	Foreman
Business Manager	Accountant
Certified Public Accountant	Cost Accountant
Bookkeeper	Stenographer
General Education	Any Business Expert
Name	
Address	

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 12)

such about the players as they are about the plays.

In all of the letters I have read (and I have been reading them for a long time) I don't remember a single word about Marguerite Clark that was praise. I do not think the critics have been very kind to her lately, but then she has not had a good play in such a long time that she has had no opportunity to show what she can do.

Norma Talmadge's experience has been different from Marguerite Clark's. She has had the good fortune always to have fine plays. If it were not for that, I doubt seriously if she would be so popular. Too, she has had fine advertising from the first and Marguerite has not.

I am perfectly sure if Miss Clark had the opportunities of some that she would be far above her present position. I am also very fond of Peggy Hyland. Any one who saw "Rose of the South" and "Faith" would be sorry that she has left for England.

And I agree with Dorothy Parkhurst in thinking Lila Lee a clever little actress.

Yours truly,
CHALMERS DAVIDSON.
131 Pinckney Street, Chester, S. C.

It is always interesting to know how the fellow fans of other climes feel about the players and the plays, too. Below is a letter from the Philippine Islands, which finds Wally Reid enjoying great favor:

DEAR EDITOR—Your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is, I think, one of the best magazines ever published. I have been reading it for about two years and enjoy it very much, especially the mention of the players' private life.

In the first place, I wish to tell you that the Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the best shown here in the Philippine Islands, and the most popular players are those in these pictures.

In the second place, my favorite screen actor is Wallace Reid. He is one of the handsomest and the most popular actors I have ever seen—of course, there *are* other popular actors, but I prefer Wallace Reid. His pictures are very enjoyable and are well liked by most people here. He fights well and acts well. I never miss any of his pictures and think one of his best was "Believe Me, Xantippe," which I will never forget.

His leading woman, Ann Little, is also a very charming actress, and she is the right woman to play with Mr. Reid. Whenever they appear together on the screen, the scene is a splendid one.

I have nothing more to say about the famous Wallace except that I am particularly happy when I read of his success. Good luck to him, and to the magazine you are editing.

Your sincere reader,
JOSE MANALAC.
U. S. Naval Station, Cavite, P. I.

A tribute to Alice Joyce and an expressed hope that she will not devote herself entirely, at any rate, to the comedy drama:

DEAR EDITOR: Just recently there was an interview in your magazine with Alice Joyce. As I am very fond of her, I wish to comment on that interview.

Miss Joyce stated that she would like

(Continued on page 16)

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Send the following coupon for our FREE BOOK containing full particulars of how we can train you in your spare time at home.

Mail This Coupon Today

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Send me your FREE book "Wireless The Opportunity of Today." Tell me about your Home Study Course in Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony—your post graduate course—and your Special Instrument offer.

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Age..... Address.....
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Club Feet Corrected

Born with Club Feet, Garland Akers was brought to the McLain Sanitarium for treatment. The two photographs and his parents letter show the remarkable results secured.

"We cannot begin to tell you how delighted we were to see Garland's feet so nice and straight when he came home and to see him looking so well. We can never thank you enough for giving him straight useful feet in place of the badly clubbed feet that he had when he came to your place."

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LEARN ALL the SCIENCE and TRICKS of JAZZ and RAG-TIME effects. If a TEACHER or PUPIL, you are ambitious, or if you are thoughtful and wish RAPID and ABSOLUTE MASTERY enabling you to overcome any difficulty and reach the "THE HIGHEST PINNACLE OF SUCCESS," send for our BOOK.

Wherever described here, the principle of this new method, but "The Master Key" booklet tells all about it. It explains in full. No other method ever written, or another what it costs, could so lucidly explain the Real WHY and HOW to become an expert piano player and composer.

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"OH, MOTHER *My story's accepted!*"

'Tis the thrilling moment of her life

OUT of "the rainbow gleams of her youthful dreams" has come The Great Reward! The happy sequel to all her burning hopes—her eager aspirations! The magazine editor has accepted her story. His letter brings the happy news.

She moves as one in a daze. "Can it really be true?" she asks herself over and over. And all the while she glows with the pride of authorship, her aspiring spirit transformed in the bewilderment of this new triumph. 'Tis life's deepest moment for her.

She has crossed the Golden Rubicon! Enthralled, she stands upon the threshold of a New Life! She is at last—"AN AUTHORESS!" The story she has written, filled with fresh, bright realism, stirring incident and sparkling dialogue—written out of her very heart—painted in glowing words upon the Screen of Romance, will be read by thousands, thousands!

But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE"! But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her to-day!

Then yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was sucking every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is no FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb drive that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain —she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really can learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book — and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND DON'T KNOW IT!

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that *"nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."*

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, now busily supplying this information broadcast. And this New Method of writing stories and photoplays is *everybody's property. Not for the select few.* Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever —thousands who don't even dream they can write!

This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all humanity. And *everybody* is taking up the idea of *writing.* The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious material rewards.

THERE IS A NEW BOOK AWAITING YOU THAT AMAZES EVERY READER—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of countless people who want to become writers. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with *things that gratify your expectations*—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario starts begun. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through these New Easy Methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

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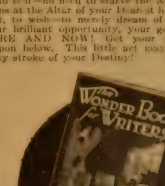

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[illegible] DAYS

[illegible]

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 14)

to act in comedy dramas. Oh, please tell her to procrastinate. Miss Joyce doesn't seem to me to be that type. If she felt that her health would not permit the constant heavy work, it would be different, for she would be good in anything, but I do not think she would be as popular in this sort of thing.

To me, Miss Joyce is the most beautiful of the American brunette actresses. True beauty expresses a soul, and that is what Miss Joyce has. It is revealed by her wistful eyes and her sweet, sad smile. Her smile is always sad, even in her pictures, and her eyes always seem touched with sadness, even in her most dramatic moments.

However, I cannot say that she is the most beautiful of all the stars. Of the blondes, I like Elsie Ferguson. She also has a soul. I think most blondes look alike, but she *is* different.

With best wishes,
MYRTLE BOGGS.
340 N. Penn Street, West Chester, Pa.

All-star casts minus a single star; the great out-of-doors; and the serial hero who performs the same feat in every episode—about these things and others, this subscriber writes:

DEAR EDITOR—I am a constant reader of both the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, and always, when I receive the MAGAZINE, I turn to the department, "Letters to the Editor." These are very interesting from the first to the last.

The readers often give their opinion as to just what they think of the silver-sheet—sometimes they wonder if the movies will live forever and if they will always prove as interesting.

My opinion is that if we could view photoplays like the following, they would live forever without a doubt.

The productions below are, I think, quite the best entertainment that any theater manager could offer his patrons:

"The Brute Breaker," featuring Frank Mayo.

"Dawn," with Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon.

"Paid in Advance," with Dorothy Phillips as the star.

These, you will notice, are taken with the great out-of-doors as a background, giving the audience the finest in both romance and scenery.

Before the death of that great artist, Harold Lockwood, he gave us many pictures of this kind. "The Come-Back," "Big Tremaine" and his last, "Pals First," was one of the best of his career. His death was certainly a great loss to all the movie fans who saw him on the screen.

Why is it that some photoplays are advertised to the limit and boast an all-star cast, yet fail to be interesting?

In the Eddy Polo series, too, have you ever noticed that he tears off his shirt every time he is in a fight? I should hate to keep him supplied. Also, in one of the episodes of his latest serial, he is run over by two horses which are hitched in a team, and immediately afterwards—in another scene—he rides down over a mountain on his horse. It must be that he, like a cat, has nine lives.

And, in closing, I want to say that I think your magazines are the best I have ever read.

Sincerely,
A MOVIE FAN.

"Is My Nose Shiny?"

Yes—it probably is, if you depend upon ordinary oldstyle face powder. But *not* if you made your toilet with wonderful

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use LA MEDA COLD CREAMED powder in the morning and you are *sure* of a velvet smooth, powdery fresh appearance all day. A skin charm that has none of that overshine suggestion. Heat, cold, rain or perspiration will not mar it.

Guaranteed, Can not promote hair growth. Tints—Flesh, White, Brunette.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a large jar.

Send 12¢ for Guest Size Jar

LA MEDA MFG. CO., 103 E. Garfield Blvd., CHICAGO
Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the shade [illegible]. I enclose 10 cents silver and 2¢ stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12¢ stamps if more convenient.)

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I usually buy my toilet goods from.....

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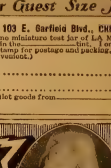

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

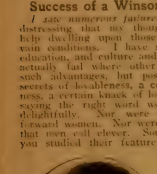
Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people who have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women more such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were



JULIETTE FARA

decidedly not handsome, *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by reversing their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning woman was over in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art*, that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by studying the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for one sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too proud, cool, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I also am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman reasoning in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A. I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and intimate that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl—I a timid or over-modest disposition, the one lacks self-confidence, or the too self conscious for her own good, and show her how to become discerning *and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity

If you are an overbearing person, the kind that suffers from great brazenness, I can show you in a way that you will not delightful, how to be gentle and accommodating to lose ugly traits of character and repelling and ungracious possessions and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, do so well, while by uncouthness or misapprehendedness you meet with setbacks.

I can take the timid or woman, the listless one who secretly feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vivacious and strong, regaining self-confidence and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become An Attractive Woman

I can take the dull or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and show her or her a system of easy suggestions to appearance in a manner that will be a delight in the eyes of persons in the world of society the most fastidious. All this weekend and entrancing art I can show her how to capture it with surprising speed and ease. You learn at once how to become a *real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a great cloud.

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

For Married Women

There are many very important reasons which married French women know that enables them to hold the love of their husbands and lovers all their days. Even the foolish seem to a rare degree to succeed, or in consciousness that he does not know some precious something which gives him his devotion. In the end that disappointed wife may have undergone a delightful change that he is not even missing you couldn't put his finger on it. Many a divorce is like that when to some beautiful result. There are secrets in my complete that will unlock to charming and important course of married life for you that is entirely ideal. And the power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, attractiveness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets. If you master the rules and put them into practice you can be charming, you can have an *alluring personality.* Don't think of impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated for you and for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easily with people, how you solve home problems seem to solve themselves, how it, matters less little ways mind big ones, and life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some newfangled fad. All my life I have studied the traits and youth common across and practical methods. And what I have put into my course in the cultivation of personality as just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an interesting little booklet called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "HOW" if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *winning and attracting personality.*

Juliette Fara

Free Book Coupon

Simply cut out this coupon, fill it in and mail it to us. Your copy of "How" will be sent you promptly, postpaid, in a plain wrapper.

Name .....

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615 West 43rd St. 212-A New York, N Y

Important To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in: or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE 615 West 43rd St. 212-A, New York, N. Y.

Whose Smiles are These?

A Moving Picture Star MUST Have Good Teeth

A CLOSE UP of a smile shows once or twice in nearly every reel. No wonder a star must have good teeth.

Look at these smiles, and see if you recognize them. They are the smile-photographs of familiar favorites, who know the charm that comes from the white flash of wholesome, well-kept teeth.

Send your guess on the coupon below. If you get *one* of the three right we will mail you free a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Colgate's is a *safe* dentifrice. It cleans thoroughly, polishing the teeth to natural whiteness. It makes no claims to "cure" abnormal conditions. If your teeth need *treatment*, see your dentist.

You owe it to your own smile to keep your teeth in the best possible condition. Use Colgate's and protect your smile. It has a delicious flavor which makes twice-a-day toothbrushing a treat.

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I know who's smiling; please send me the trial tube.

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GALLERY OF PLAYERS

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

BLANCHE SWEET

Blanche Sweet brings to mind the pioneer days of the silent drama—D. W. Griffith and the old Biograph. She is really one of our first impressions of the cinema and, like all first impressions, she will not be easily forgotten. At present she is working on "That Girl, Montana."

Photograph by Northland Studios

MARY MILES MINTER

The flapper age has no more able exponent, in so far as the silversheet is concerned, than **Mary Miles Minter**. With even her early childhood spent in training on the stage, Mary's 'teens find her taking a place among the brighter lights and "party of the first part" to a well worth-while Realart contract.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ESTELLE TAYLOR

Who has just completed "While New York Sleeps" for William Fox and who, it is rumored, will soon be promoted to a stellar rank

Photograph by Abbé

MARJORIE DAW

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Clara Kimball Young has never rested upon her laurels. With her early work in Vitagraph productions winning for her innumerable friends, she has always gone forward in her cinema characterizations. Now at the head of her own company she is offering many fine things, among them "For the Soul of Raphael," "Midchannel," and "Hush."

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In choosing *your phonograph* make your *own* comparisons. The following six tests will clearly show which instrument is *best*.

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ESTABLISHED 1914

OCT 13 1920

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1920

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

Paying the Price

HAVE you ever stopped to think that Life keeps a cash store and in it you can purchase only that for which you can pay?

There are many people who would eat of Life's golden apples, but they are not willing to pay the price.

You get out of life exactly what you put into it.

I know one young cinema actress who has spent all her energy in perfecting her art. She has always been ready and anxious to learn from each director under whose tutelage she has been, and by concentrating entirely upon her work she has assimilated all the knowledge of more experienced people. Today, at nineteen, she is a star, while other girls of her age are still running with the field. They were not willing to pay for fame by spending their days and nights in preparation.

I know one young wife who DEMANDS her husband's utter devotion, but it never occurs to her that she must win that devotion with a sweet disposition, cheery companionship and helping hand.

I know a man who is friendless and old . . . in his youth he couldn't be bothered to do the little things for his acquaintances that would have made them lifelong friends.

It cannot be done! You cannot short-change Life.

And the quicker you pay your bill, the greater the discount Life will give you.

Life's larder is well stocked: fame, love, money, happiness, adventure, all are there. It is for you to make your choice AND PAY THE BILL.

The price of fame may be love.

The price of love may be a complete abnegation of self.

The price of money MAY be love AND fame.

Happiness' price tag may spell giving-up-ambition.

Adventure, giving up home.

And so the moving finger writes, and in the Book of Life you are held to a strict accounting.

Make your choice and do not be afraid to pay in big instalments, for the greater the price you pay, the sooner you will attain your Heart's Desire!

As They Were

Photograph
by Nelson Evans

Dramatis Personæ

Mary Pickford.....Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks..Douglas Fairbanks
First Interrogator.....
.....Adele Whitely Fletcher
Second Interrogator.....Gladys Hall
Chief High Intermediary.....
.....Kenneth McGaffey

Others—Photographers, secretaries, chambermaids, representatives of the English press, representatives of the American press, photographers, bell-boys and interviewers.

The scene is a corridor in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City. In the course of action, it dissolves into the bridal suite of the two main characters. The two main characters, it might be added, of *more* than this modest one-act play.

In the corridor, properly carpeted in velvet and well interspersed with chambermaids, are "discovered" Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall. They clutch one another spasmodically and their voices are excellent imitations of the famous death-rattle.

G. H. (*nervously*)—See the crowd around that door. What is it? Is anything the matter?

A. W. F. (*consulting number on door*)—It's their suite . . . of course.

G. H. (*unimpressed by this display of superior wisdom*)—What shall we say? We ought to think of something to say. Some brilliant opening remark, I mean.

A. W. F.—What do you *usually* say? Haven't you ever been on an interview *before?*

G. H. (*tapping at door, feebly, having battled valiantly thru the crowd of chambermaids, camera-men and others*) Bubbles they'll say something.

Above, a scene from a private portrait of Mary Pickford Fairbanks. Center, there is not the slightest chance that life will grow dull for Mary—Doug will see to that. Here he is performing, in a casual manner, some of his stunts on the roof of the Hotel Ritz-Carlton, New York City, for the amusement of newspaper people, while Mary stands off aghast and gazes at the dizzy depths below; and bottom, Doug and Mary prove their domesticity—with the help of the Indian's clay oven—when they stop off at the Hopi Reservation on their honeymoon trip across the continent

A. W. F. (*with asperity*)—Mebbe. I'm nothing but an editor still, that they *will* say something to my humble opinion.

(The door is flung wide by the Chief High Intermediary. He is a secondary consideration to the handkerchief announcing itself redly—very, very redly—from his waistcoat pocket. He spun some sort of an Indian legend about it and its being made from the silk of the glowworm for the edification of the interrogators. As he has a habit of spinning legends, this one is forgotten. He smiles and his eyes are quizzical. The interrogators have an uneasy feeling that the smile and the eyes are *at* them rather than *with* them. Still, they cannot be sure.)

Interrogators (*holding onto one another with a fatal linch and speaking in unison*)—Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks—er—Mister and Mrs. . . . are *they* . . . can we . . . ?

Chief H. I. (*still smiling, still quizzical*)—They are . . . eating breakfast. You can . . . sit down. You see, they were at the Friars last night at the big dinner which was given in their honor, and when they got home they sat over there on the couch and held hands and giggled until about two o'clock.

G. H. (*determined to glean all the possible news*)—How do they accept all their tributes? Have they changed any?

Chief H. I.—They are just the same—just the same. For all the world like two kids. As for the European tributes, they feel them to be tributes to their country. You'll see for yourself.

(This information was given between about twenty-five telephone calls, long and short distance: the bell of the suite ringing sixteen times,

Photograph Paul Ritts

while five boxes of flowers and a huge budget of mail were received. Any other calls, flowers and letters were taken by another officiating secretary, a maid, et cetera.

One very special box arrived—containing a corsage bouquet of orchids—the interrogators looked their parts.)

Chief H. I.—"Every morn I send thee orchids"—as it were. From Doug. He does, as a matter of fact. Never misses. His daily offering.

(Interrogators begin to realize how it feels to be presented to royalty. Life can never again hold any thrills for them.

In the meanwhile, the large French grey-and-rose room keeps gradually filling. Three or four more interrogators stroll in, looking perplexed, exalted, timid or defiant, according to their several degrees of confidence. A Turkish or Armenian gentleman comes in with the idea of presenting the famous bride and groom with a ten-thousand-dollar rug—a small token of esteem. An Englishman representing the press and, finally, so it would seem, the press itself in a body.

There is a bustle and some confusion. The hum of many voices. One enterprising interrogator has cornered Mr. Benjamin Zeidman, generally called Bennie, and the details of the tour abroad which he enjoyed with Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks can be heard dropping pearls

Photographs © by Evans

Above, a new and exclusive portrait of Doug; center, the happy trio, consisting of Doug, Mary and Mother Pickford, snapped at the reservation, and, below, another exclusive portrait of Mary

Photograph Royal Atalier

Photograph © Evans

for the ever-curious press, from his informed lips.

Impartially dispensing hope and happenings, lounges the C. H. I.

Something happens.

At first one doesn't know just what.

Then realization comes.

It is Doug. He enters strongly, breezily. He carries a memorandum in his hand. He advances upon us. He holds out the slip, that all who look may read.)

Doug *(with his ever-present broad grin—and a groan)*—Look what I have to do today. *(Reads.)* Shoes, socks, leading lady, tailor, stationery, tooth-paste, etc., etc. Not that I'll attend to any of these things. Do you know, we haven't seen a personal friend or attended to a bit of personal shopping since we landed here—or abroad, either. We intended to buy presents for the family, and not one did we get. We're just sniffling New York at this rate. Mary will be out in a minute. She'll be glad to see you all again. Yes—Europe was great and we loved it, but we're glad to get back. No, we're leaving for California tomorrow. Have to get back and get to work. Studios and staffs are waiting for us. No workee, no eatee, now that we have our own company together with Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Griffith. Yes, we've got to steal a few minutes to shop today. Mary wants to get some French dresses, or whatever you call them, for little Mary—something for Lottie and something for her mother.

(There is a sibilant sound of ohs and ahs and yeses and noes, from the press, sitting on the edge of its (their) chair, pencils, Coronas, Watermans and dictographs poised.)

A. W. F. *(eagerly, lest the opportunity pass by)*—Are you and Mar—I mean Mrs. Fairbanks, going to play together?

Doug—We are if we can get the proper sort of story, but not right away. We help one another with our pictures, tho. Mary is my best critic.

(Suddenly there is a deep quiet, as tho a flower, a cool, white pond-lily, perhaps with heart of clear gold, falling into a pond, had sent out broad circles of peace.

It is Mary.

She stands in the doorway, a tiny figure, all in white. Simple white, with narrow black velvet ribbon encircling her slender waist, ribboned sandals on her feet, and her gold hair—the famous gold of Mary's hair—piled charming and high. Her big eyes are wistful—just Mary's eyes. And her mouth is wreathed in a smile. She seems to be holding out a shy greeting to one and all. To one rather than all—and to all because of the one. Saying, "I am glad. You are welcome."

On the proper finger of her left hand is a simple wedding-band.

A rap-tap of high heels on the polished floor.

Doug places a great chair for her.

Mary smiles—Doug grins.

(*Continued on page* 118)

Above, another new portrait of Mary center, a recent photograph of Doug and, below, Doug showing Mary the mystic beauty of his beloved desert

Constance Seeking---

By
BETSY BRUCE

GOOD things may come to Constance Binney by the score; critics may unanimously laud her work and managers may frantically seek her services; great wealth may come to her, yet, methinks, she will always hold tenderly to her serene little perspective and smile happily as she did the other night in the dressing-room of the New York theater where she was appearing in "39 East." She will appreciate the very joy of it, and yet, in accepting it as her own, as something she has won, she will do so with a wise understanding.

Her success has come quickly, and the last year has found her winning for herself a definite place on both the stage and screen, while the future beckons brightly. But this has not robbed he

All photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

Her success has come quickly, and the last year has found her winning for herself a definite place on both the stage and screen, while the future beckons brightly. But this has not robbed her of a complacency and a serenity, and she is not permitting it to envelop her for the slightest second

of a complacency and a serenity, and she is not permitting it to envelop her for the slightest second.

"Over a year ago," she told me, "when I was just beginning to win a footing, I watched everyone about me, and two or three who seemed most promising eventually lost out because they lost sight of the true value of things. So I went to one who I felt would understand and asked just the best way to keep things straight in your mind, both as to your work and your very living itself. And this someone told me to find some person in whom I believed, someone who had my interest at heart but who would not see me at my work too often. So I found Rachel Crothers, the author of '39 East,' and, incidentally, the one who believed that I could

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Toreador Tony

Hollywood Magazine, L. A.

You never can tell. From all appearances, Tony Moreno would have been expected to have grown to be a toreador in sunny Spain—Madrid in particular.

Instead, he disports himself in thrilling feats of Vitagraph serials. It's a far hail from one to the other, but it is evident that Tony enjoys it, for he has just re-signed with Vitagraph for a long term.

There's a slight possibility, however, that all of this time will not be devoted to serial making, but rather to feature productions such as he made in the days of yore.

Wesley, Westerner

Wesley Barry believes in preparedness. The movies have discovered him and he has no reason to believe that they will let him escape from their merry midst. Incidentally, Wesley has decided ideas on the sort of thing he wishes to do—he scorns the conventional hero type and gazes tenderly on the figures of the screen's cowboys. Therefore, he is learning all the tricks of the trade, and enjoying himself to the utmost, in the meantime, with the most noted horsemen and lariat throwers of the film colony as his instructors

It is quite all right for Wesley to build his boyhood dream castles about a well-stocked ranch and cowboy rôles in the future, but we find it in our heart to rejoice over the fact that it will be many years before he grows up. Wesley—his grin—and his gingersnap freckles occupy a place on the silversheet which no other can fill.

He Just Happened!

When Douglas MacLean wired his father he was going on the stage that good clergyman immediately took a train and upon reaching New York he remonstrated with his son whom he visualized as already going to the dogs. Left, a portrait study, and, below, with Doris May

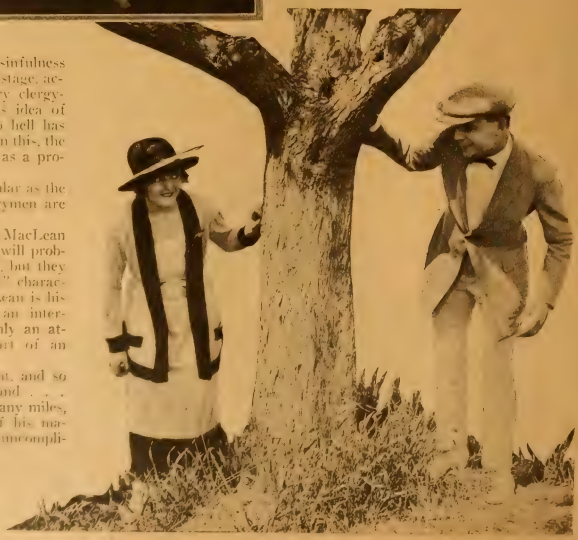
(somehow I wouldn't venture the familiarity of even thinking of him as Doug) had been chasing *after* me, not away from me.

His explanatory voice over the telephone was so very attractive and bespoke such culture that I decided he lacked even that singular wildness I had attributed to him. So dismounting from my high horse, I stepped once more on my self-starter and again speeded to the Thomas H. Ince studios.

And he was ready to go to bed.

His pajamas of heavy, brocaded, pale yellow silk peeped from beneath a stunning tan, woolly polo coat, which had evidently been donned hastily when he was told that I had arrived to interrupt his slumbers.

But there . . . before I shock you from reading farther I must hasten to confess that Douglas MacLean was only



A CERTAIN amount of sinfulness is inseparable from the stage, according to the ordinary clergyman's view point. His idea of one of the straightest paths to hell has been, in more darkened ages than this, the adoption of the mummer's art as a profession.

A superstition almost as popular as the above is that the sons of clergymen are all—wild.

When I tell you that Douglas MacLean is the son of a clergyman, you will probably draw your own inferences, but they will be wrong, for the "wildest" characteristic about young Mr. MacLean is his evasiveness when sought for an interview, and this, after all, is only an attributable wildness on the part of an equally wild interviewer.

California roads are excellent, and so is Mr. MacLean's car . . . and . . . after having chased him for many miles, I bowed to the superiority of his machine, decried all sorts of uncomplimentary things about young [illegible] who failed to keep appointments, and drove my self home.

Only to discover that young Mr. MacLean [illegible]

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

prepared for a prop bed for the purpose of enacting a dream in his newest Ince comedy.

He postponed this very interesting event to tell me the story of his life.

Douglas MacLean just happened!

That is, our screen Douglas MacLean just happened. He was predestined by desire to be a civil engineer, and he prepared for his college course in engineering at Northwestern University, Chicago. He never reached the complete rank of engineer, for his father, that clergyman mentioned in a former paragraph, established him and his cousin in the bond business in Philadelphia.

Engineering, bonds and Philadelphia, a long step from the stage, you'll say, and yet Douglas MacLean hurdled this Herculean jump with a facility which characterizes all his undertakings. It *happened* in this manner:

The bond business had been doing very well, so MacLean planned a vacational trip abroad with a friend of his. Italy was particularly the chosen land. Every-

Photo by Evans, L. A.

He believes that marriages can be and are happy even now-a-days when women as well as men wish a career. Above a new portrait; left, doing stunts with the studio dog, and, below, with Doris May on the golf course

thing was completely in readiness when Douglas MacLean left Philadelphia and arrived in New York, and then—his friend was taken ill and the sojourn abroad had to be abandoned.

Having counted upon his vacation, Douglas refused to give it up and so decided to spend it in New York. There, during a dinner party at the Plaza, he met Mr. Frohman—and Mr. Frohman asked him why he didn't go on the stage.

Our young hero was quite taken aback and said he had never thought of such a thing. Mr. Frohman suggested that he consider it seriously, for juveniles were needed badly in the profession just then.

Now, Douglas MacLean had taken part in college theatricals and he had liked them, and the more he thought of Mr. Frohman's suggestion, the more tempting it seemed. So in the morning he went down to the Garrick Theater and—the long

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Partners in Thrills

Even movie stars in sunny California find the shortage of houses threatening their peace of mind. Edith Johnson stood it as long as she could and then decided that she experienced shocks enough in serials without those her landlord supplied every time she paid her rent by informing her what he expected his property to bring the next thirty days—

Edith Johnson pruning a beautiful garden and receiving tips in the Hollywood fountain, and in the middle of this she had visions of her own garden as she has already created.

There has been no formal announcement, but it is rumored in reliable circles that ye ole Vitagraph adopted the role of Cupid when they cast Edith with William Duncan in their thrilling "Continued Next Week's." Evidently, Bill has grown so accustomed to watching over Edith that he wants to make his role a lasting one——

——At any rate, Mr. Duncan shows decided domestic tendencies and he has come to find the Johnson domicile the most attractive place in the whole of California. He always stops on his way from the studios to see how the garden is getting on.

That Exotic Frenchman

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

"The future?" questioned Maurice Tourneur. "We shall have to do something—something to get out of the rut. The new director will be a young man who will neglect everything done by his predecessors. Above, a portrait study; center, with Wesley Barry, and, below, when he directed Mary Pickford in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

PERHAPS pictures will decline in the next two or three years more than they have in the past three or four; perhaps the various obstacles that today stand in the way of producers will be removed. Perhaps.

Maurice Tourneur, the man who has brought stagecraft into photoplay production, altho he says that the market is filled with worse plays at the present time than it was two years ago, looks hopefully at the "wordless" feels the public pulse, and refuses to prophesy. Prophecy is mere speculation, and he emphatically says that he will not take a chance.

Wherefore, we shall deal with pictures as they are and have been—not as they will be.

When Griffith produced "Judith of Bethulia" some years ago, says Tourneur, he said something that would not sell today. "Judith," "The Woman God Forgot," "The Birth of a Nation," confused the artistry of these directors.

Today the same men, Griffith, De Mille and he himself, are putting forth romances of happy valleys, meaning that you can have every

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things, *et al.* But Tourneur believes—and says—that the public taste is not lowered; the reasons are multitudinous mediums between the public, the exhibitor and the producer. Why, he doesn't know, altho to him the mediums are potent.

"When we were working on a program we could make pictures as we wanted," he sighed. "Now we who are independent producers must consider our market; we must regard the little exhibitor in the Bad Lands of Dakota as carefully as we look to the various Sam Rothapfels of our biggest metropolis.

"The future? We shall have to do something—something to get out of the rut. It is a rut. The new director will be a young man who will neglect everything done by his predecessors. He will do things his own way; he will take untrained actors and make a series of snapshots of them—he will work with the kodak rather than the

By GRACE LAMB

"YOU'RE sure I can . . . can keep on dancin'?"

The kindly appearing doctor smiled at the anxious, frail appearing inquirer. He considered his reply for a moment, then said: "There is nothing to interfere with the continuance of your dancing . . . but you must forever give up hope of having children of your own."

Milly West didn't appear to hear him. Life had forced her to live for the day and its pay. The day and its pay meant the sprightliness of her nimble feet; meant the cabaret and Hughie Ray, her dancing partner, with whom, while doing an especially wild Apache turn, she had met with the disaster that had brought her to the operating table of the hospital from which she was now being dismissed—with the reassurance.

"Oh, thank you," she said, gratefully, and went out into the wan sunlight of the oncoming spring.

"She didn't seem to hear me," the doctor mused to himself, and, shaking his head a trifle, turned away.

Milly, humming the latest "rag," walked with gay uncertainty of step to Mrs. Babbs' boarding-house to tell the "bunch" she was as "fit as a fiddle."

David Mair, walking up the odoriferously carpeted stairs of Mrs. Babbs' boarding-house, came to a sudden halt. On the bend of the stairs he had, when he had first come in an hour or so ago, placed the bough of delicate ash he had brought with him from the country. It had occurred to him that he might be coming to just such a dingy place as this—and then there had been the possibility of his mission being met with a *need* of kindly flowers.

The ash bough was still there, ephemerally green and fragrant. Against it was what seemed to him, on first sight, to be another stripling bough of ash, but which, as he rubbed his eyes, resolved itself into a slim girl. The slim girl had an aureole of tarnished gold by way of hair—and she was sobbing. David was not given to whimsy, but it came to him that if a bough of ash *could* sob, it would do so in just this silent, slender fashion. Then he said, "What is the matter?"

Milly West looked up, rubbed her eyes and sprang to her deft feet.

"It—it got me," she said, with apparent irrelevance.

David smiled. His was an inviting sort of smile, because it came from his very big heart. He knew what she meant.

"Things like this do," he said, "when one has known . . . the country."

Milly smiled, rather shamefacedly now.

"I haven't been there in a great while," she said, "and I've been—been ill. I guess I'm sort of toppy yet. This this sorter gave me the Willies."

"Why dont you come back?" David used the term "come back" involuntarily.

"Oh . . . how could I? I've got to work. Only one kind I know. That's in my feet. Dont get paid for dancing in the fields and streams."

"Oh, I see. You dance?"

"Uh-huh. Whata you doing here? You . . . dont *look here.*"

David smile again. "I'm here on what might be described as a fool's errand," he explained, dropping onto the topmost step. "My next-door neighbor up home has a foolish son. He is in love with some girl here. Yesterday she had an incoherent scrawl from him to the cheery effect that he had committed suicide. She has had several of the same kind before, but that does not seem to prevent her from believing in his—er—good intent. On this repetition of the occasion the good woman was so unusually upset that I came down here to verify it. I found . . ."

Milly interrupted him, rather feebly. "W-what is her name?" she asked.

"Oh . . . Ennis. Her son is Tim Ennis, a harmless youth with perpetual founts of emotion. Do you know him?"

Milly essayed a rather wan smile. "He—I——" she paused.

David stared at her, then enlightenment touched him. "Oh," he said, "I see. *You* are the inspiration of this fount. Is he a rejected suitor?"

Milly laughed. "I s'pose you'd call it that," she said. "Where did you find him?"

The day and its pay meant the sprightliness of her nimble feet; meant the cabaret and Hughie Ray, her dancing partner

"Demonstrating davenports or fireless cookers or some such household commodity," laughed David, "with perfect good humor in some plate glassed window shop. He seemed to be thorofy of the earth earthy."

"He proposes every day," said Milly, "and I refuse him every day, and every night he threatens various modes of death. At first I used to get the jumps for fear he would. Then I got hep to him and I tell him to go ahead, for all of me. That makes him so mad he does go ahead—and gets a job. For a while he's all right, then it takes him again, and he's off . . . Oh, well," she brushed her hair from her eyes where a tangled skein of it obscured her very blue vision; "it's a rum old world, isn't it?" she said. "I'm doing a new turn at Garafola's tonight. Gotta get ready, 'cause I'm a new special and it's a big thing for me. More pay and a better class of people. So long. Give my regards to the country when you get there."

David had planned an immediate return. He disliked the city . . . wasn't used to it, nor it to him. He was the sort of man who liked the things, the people, the places he was used to—his own hearthstone, his own pipe and chair, the roads he had trod in childhood, the familiar faces and greetings. He got into the city as seldom as need be, and out of it as rapidly as he well could.

On this occasion he didn't go back.

The vision of the girl who had wept beside the ash bough and said it "gave her the Willies" kept recurring to him. He wanted to see her work. He wanted to see how she got thru with the big opportunity. Somehow, he felt that he wouldn't be satisfied just to go and leave things as they were. It would persist, he knew, the picture she had made on his mind, the impress she had made on his heart. His was too simple and consequently too direct a nature to quibble over what he knew to be a truth. She *had* made an impress on his heart. He felt oddly at a loss about her. He knew she was out of place here in this tawdry boarding-house, among these tawdry people. If she had had a mother, he felt, she would have been designed for better things, better chances . . . Well, he had only himself to consider. He would see her once more before he returned.

He went to Garafola's.

Milly made a tremendous effort. David, his heart pounding unmercifully, had to grant her that. Above all things, he loved spunk. Particularly in woman, where, he thought, it was a rarity. It was such a portent . . . courage in woman. It represented conscious effort. But she couldn't do it. Not quite. The vitiated air, the illness she had but inadequately recovered from, the uncertain food, the emotional strain of the day, all conspired against her. Before she had got half thru the selection of songs she had toiled so desperately over, she was on the floor.

It took them fifteen minutes to bring her to.

"She can finish, all right," the proprietor said, with a shrug.

Hughie Ray, her partner, thought so, too. "She can rest in the morning," he said, to atone for a seeming lack of heart. Her dead-white face and black, flattened lashes reproached him against his professional instincts.

David Mair just smiled. It had an ironical touch. "As a matter of fact," he said, "this girl is not going to finish either tonight or for a great many nights thereafter. I

know something about the human frame, and I know that this poor, tired frame deserves and is going to have a rest."

Before the proprietor and Ray could do more than splutter with their hands and mouth incoherencies with their tongues, David had Milly in a taxi and on her way home.

In the morning, he took her to his home town, the field-bounded, wood-bounded, utterly simple and uninteresting little village from which he had come with his bough of ash.

Milly was, in reality, too weakened to protest. And her yearning for the smell of the fields and woods was actual and acute.

It was peaceful riding along on the slow-moving train. It was soothing to listen to David's easy small talk, and not have to answer. Things that had been snarled and twisted suddenly seemed simplified and straight. She didn't know how, and she didn't feel that she had to ask. Before they had reached the village station Milly knew, with a thud of her heart, that she loved David Mair. Against the sudden and revealing glory of it she shut her eyes.

David had arranged for Milly to stop with Parson Neill and his buxom, capable daughter, Hester.

They arrived in time for luncheon, and Milly thought the gods on Olympus had not such delicacies as the cold chicken and biscuits and home-made jams and fresh fruits served her by Hester's kindly hands. It would have tasted sweeter, tho, had she not noted the exchange of looks between David and Hester.

"Of course," she thought, with a sudden, acute nostalgia, "I might have known there would be—a girl. A girl just like this, all homey and rosy and sweet. What would a man like him do with a girl like me, stale as I am, and soiled from dirty cafés and dingy folks and places! Oh, my, but it is sweet here! Just like heaven will be, I hope."

In the afternoon they gave a picnic for the orphan kiddies. Milly suddenly discovered a bond with the little ones. They understood her point of view and she theirs. She could sing for them, too, and tell them quaint little stories in dialect.

The ash bough was still there, ephemerally green and fragrant. Against it was what seemed to him on first sight to be another striping bough of ash, but which, as he rubbed his eyes, resolved itself into a slim girl.

"You ought to have children when you get married, Milly," Hester told her, admiringly. "My lands, I wish I could be as good with them as you are. They flock around you like bees around their queen. It's real sweet to see."

"Yes . . ." said Milly, carelessly. She was living in the moment.

David, watching her, smiled. She loved children, then, even as he did. There would be a bond between them which needed no enhancement, which in itself would be enough.

THE CITY SPARROW

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Paramount production based on the scenario of Clara Genevieve Kennedy adapted from the story by Kate Jordan. Directed by Sam Wood, starring Ethel Clayton. The cast

Milly West	Ethel Clayton
David Mair	Clyde Fillmore
Tim Ennis	Walter Hiers
Hughie Rio	William Boyd
Ma Ennis	Lillian Leighton
Annie	Rose Cade
Parson Neill	Robert Brower
Hester Neill	Helen Jerome Eddy
Mrs. Bal[illegible]	Sylvia Ashton

further heed to him. More than one good baking had be spoiled by his goings on, and not another would be, not if she knew it! When he arrived and turned the fount of his misery upon her, she told him to begone, and also that his Milly was over at Parson Neill's, stopping a spell, and was probably doing their Saturday baking for them, to go and see some honest work being done and try to profit by it.

Tim departed, to behold the phenomenon of Milly over a cook-stove, flushed, more rounded, lovelier by reason of these things. It all went to show that one never could tell about a woman. If the odoriferous baking hadn't been so savory and Hester Neill so much more comely than, back in the city, he had remembered her, he might have attempted a new form of suicide via the creek or some such handy spot. As it was, he stayed on, talking to Milly, and was unaware of the fact that she left him abruptly because the sight of Hester and David in close confab was too much for her. David, a few minutes later, came upon her, sobbing over the new brood of chickens.

He couldn't keep it back any longer. Like a child, he raised her and held her in his arms, kist the tears away, kist her tremulous mouth, whispered his love against her hair, against her breast, into the palms of her hands, still floury.

"Oh, David, oh, David, I do . . . I *do* . . ." was all Milly could find to say, but David seemed content.

In the evening Parson Neill sat with her on the porch. "You've done as well for yourself, Milly, my dear, as David has for himself," the old man said; "David will make a splendid husband and a more than splendid father. I think I have never known a man so protective and so tender in his instincts, with such a great heart for the weak and young . . . a fine man, David, fit for the rôle of paternity . . ."

Parson Neill said more along the same line, his sonorous voice rolling richly out into the deepening dusk, but Milly did not hear him. She was smelling, in place of the syringa and honeysuckle, the deadlier sweetness of anæsthesia; she was seeing, not clerical black, but hospital white, and she was hearing, really for the first time, the doctor's words, "*But you must forever give up hope of having children of your own* . . . forever give up hope . . . children of your own . . ."

That hadn't meant anything—then. There had been no David then. No need had been quickened

David, watching her, smiled. She loved children then, even as he did. There would be a bond between them which needed no enhancement, which in itself would be enough

within her, no yearning. She had had no vision of David, his strong arms—empty—his great heart—untenanted. She shut her eyes and pressed her fingers against them. "I'm so tired," she said, suddenly. "Please, oh, please excuse me . . ."

Up in her room, she crouched against the window-ledge and leaned her head against the sill. The slow moon rode the heavens, and a heavy stillness hung, palpably, over the earth. The scents of the night assailed her. She wept. After a while someone came over the hill. It was David. She knew him by his long and sure stride, by the tilt of his head, by the way his boots crunched the earth. "Oh, God," she breathed involuntarily, "I love him so . . . I want him to be happy . . . give me strength . . ." David was carrying something and Milly strained her neck to see what it might be. It was a tiny calf, born that night in the out barn. When Milly, strangely chilled, crept back to bed, she knew what she must do.

In the morning, after her work was done, a coincidence precipitated her decision. Hughie Ray appeared in a new roadster. He was, he said, "doing the movies" now. He talked in very large figures. It was "the life!" Milly was a great goof; she could "get in soft." They wanted her type, would go crazy over it, what with her dancing . . . it would be "a clean-up."

". . . The love of children, my dearest, is the love of all children, all young things . . . we can know that, Milly"

Milly promised to catch the next train. Hughie patted her on the shoulder with some benevolence. Said he knew she'd soon "go loco in this burg." Milly smiled wryly, but did not answer. All at once, she found that she had nothing to say to the Hughie Rays. If she had not been so innerly weary she might have evolved a violent hatred of him. If it had not been for him . . . and the way he had flung her about in that Apache dance . . . just to make a few sated idlers leer and gape at them . . . what a price for what a game!

The spring had gone out of her feet. That may have accounted for the missing of the train. The suit-case was heavy; she had to be wary in escaping the house. The road was long and hot and dusty. When she found that the train had gone, she crossed over the tracks and sat in the woody spot where they had first had their picnic. It seemed so long ago, almost as tho it had never been. Over her head the ash-tree was waving its frail, green, slender arms. She pulled a piece of it to her lips and kist it. What a price . . . her life . . . David's, too . . . for a dance in a third-rate cabaret! How far people get from the essentials! David . . . there would be some time, Hester for David. Somehow, the thought did not accord Milly the comfort it should have . . . and then David was with her! His strong arms were holding her as they had the day before; he was asking her what it all meant, to tell him . . . Hughie Ray . . .

Before the hurt on his face, Milly collapsed. The doctor's ultimatum sobbed itself from her. Arms about him, she choked, "You deserve the best, David . . . so I . . . so I . . ."

"So you were taking the best from me?" His tone was reproachful, vibrant with the tenderness of his commiseration, his understanding.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Presentation's the Thing

By ELLEN D. TARLEAU

WHAT is the secret that makes of two motion pictures, both carefully produced, both well written and ably directed, one a phenomenal hit that sweeps the country and the other a failure, or at best only mediocre success? I asked this of Hugo Riesenfeld, who manages the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Criterion, three huge theaters of New York; who arranges the musical accompaniment to the pictures as well as song-and-dance numbers shown at his theaters; who conducts the orchestra when the fancy seizes him and who, in his leisure moments, finds time to compose really good music. And this busy man replied briefly, "Presentation."

This is true, for nowadays motion pictures have long outgrown their proverbial "infancy." They have even passed their intermediate or sub-deb stage and are now emerging on Broadway with all the glory and all the winsome charm of a full-fledged débutante, and that this débutante may be able to hold its own among its sisters, aunts and cousins, the legitimate or spoken shows, it must be properly clothed and introduced to the theater-going society. It is all very well to speak of beauty unadorned, yet, a débutante in a last year's outfit, or a motion picture shown on Broadway merely as such, without the embellishment of proper music, inviting posters, novelty acts, fascinating decorations and settings, is totally unthinkable—they just are not, that's all.

Of course, proper presentation is up to the exhibitor. The motion picture company is thru—the director has done his level best and has finished the production. Now the exhibitor, especially the one who gets the picture first, can make or mar its success. And, since success, translated into business English, means cold, hard *cash*, a thing not to be treated casually these times, with ice-cream sodas twenty five cents apiece and the price of eggs steadily on the upward path, the shrewd exhibitors along Broadway and in its immediate vicinity vie with each other in making their theaters oases of comfort and entertainment and sheer esthetic beauty in order to coax the elusive dollar from its lair in beaded bags or vest pockets.

Out of this wholesome competition has developed the standard modern motion picture theater, a place of classical beauty, of great restfulness and comfort, of the best in music, the cleverest in decorations and settings, and while all this is the general standard, the details constantly vary. There is always something new, something that has never been done before, or shown before, that keeps alive the interest of the jaded audience. And all this is built and arranged and composed for and around the motion picture as central attraction.

In short, the exhibitors of today are past masters in appealing to the mind and the heart, and, incidentally, the purse of the public; and chief among the exhibitors ranks Hugo Riesenfeld.

By rights, Mr. Riesenfeld should be bent and grey, for unlimited responsibilities rest upon his slim shoulders. The successful managing of three large theaters entails such masses of detail and makes such a demand on energy, imagination and good judgment that a lesser man would grow stale, would finally be devoid of ideas and originality and handle his affairs as routine matters only. But Mr. Riesenfeld is, I might say, indomitable. What else would you call a man who, overburdened and pressed with work, sits down to write the score for an operetta as a sort of relaxation? Take a man of Mr. Riesenfeld's ability, nay, genius, and theaters as luxurious and as beautiful as the Rialto and the Rivoli, and you will have a combination to conjure with.

Mr. Riesenfeld has his own views on the subject of presentation. He says, "You must bear in mind that whatever I do is done with a view to please the public. Just this and nothing else is my entire ambition, my slogan, so to speak. With this in mind, I select the feature, always the best that is to be had. I have no distinct policy, boost no distinct type of picture, just as long as the play is interesting *and* wholesome. Around this picture I build the rest of the entertainment.

"There is, first of all, the overture." Here a pardonable note of pride crept into his voice, for musicians *will*, after all, be musicians, even if they be managers and

business men besides. "This overture," he continued, "consists of the best in classical music, rendered by an orchestra of fifty. I try to get something that will put the audience into a receptive frame of mind for what is to follow. Something gay and sprightly if the feature be a comedy or light drama, something touching and sentimental if a pathetic story is about to be told. Yet I always offer something new in the line of classical music. I dont care to repeat the time-worn old standbys, that are as familiar to the people as a nursery rhyme, for I have found that, contrary to general opinion, the great majority of the people appreciate really good music, *classical music*."

Mr. Riesenfeld seems to be a man who credits his public with good taste and good sense, which maybe accounts for his success. If only some producers of musical comedy would follow his example, there might be fewer failures along Broadway.

Besides the great overture, he arranges or supervises the arrangement of all the music accompanying the pictures. Quite a task! For motion pictures need expressive music to get them across. Music takes the place of words in picture plays, just as much as the subtitle, and therefore the music has to be carefully selected and combined to fit all the different scenes.

Wedged in between the motion pictures and concert are little acts, offerings of song or dance or pantomime, or the three of them combined, which pertain to and serve to enhance the feature picture. This is no ordinary vaudeville, for these artists are not to be seen or heard at any other theaters. Mr. Riesenfeld maintains a large staff of talented people, under contract. From their ranks he selects the weekly performers for his three theaters. He personally coaches them and arranges their acts and also the settings.

These settings deserve a paragraph to themselves, for they really are an artistic triumph; they draft the best in stage craft into service for the enhancement of the motion picture. It is truly marvelous—on a stage no broader than the motion picture screen, and maybe four or five feet deep, settings of unsurpassed originality in conception, lighting and coloring call forth impressions of vast spaces. There is nothing cramped; the illusion is always preserved.

Mr. Riesenfeld, who, as I have said, believes in giving his public the best, has employed eminent scenic artists to design settings that are in keeping with the act. Joseph Urban, Willy Pogany and John Wenger are among the artists who have gone to work for the "movies." Democracy of art? No matter, the fact

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Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Photograph Illustrated News

The proper presentation is up to the exhibitor. The motion picture company is thru—the director has done his level best and has finished the production. Now the exhibitor, especially the one who gets the picture first, can make or mar its success. Above, a view of the Rivoli, one of Manhattan's picture palaces, at night; left, Hugo Riesenfeld, who has successfully mastered the artistic technique of presentation, and, below, the staff artists preparing unusual poster material

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Around the Globe

Photograph by Herbert

Above, Betty Pomroy Hanson, of Rugby, North Dakota; center, Marguerite Cantrell, of Detroit, Michigan, and, below, Dorothy Farrar, of Fresno, California

ON January first, 1919, the editors of the Brewster Publications decided to start a Fame and Fortune contest which would enable many of the readers of these magazines and their friends to come into closer contact with the celluloid world.

The editors believed, and still believe, that thruout this country, and in many other countries, there are thousands of girls who, if given the stepping-stone of opportunity to do so, would develop into motion picture stars of the highest caliber. Thru the medium of this contest, as announced by the Brewster Publications early in 1919, thousands upon thousands of readers, some in tiny hamlets, others in large cities, have had their chance to enter this contest and to try their screen personalities out in the most thoro way possible.

The life of the average movie star is usually one of short duration. Of course, this depends a great deal on the personality of the star, but with the thought in mind that the motion picture industry is the fourth largest industry in the world, and that there are only comparatively a half-dozen men and women representing this tremendous factor of modern success, we realize that the necessity for new personalities on the screen is very vital. Every now and then the newspapers and magazines come out with the story of some new luminary who is about to be discovered on the silversheet. Some new girl has appeared on the horizon of the screen who has something unusual to offer to an always expectant public. Sometimes these stars live up to the advance press stories circulating about and really make good; more often they flash across the sky of public notice and, like a shooting star, fall from sight almost immediately, leaving not a trace of remembrance in their wake.

The realization that surely out of the thousands of girls living in quiet little corners of the country, dreaming away a lifetime of unexpressed hope and ambition; the knowledge that the screen really needs new blood daily, and as much of it as it can possibly get, was the beginning of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. At its close it was voted such a tremendous success by not only its readers, but by outside motion picture companies who realized its possibilities, that there were four winners announced instead of one. And four young girls were started on the way to stardom.

Of course, this first contest was a great deal of help to us in conducting the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. We profited by experience, and taking into consideration all the mistakes which we had naturally made in our first attempt, we have succeeded in making this year's contest one quite unique in the annals of motion picture history.

The news of the contest spread afar; overwhelming results in the form of thousands and thousands of photographs have poured into these offices, and the contest manager and the judges' committee have been buried alive, as it were, under the deluge. The most impartial

and careful judgment has been exercised in the selection of the winners from these photographs, and in a great many instances, when a photograph arrived showing a perfect profile of a fair contestant, the judges have written, demanding other photographs showing the contestant from all angles, so that the high standard set by the committee for the contestants might be kept inviolable.

Last year there were two opportunities given to the contestants to have screen tests made free of charge. This year, there have been something like thirty days set apart during the run of the contest in which hundreds of contestants were given the most thoro and practical camera tests. Very often, when the first camera test had been viewed by the judges' committee and it was discovered that some one had revealed unusual screen personality, another test was made of this person, sometimes running into hundreds of feet of film. In one case, a young girl was given the usual camera test, and when it was shown to the judges' committee, they were so convinced of her unusual possibilities that another and another test was made of her. Some time later she was sent up to the D. W. Griffith studios, where she so impressed Mr. Griffith and his staff that a whole afternoon, the entire lighting of the studios, in fact, the whole place, was used in making a screen test of her. Mr. Griffith himself directed her, and thousands of feet of film were used in making the test. It is not known at this writing what the decision of Mr. Griffith is, but a great deal of expense was involved in the making of this camera test.

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Above, Judian Jordan, of Fall Brook, California; center, Blanche Bedford, of London, England, and, below, Ellen Viking, of Portland, Oregon

Various important motion picture companies have offered to take one or more of the winners. A representative from a great Western company has visited the offices several times and has announced that he will be willing to sign up with a substantial contract the contestant who fits the type he has in mind. These representatives of the various companies are shown the screen tests of the contestants, and they are only awaiting the final close of the contest before making their choice.

Last year we produced in connection with the contest a two-reel feature called "A Dream of Fair Women," in which the final winners and all the honor roll members took part. The picture was released thruout the country and created a great deal of interest everywhere. Acting upon the success of this novel venture, (this being the first time anything of this sort had been done in connection with a Fame and Fortune Contest), there will be produced a five-reel feature drama in which the players run the gamut of human emotion and which will give the contestants every possible opportunity to display their histrionic ability. "Love's Redemption" is the name of this feature, and it is very unusual in that it has in its cast many notables who have never before appeared on the screen. Prominent in the cast is Edwin Markham, the

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Photograph by Gisbert

DOROTHY GISH

Miss Gish is now portraying a new role—that of a tourist. Together with the Talmadges, she is spending a few months in Europe and upon her return in the early fall she will again take up her work in the studios

Ruth Returns

Ever since the old Essanay days, Ruth Stonehouse has held a place in fan hearts For a time she was away from the screen and her friends missed her. But she has come back in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and at present she is busily at work in the Metro studios on "The Hope," a famous Drury Lane melodrama

All photographs by Browers, L. A.

Just a short space up Laurel Canyon, a quaint house nestles in the mountainside. Folks in Hollywood call it "Stonehouse Castle," for it is here that Ruth presides when she is not busy at the studios. The stenciled walls and furnishings—the hangings and draperies—all are the work of her own hands for, away from the Kleig lights, she is Mrs. Joseph Roach, you know

Sidelights on Dorothy

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Dorothy Dalton seems to be one of those rare, naturally sensible people—she belongs to those who know most things instinctively—with a surety. Those who find life pleasant and simple; who never seem weighed down by personal problems

DOROTHY DALTON'S name is listed on the pages of my desk diary for six consecutive days and interspersed here and there on other pages, covering, all in all, a period of three weeks. To get into any direct communication with her seemed impossible. First she was at Saratoga, resting, and then her company spent every day away from the studios on location. Never did a picture have so many exterior scenes—it seemed as tho they would never finish filming them.

However, it eventually came to pass that every exterior in the entire production was completed and she was working inside every day. So with a one o'clock appointment, I betook myself to the Famous Players studio and climbed the iron stairs from the stages to her dressing-room.

She opened the door herself in answer to my knock—evidently dressing for her next scene—with a vivid kimono thrown over her shoulders.

"What do you suppose?" she announced informally, relieving the situation of any lurking strain. "After I asked you to come at one o'clock, they moved forward our luncheon time, and now we'll have to talk between scenes. I suppose you re furious, but it just couldn't be helped—really."

I wasn't furious. As a matter of fact, I reassured her, descended the stairs and, with the help of numerous stage hands, managed to find the Dalton set, where I ensconced myself in her special chair, marked "Dorothy Dalton" in great black letters, just as she had directed me. You would be apt to do as she suggested, because she is one of those rare, naturally sensible people. There are those who spend their lifetime studying theories, dissecting life and every one with whom they come in contact, who pass on to the grave with an enviable knowledge in the acquisition of which they have spent their days and energy. Dorothy Dalton is not one of these, altho life interests her to a great degree. Rather, she belongs to those other people who know most things instinctively—with a surety. Those who find life pleasant and simple; who never seem weighed down by personal problems. I mentioned this to her later when we sat talking. She smiled and asked me if I thought there was in this pale an existence not encumbered with difficulties.

"Every one is searching for the solution to some definite problem which confronts them," she said. "And I do not think that in the personal problem we can help one another. There is one thing from which you can never save people, try as you will. And that," she paused, "is themselves."

Conversation was fragmentary, for her presence was

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Weeping herself toward the stars—wistfully—appealingly—has been Ann Forrest's rôle so far in her career, but she may blossom forth in something quite different in her next picture. Top, a recent portrait study; center, with Mr. de Mille and Forrest Stanley, who will play opposite her, and, bottom, with Mr. de Mille

girlish heart, to a high development of dramatic power.

Over the luncheon table, a little later, Ann chatted freely about herself.

It was on a wild, picturesque island just off Denmark that she was born. With the stormy North Sea beating against the rugged shore below her home, it may be that this child, with the blood of Viking ancestors flowing in her veins, imbibed some of the intensities of these early environments.

"I have always loved big things," she told me. "Wide spaces—immensities—that is what most impressed me about America. With my first glimpse, I was thrilled, and I have never outgrown that awe.

"My little brother and I were left in Denmark when the family came over, and I was fourteen when we joined them. Oh, I love Denmark, *love* it, but never again could I be contented to live there. Of course, I want to go back sometime; the whole family cherishes a dream of spending another Christmas in the old home. Christmas in Denmark is a wonderful experience!

"See how firm and muscular I am?" and Miss Forrest straightened her slim body. "That is my Norse inheritance. I learnt to swim and skate when little more than a baby. This is the hidden tragedy of my life," and she merrily lowered her voice to a sepulchral whisper. "I'm trying to get *fat*. I am taking oil rubs and drinking goat's milk, and some day I hope to be so——" and she drew imaginary lines of ample proportions in the air.

Ann is one of a large family, there being three brothers and a sister. Recently they bought a new home in Laurel Canyon, perched on the side of the hill, commanding an inspiring view, with the world spread out before them.

"We have been trying to find a suitable name, and yesterday mamma suddenly thought of 'For-Rest Lodge,' and we were all so tickled that we had a celebration in its honor. We are such a happy family. My best chum is my sister Mabel. She is very pretty and such a good little scout. She doesn't like pictures; I had her try in some of mine, but her whole heart is in music and she has a marvelous contralto voice. I am planning that she shall have the best of training, and I am sure she will be famous some day."

It was William Farnum who named her Ann Forrest. Of course, the Ann belonged to her, for she was the first girl on

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Breakfast With Bryant

Photograph by Motion Picture Studio, L. A.

"I'm going to do both comedy and drama," Bryant Washburn explained, "the things I have always wanted to do, and now force of circumstances left undone"

PERHAPS a dozen or more dinners, an equal number of teas with motor rides interspersed here and there, would give an impression of Bryant Washburn equal to that derived in just one breakfast. Breakfasts are revealing sorts of things. It has even been said that breakfast in public is a mistake and, undoubtedly, it is, for some people. Among that number, however, I would fail to place Bryant Washburn.

It was a late summer morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Washburn were at the Biltmore in New York—on their way for a belated honeymoon abroad and, incidentally, he was to make his first production for the Bryant Washburn Features in England.

And Mrs. Washburn, presiding over the coffee urn and impressing the waiter with the importance of bringing the cream cold and buttered, caused one to believe that all the talk about the emancipation of women and the new woman, whoever or whatever she may be notwithstanding, is all a great mistake if it is going to take her from the sphere she now occupies.

"And today?" he queried over his orange juice.

"Today, dear," smiled Mother Mabel, "we must get that watch for Sonny. Remember, he said he couldn't very well know when it was time to get home unless he knew what time it was."

Then, to me:

"Ever since his little friend, Bob White, George Beban's son, you know, got his watch, Sonny has wanted one."

She smiled.

"You promised it to him, you know, daddy."

"He shall have it," announced "daddy," patting her hand. "We'll buy it today, if the conference of the directors itself has to wait."

And so, you see, it would not take a Sherlock Holmes to know that Bryant Washburn may have his own company, may be starting out to do the things he has always wanted to do, and may be sincerely fond of his work—yet more than any and all of these things, he delights in being "daddy" to Sonny and the ten-months-old baby. Several pairs of eyes in the dining-room were focused upon him, but he didn't see them. He was quite occupied watching the little woman, charming in sport togs, who was pouring his coffee while he told me how the boy came home from Sunday-school one day to ask them if God was Hollywood.

He said:

"'No, Sonny,' I told him. 'God's not Hollywood. What made you think He was?'

"'Well,' said Sonny, 'today we said, "Our Father, who art in heaven, Hollywood be thy name." We *said that*, daddy.'"

He laughed heartily as he told the story and Mrs. Washburn smiled.

"You know," she said, "Bryant and I have come to the conclusion that it is quite useless for anyone else in the

By BETSY BRUCE

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

He laughed as he told me they were partners in every sense of the word. "Mabel wants me to go on, doing bigger things always," he explained. "There is, then, no alternative. I've got to do them, that's all!" Above, a portrait taken on his veranda, and, below, Mrs. Washburn and the two children

world to have children. But they are darlings, really, and it is only because they are so well cared for by an old Scotch nurse, with mother and father right there every minute of the time, that I came along. It is really our honeymoon, even if we have been married some years, and with the kiddies looked after, we can enjoy every minute of it. When we were married, Bryant was so busy in the studio that we just couldn't get away; then the children came, and it's the very first opportunity we have had to go away together."

Of course, had it been the dinner hour, the talk would have drifted to all sorts of different things—various philosophies, new theories; however, such conversation would be incongruous with breakfast fare, and because of this the talk was always in a light vein.

"I often wonder," Mr. Washburn ventured, "why we movie folk are interviewed. For instance, my own life is divided between the studio and the home. Perhaps there is no one who has less time to glean opinions on various subjects and keep abreast of the times than we who work constantly before the camera. Mabel and I were saying this morning that we'll come on to New York every year in the future, making a few pictures here each time, but more than anything else, to avoid getting into a rut. It's so easy to forget the great world going on outside of Hollywood—I've come to the conclusion, too, that our mode of living is purely a matter of habit. Some things we do are habits easily acquired—others are not. Look at those people we all know who think they must dash hither and thither, doing bizarre and hectic things in order to be happy. They gradually come to find their own veranda or fireside boredom—they overlook the real pleasure afforded in the pages of the books they have, old and new—and without attempting to exploit what has come to be termed 'Pollyanna stuff,' I think being happy is largely a matter of habit.

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Prunes, Not Prisms

By
GLADYS HALL

© Photo by Underwood & Underwood

MADAME NAMARA belongs to The Woman Pays Club. So do I. So does her P. A. It occurred to all three of us one day that a very brilliant thought would be to kill two birds with one rock. In simple, every-day language, to interview while we ate. At the meeting of the club following the inspirational plan, I was very much There Present.

Namara was not.

Now, I may as well tell the truth. Namara says she always tells the truth about herself, even when that same propensity for truth compels her to admit that she *has* a personality, a voice and extraordinary clothes. Feeling as she does, then, about the truth, she can have no objection to my following the rigid path of adherence she has set.

Namara was late. Further, to press the issue, she generally was late (at the club). Midway in the meal she would arrive, always rather sensationally, always ravishingly and always with a perfect torrent of explanatoriness, which, I am bound to pursue, was purely feminine explanatoriness.

On this particular day she was very late. Very late, indeed.

She had a young musician with her, and it was with great difficulty, (and the aid of said young musician), that we steered her off the subject of his vast talent and onto her own exploits.

She sat at a side table (with the Y. M.). Her P. A. and I sat with her. She talked a great deal and consumed quantities of stewed prunes. She said she adored them. She said that she always *had* adored them. She didn't know why. She said that she hoped I would ask her a great many questions, but *not* about where and when she was born and all that sort of thing. She said that she would inform me that the only thing of interest in her early life was the fact that her parents were always in a state of despair over her. They never knew, she said, what *was* to become of her. Evidently they told her so with some frequency. "Mamma," she added, "has only become more or less resigned to me lately. She agrees with me on almost everything now, but I

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© Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"I believe in being frank" she said, "about all things, about everything. A great many persons will say, 'Namara is a conceited fool.' Let them! There are others who will know that I am not." Top, a portrait; center, on her Long Island estate with Husband Guy Bolton, and, right, with her little daughter, Peggy

"He and She"

Stories may come——
Stories may go——
But the love story, as old as the ages, will go on forever——

In "Love's Redemption," the Brewster production filmed in conjunction with the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, Blanche McGarity portrays "She," while Lynne Berry is seen as "He," as shown in the photograph above.

Across the Silversheet

New Screen Plays in Review

Above, Mae Murray in "The Right to Love" a most artistic production despite its lack of good story material center, James Kirkwood and Mary Thurman in Allan Dwan's "The Scoffer," a gripping picture with basic truths so simple that you marvel something similar has not been done before, below, Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Woman" in which she again plays the innocent vamper.

THERE is always a radical drop in the average of good productions during the summer months. The producer holds the better pictures which come thru from the studios for the autumn and winter releases. So with the warm weather a thing of the past, better pictures are being offered. And among these better pictures it is well to mention "Earthbound," which the Eminent Authors of the Goldwyn Company offer.

"Earthbound" is a Basil King story and most unusual. It tells of a man who becomes enamored with his friend's wife, even to a point where he neglects his own wife and child, whom he really loves. His wife goes to the woman's husband and warns him of the existent conditions, with the result that he kills her husband a few hours before he and his wife had planned to seek together some far corner of the world.

But before he can leave the earth in his wake, this man finds that he must make right those things he left wrong—he is, then, earthbound. His spirit haunts the familiar ways, and every now and then some one who sees clearly and who understands gets a vision of his spirit amid the haunts he previously frequented.

The severance of his last earthly tie comes when the wife he has wronged recognizes his spirit and, with forgiveness on her lips, bids him go beyond.

Thanks to the consistently good direction of T. Hayes Hunter, the picture's interest is well maintained, with no instance of flagging, while the photography, which is particularly difficult because of the ghost-like form moving about in the majority of the scenes, is excellent.

Mahlon Hamilton plays the wronged husband, Flora Revalles his wife, Wyndham Standing the earthbound man, Naomi Childers the neglected wife and Alec Francis the rector.

As a matter of fact, each artist plays his individual rôle convincingly, with many of the scenes enacted in a suppressed key—suffering thru no heroics, as it were—and this is a phase of characterization which many screen players are adopting with splendid results.

To Naomi Childers goes a special word of praise for her work. She has never done anything better than the neglected wife, who is, to a great extent, one of those people addicted to tears and unable to repress their feelings.

This production comes at an opportune time, too, when people everywhere are extremely interested in this phase of living—or dying.

THE PERFECT WOMAN—FIRST NATIONAL

A subtitle in "The Perfect Woman"

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

told us that Constance Talmadge was a stenographer, and we had no reason to doubt it. Too, she dealt with the well-known Pitman hieroglyphics thruout, but we must admit that we thought all the time that the end would explain that she was really a very wealthy young woman who labored under some radical beliefs and, therefore, toiled daily. But no such thing happened. The only radicals in the picture were some Bolsheviks, who attack the hero and permit Constance to prove that even a pretty woman can be efficient when the occasion arises. So we are still wondering how a stenographer could manage the wardrobe which Constance exhibited thruout the entire picture.

Again Miss Talmadge is the innocent vampire type and, as always in this sort of rôle, she is very attractive. With a close-up of her eyes a subtitle is superfluous, but, now and then, we do wish she would have a story not wound around one tiny thought.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—
FAMOUS PLAYERS

In "Something to Think About," Cecil de Mille forsakes the luxurious sex drama and deals with a theme which at times soars to the spiritual. And it must be said to Mr. de Mille's credit that he handles it as skilfully as he did the former.

The story tells about Ruth Anderson, daughter of the village blacksmith, in whom David Markley, a curio collector, unbeliever and cripple, takes a great interest and sends away to school. When she returns, he realizes he loves her, and Ruth, prompted by gratitude, promises to marry him.

Into her life comes another, a Jim Dirk, who, altho without funds, possesses the beliefs and strength which David lacks, and the night before her wedding day, Ruth runs off with him.

Events follow in quick succession. With Ruth about to become a mother, Jim is killed, and after months of misery and suffering, she returns to the little village, to find her father now blind and about to go to the county farm, refusing David's aid, with his heart hardened against her. She is about to seek oblivion when David finds her and offers her once more the name and position she ran away from months before. She accepts his offer, and the story spans the years until we find her son a boy of eight or more summers and quite master of David's heart, altho David and Ruth herself are still far apart. She has come to

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Above, "Earthbound," the Basil King story which, with its spiritualistic interests comes at an opportune time; center, "Lady Rose's Daughter," which even Elsie Ferguson could not save from the fate of a very mediocre production; below, "Something to Think About," in which Cecil B. de Mille strives towards greater things —and his striving is not in vain.

Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Above, Mildred Davis teaches to stand more of her confidences and undertakes the role of camera-shamed widow her fond spouse acts as assistant. Note the fiendish way Harold Lloyd lowers eyebrows on said camera. Right, Buck Jones enjoys a brief affection on the veranda of his bungalow

Al Christie and Colleen Moore stop for a bit of fun between "So Long Letty" scenes while the powers-that-be at Robertson-Cole wait for the completion of the production that they may release it

MIDSUMMER found the Hollywood colony suffering a series of misfortunes. The death of Lieutenant Omer Locklear while performing the last stunt for a Fox feature filled our hearts with sadness, for the young man he was only twenty-seven—was one of the best-liked of the younger set out here. It did seem a profligate throwing away of a splendid young life, and one can only hope that this tempting death for a picture thrill will soon become less popular.

At the same time the reaper Death put finis to the work of that splendid film artist, Jean Gaudio.

And Mildred Harris Chaplin, the young wife of that very real genius, Charlie Chaplin, sued him for divorce, with a long list of all the things he did do and didn't do, which she classified as mental cruelty.

Mr. Chaplin to date has refused to make any personal statement. It is said out here that he suffers, as do all geniuses at times, from tremendous fits of depression. Just what effect this divorce will have on him none can say.

Elliott Dexter, after doing the finest work of his career in "Something to Think About," is still waiting for another appropriate part, for 'tis whispered he still must play with the aid of a cane.

The Hollywood studio played host to 300 midshipmen who arrived at Los Angeles harbor on the battleships *Connecticut, New Hampshire* and *Kansas*. The navy men enjoyed the unique pleasure of being filmed with their favorite stars. The reception committee included Marshall Neilan, Marjorie Daw, Agnes Ayres, Dorothy Phillips, John Jasper, Allan Dwan, Sidney Franklin, Allan Holubar, Pat O'Malley, James Kirkwood and Sol Lesser.

And, speaking of Allan Dwan, I often see him taking his Sunday swim in the waves at Long Beach, Cal. He has a very lovely home right on the ocean front.

And Cullen Landis, the boy who looks like the biggest comer out here because of his splendid work in "The Empire Builders," also has a home in Long Beach and a lovely young wife and baby.

At the Lasky studio William de Mille is busily at work on "His Friend and His Wife." At the last moment, Lois Wilson was substituted in the leading rôle for pretty little Ora Carew, while Lila Lee was given the rôle previously assigned to Miss Wilson.

Likewise, Cecil B. de Mille, in his new picture, substituted Clarence Burton for the rôle which was to have been taken by King Baggot. Burton landed in Hollywood from location work on "The Jucklins" just in time to begin work and, as Mr. de Mille explained, the rôle was

When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which becomes sore, rough and ragged.

The wrong and the right way to manicure

CUTTING the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it in Cutex, and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply a little Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Cutex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and all chemists' shops in England.

Six manicures for 20 cents

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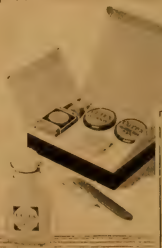

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Above, David Warfield visits the Lasky studios and expounds some dramatic theories to Thomas Meighan and Theodore Roberts; right, 'most everybody in Los Angeles feels happier now that Mary Pickford Fairbanks is back, but even more joyous than the rest is little Mary Rapp. Only she's Mary Pickford now, because Mamma Charlotte Pickford has adopted her legally; below, Director Chet Withey and Mrs. Withey do a bit of gardening

absolutely made for Mr. Burton, but for a while he thought Burton wouldn't be free in time. Now, however, all concerned are very pleased at the turn of events.

Of course, the big buzz in Los Angeles is the forthcoming picturization of "Peter Pan" at the Lasky studio. For a time we all thought Cecil B. would direct, but he said, "Bless you, no; I haven't a bit of Peter Pan in my make-up." So the honor goes to brother William.

It was Cecil, too, who gave Shannon Day her first chance to see herself in the shadows. Miss Day is a very beautiful erstwhile member of the "Follies" and is expected to create quite a furore in pictures.

Handsome Tommy Meighan is again with us after having made a picture in New York. Immediately upon his arrival he started work on "Easy Street," with that other famous Thomas, Tom Forman, directing.

Monte Blue did such fine work in "Something to Think About" and "The Jucklins" that Paramount decided to star him. He has left for New York to take the lead in "The Kentuckians."

An epidemic of home buying has again broken out among the film stars, and no wonder, for southern California homes are perfectly delectable. Dorothy Phillips is the latest to purchase a home on Laurel Avenue within a stone's throw of the lovely and famous Laurel Canyon. It is a two-story structure of English colonial design and cost $35,000. Annette Kellermann, Ethel Clayton and William S. Hart are others who have bought new California homes.

May Allison has purchased some very beautiful new gowns for her new screen drama, "The Marriage of William Ashe." I saw her in Los Angeles the other day, and she was having the time of her life, for there is nothing she enjoys so much as planning new costumes.

Out at the Haworth studio the other day I saw several scenes being taken for "Kismet." On the side lines sat Rosemary Theby in a very, very thin Oriental costume. She is really lovely to look at and is known as the best little fox-trotter in Los Angeles. Every night finds her dancing at some café—she says she has given up going out so much, but, you know, a woman's prerogative is to change her mind.

A charming little romance is that of ZaSu Pitts, who eloped with Tom S. Gallery, her leading man, on July 25th, and was married in Santa Ana. King and Florence Vidor were witnesses. Only eight months ago Tom S. Gallery was a young reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper. One day he stood watching them work at the Brentwood studios. "That looks easy," he said. "Wonder if they'd let me try?" The camera-man gave him a

(Continued on page 111)

Blustery Winds and the Complexion

WHAT is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early autumn, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face, and stimulate the joy of living.

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin, they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear, healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters. Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 11-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.

Green Room Jottings

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Mrs. Sidney Drew has been engaged [illegible] to direct a screen adaptation of the famous Charles Frohman play "Mrs. Dot," in which Kate Alice Jeffer will [illegible] the role created on the speaking stage by Ethel Barrymore.

Alice Terry, one of Metro's newest featured screen players, has important part in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," from the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Rudolph Valentino plays the leading male role.

Wyndham Standing's admirers, especially those who were fans "first" letters, will be glad to know that he now has a permanent address having signed with Metro Pictures as a featured player of that organization.

Cornelia Skinner makes her [illegible] debut in the film version of "Cornered," the play made famous on the stage by her talented father Otis Skinner, in which he starred for some [illegible] in which he starred.

Frances Marion is to direct Mary [illegible] in an original story written for Miss Pickford by Miss Marion.

Mrs. Morgan Belmont, well-known society woman of New York and Newport, plays the part of a Boston society matron in D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East."

Betty Blythe will play the leading role in the next Robert Z. Leonard Film Co. production, "Proud Husbands," an Albert Payson Terhune story.

Norma and Constance Talmadge [illegible] the summer, and [illegible] a busy engineering into a few days. They spend some time, however, having [illegible] and marvelous costumes which will, it is expected, [illegible] the last word in ultra chic styles for their [illegible] pictures the coming season.

Fred Niblo will direct **Douglas Fairbanks** in his next production to be [illegible] at Hollywood.

Edward Earle, known as a "typical [illegible] type," will be seen as Doralton in [illegible] "The Passion Flower" with [illegible] Wilson.

Hallum Cooley appears as leading man with Gladys Leslie in her second [illegible] feature, "Queen of the Pride."

Having completed his fill of [illegible] Broadway and Coney Island, [illegible] Tom Lewis goes to Stuart Holmes [illegible] the non-appetizing German spy in Vicente [illegible] "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Dorothy Gish spent a few weeks abroad during the summer [illegible] motion picture advent as a motion picture [illegible]

Cole Heavey has signed a contract with Special Pictures [illegible] to make twelve productions a year for that organization.

Miss Ann and **Master Michael Cudahy**, youngest scions of the famous Cudahy family of packers of Kansas City, appear in "The Backbone," the first production of The Monroe Salisbury Stewart, [illegible] will be the featured player in a [illegible] production to be made under the Robertson-Cole banner.

Margaret Loomis and **Carmen Phillips** support Wallace [illegible] in his latest production, "Always Audacious."

Marion Morgan, well known on the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, is staging the dancing scenes in "Dorothy Phillips' first independent produced feature.

Maurice Tourneur's first feature for Associated Producers is "The Last of the Mohicans," the absorbing American story of Red Men and White, by James Fenimore Cooper. Barbara Bedford heads the cast.

Tina Modotti, the Italian beauty who plays a leading rôle in "The Tiger's Coat," featuring Myrtle Stedman, is a former star of the Theater Italienne in Florence, Italy.

The clever Jap who played valet to **Tom Moore** in "Toby's Bow" and whose name is not disclosed, appears with him again in "Officer 666."

Photograph by Northland Studios

DORIS MAY

Templer Saxe, well known as character actor of stage and screen, has turned author. His "A Long Distance Hero" will be produced by Guy Empey Productions, with Arthur Guy Empey in the principal rôle and the author in the chief character part.

Ina Claire is appearing on the screen in the rôle created by her in the stage play, "Polly With a Past." Ralph Graves, Harry Benham and Clifton Webb compose the trio of men who conspire to create a "past" for Polly.

Betty Ross Clarke is playing the leading feminine rôle in "Brewster's Millions," her second Arbuckle special.

June Elvidge is back on the stage as the featured player in "The Girl in the Spotlight," meanwhile playing an important rôle in "Fine Feathers," a picture production of Eugene Walter's stage drama. Claire Whitney plays the rôle of Jane Reynolds instead of Louise Huff, as previously announced.

Earl Metcalfe, Fox leading man, has received word that he has been made a Companion of the Military Order of Foreign Wars of the United States, in recognition of his services during the war.

Houdini has returned from a six months' tour of Scotland, England and France and reports the most successful time of his stage career. He brings back with him twenty thousand feet of exterior "shots" taken at various places in the three places he visited.

Louise Lovely will be elevated to stardom by William Fox in a story entitled "The Little Grey Mouse," from the pen of Barbara Le Marr Deely.

Anita Stewart has been spending the summer at her summer home in Bayshore, Long Island, meanwhile spending some little time in the selection of suitable vehicles for the coming year.

Anna Q. Nilsson is East making a picture and arrived in New York just in time to be one of the fortunate ones to enjoy the distinction of a personal invitation from Sir Thomas Lipton to witness the international races from the deck of the baronet's private yacht, *Victoria*.

ZaSu Pitts was married recently at Santa Ana, Cal., to **Tom Gallery**, leading man in pictures.

How I Make Money -Right at Home!

"LOOK at this check for $26.50—payable to me.

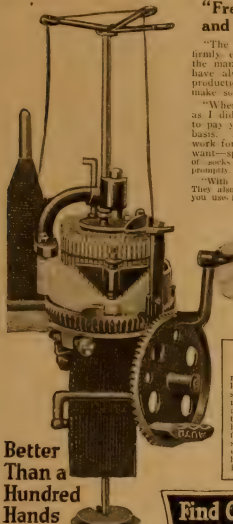
"I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact, they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!

"But now we have more than the necessaries—we have known the terrible old ill. Us ed to—and we have our little luxuries and amusements too.

"How do I do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, but by using *The Auto Knitter*, a marvelous, but very simple, easily operated machine. Now that I have gained practice with the *Auto Knitter* I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

"And the best part of it is that I have a *guaranteed, constant market* for every pair of socks I make, at a *guaranteed price*. I simply send The Auto Knitter Company the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.



"Free Yarn Sent with the Machine and They Pay Me for the Socks"

"The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old, firmly established American corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They constantly need more workers to make socks, in their own homes. They need *you*.

"When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker, as I did, the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed, Guaranteed Wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—prompt!

"With the machine they send a supply of wool yarn **Free**. They also supply **Free** the yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.

"You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

"But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight cash and cash investment offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."

The Auto Knitter

A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. The Auto Knitter makes the sock—toe, body, heel and toe—without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand-knitting what the sewing-machine is to hand-sewing.

Better Than a Hundred Hands

Read What Satisfied Workers Say

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business and thus to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme" "agency" or "open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work, and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The Instruction by the Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable.

Berlin, N. Y.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I want to congratulate you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check.

Gass, Ill.

Getting Along Fine

Am sending you another lot of socks today. I like getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my lessons.

Limestone, Tenn.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasant relations we have had. I also wish to thank you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Find Out How You Can Make Money With The Auto Knitter

Send Coupon Now

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live we want you to know all about The Auto Knitter. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with The Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home face-to-face with and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how *to* sew. The Auto Knitter does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

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State .....

Motion Picture M...

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Little **Mary Pickford Rupp**, four years old, niece of Mary Pickford Rupp, has been legally adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford with full consent of both parents. The little girl will bear the name of Mary Pickford.

Lieutenant Omer Locklear and **Milton Stahl**, his pilot, were instantly killed on the night of August 2 while making a spectacular nose-spin for the last scenes of a Fox feature, "The Skywayman."

Of unusual interest to the film world is the presentation of Robert Browning's poem, "A Light Woman" just completed. **Helen Jerome Eddy** is to be seen as **Clare Dubrey** the "light woman" and **Hallum Cooley** the youthful dupe of the siren.

Pauline Frederick's first picture for Robertson-Cole will be a screen version of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play, "Iris."

Clara Kimball Young spent a few weeks in New York City recently between engagements while she shopped extensively and posed for scores of artists and photographers.

Gaston Glass is busily at work on "The Love Gamble," a First National production based on the book by Ralph Connor. Canada forms the background for the exteriors, and upon the completion of these, the company will return to California, where the picture will be completed.

Edith Roberts, of the Universal stellar forces is in New York, where she is appearing upon a stage play in which she will appear this season. Edith is another star who feels that the combination of stage and screen work is an ideal one.

Alice Brady has spent the last few months resting here and there. She has been doing her picture work, but the interval between the closing of her stage play, "Forever After," and the new production in which she is to appear will be a few weeks in which she really found it necessary to continue active work. She is now rehearsing a vehicle for her own play's premiere.

George Loane Tucker is now cutting "Almost Love," the picture on which he has been engaged since completing "The Miracle Man," which created such great interest.

Jerome Storm will direct the first Lillian Gish-Constance picture and incidentally will be the first director to appear in a feature with Miss Gish other than the supervision of D. W. Griffith.

Malvern Polo, daughter of Eddy Polo, is playing a small but important part in "Double Wires."

Robert B. McIntyre, formerly studio manager for Goldwyn in New York and for several years connected with William S. Hart, has gone to the Coast to take charge of Maurice Tourneur's studio at Culver City.

"Sentimental Tommy," the famous story by Sir James Barrie, has been adapted to the screen by Josephine Lovett and will be filmed by Famous Players-Lasky at once as a suitable vehicle for Jack Pickford.

Marie Walcamp has deserted the screen for the footlights, and is appearing in the leading role of "The Humming Bird," a new musical comedy.

Wallace MacDonald is supporting Viola Dana in "Cinderella Jane."

Francis Bushman and **Beverly Bayne** are back in Los Angeles and are doing double service. They will appear in a new Morosco play and will also transfer to the screen "The Master Thief," their stage vehicle for the past season.

Robert H. Tremain, of Ithaca, whom Mrs. Vernon Castle married some two years ago, has been designated as the Democratic candidate for state senator from his state.

Edwin Markham, great American poet, plays an important part in "Love's Redemption," the five-reel feature just completed by Eugene V. Brewster.

Annette Kellermann has formed a new film producing company with her husband, James Sullivan, as head of the organization.

Gladys Valerie is playing ingénue with Dorothy Dalton in her newest picture, "In Men's Eyes."

Eugene Gaudio, camera-man for Bessie Barriscale and one of the pioneer camera-men of the Hollywood film colony, died recently, following an operation for appendicitis.

Tom Forman is directing Thomas Meighan in "Easy Street" at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Dorothy Dickson, featured dancer in many Broadway productions, is playing a leading rôle in "Money Mad," a special picture directed by George Fitzmaurice for Paramount.

"Black Beauty," the famous story known to readers in every civilized language, is being filmed by Vitagraph. Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester spent several months on the adaptation of the story by Anna Sewall and a special cast was selected.

Marie Wainwright, whose own celebrated past covers the last half century on the stage, is playing a part in "Polly with a Past" with Ina Claire.

Chet Withey has adapted the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* story, "Coincidence," for the screen. Bobby Harron will be starred in the picture, and June Walker, who comes to the screen after a successful stage career, will be Mr. Harron's leading woman.

Ward Crane, who played opposite Billie Burke recently in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," is seen as Constance Binney's leading man in her latest Realart picture, "Calderon's Prisoner."

Hope Hampton came East immediately following the filming of "The Tiger Lady," a Maurice Tourneur production, and was a pleasant visitor at our much-table recently. Her next production, now under way, is directed by Jack Gilbert.

Mr. and **Mrs. John Emerson** have returned from their trip abroad and are busy on a new story for Constance Talmadge.

Percy Marmont has a new lady love. He is playing the leading male rôle in Hope Hampton's new production.

Max Linder, the French comedian, has finished his first independently produced American-made five-reeler at the Maurice Tourneur studios and announces that he will continue his screen career entirely in America.

Alice Joyce will do "Her Lord and Master" as her next picture.

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

ANITA BOOTH

Whiter Teeth

In 10 days, if you'll ask us for this tube

All statements approved by authorities

This simple test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. It may bring life-long effects.

No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

To end the film

The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does little to combat it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles, despite the tooth brush, have been constantly increasing.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved their efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Now millions daily use them, largely by dental advice.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

The new effects

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits which cling and form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combines the best that modern science has discovered to combat the tooth destroyers. And to millions it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act

This is to offer a ten-day tube. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The new tooth luster will show you its effects. The book we send will tell you what they mean. Then you can judge for yourself.

Men who smoke

Smokers' teeth often show film-stains most. Children's teeth are most affected by the film. Young teeth are most subject to attacks. With older people the chief danger lies in pyorrhea.

So to all this test is most important. For your own sake don't forget it. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.

Pepsodent

REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, acting in new, efficient ways. Approved by the highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire names of cast, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, must inclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

"If I can, by a lucky chance, in these days of ease, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the weary heart of one moment of sadness, it I can, here and then, persuade a gathering film of misanthropes, prompt a benevolent thought of human nature, and make some one a good human with his fellow beings and himself, surely I shall not have written in vain."—Washington Irving.

Thomas S.—Ralph Graves is not married, neither is Earl Metcalfe. Well, the one thing that has kept us an old bachelor is the knowledge of the fact that the heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. I dont want anything clinging to me—except my head—so you see I cling. Why, Julian Eltinge has returned from Australia.

H. A. L.—Of course, I am glad to hear from any one who is full of pep and poise. So you liked the movies we had some time ago. Yes, I guess everyone did. Charles Ray in "The Village Sleuth." Gladys Wesner as his leading woman.

Edna F.—Thanks, old dear, but dont ask me to look up addresses of my readers. It cant be did. The first movies to settle in Missouri were brought in 1720 by Felix Francois Renault from Picardy, France.

Ethel Clayton is playing in "Sins of Rosanne."

Peter—Hello, Fluff, glad to see you back. I know that it is not for your welfare to say farewell to this department. Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious." Earl Metcalfe in "The Husband's Friend." Aha, there's the rub—the husband's friend. George Fisher and Miss Miles Minter in "Annie for Spite." Catherine Calvert is with Western Vitagraph.

Lucinda E. F.—So you are glad that the end of Theodore Wesson is near at hand. O, ye of little faith! I may not live to see it, but I'll wager that some children and grandchildren will be taught that Woodrow Wilson was the greatest statesman of modern times. His magnificent begun with his trip to Europe, but from now on you will find that he will continue to rise to the topmost heights of public favor the world over. Mary Pickford is in Europe. Jimmy Cummings and Irene Hodge in "The Whip," a very successful picture.

Sadie Sweetest Annapie.—You must be a sort of heathen. I am not very religious, but I would feel ashamed if I did not believe that there was a power above us, an authority over us, and a good before us. Yes, Thomas Meighan has organized a company of his own in New York. Thos. Dallas was Hase and Jessie Harper was Phyllis in "Lombardi, Ltd."

Constance B.—Carlyle Blackwell and Russell Bassett in "A Little Queen." They say that the magazine is monthly because it gets the truth briefly so that people will read it short, so that they will understand it perfectly, so that they will appreciate it picturesquely, so that they will remember it and accurately, so that they can be easily satisfied by its light.

E. E. M.—Yes, William Farnum in "Ben Hur." Kalem produced this years ago and got sued by Harper & Brothers for infringement of copyright, and I think it cost them $40,000.

Pauline G.—You refer to that player as being too kittenish. Well, it is better t be kittenish than catish. Hoot, mon. Nay, nay, Pauline, Darrell Foss is about 27. Olive Tell is playing in "A Woman's Business." Some title.

Corryville Movie Fann.—By heck, always glad to hear from our small-town friends. Billie Burke in "Frisky Mrs. Johnson." Well, you ought to see Wallace MacDonald playing the violin in "Moon Madness." You bet the Brooklyn Dodgers are coming along fine now. By the time you read this we will probably know the final result.

Marion 15.—Thanks for all the kind things you say about me.

Oriental Maid.—Come now, you say I am so "stuck up and proud of myself." Sure thing, why not? You make me laff.

Tom Boy Taylor.—The population of the U. S. is estimated at about 106,000,000. Seems like that many right here in New York. Bebe Daniels is from Texas. Well, I dont know what the fellow said when he remarked that "he sleeps with his gloves on in order to keep his hands soft" when he was asked if he slept with his hat on also. Thanks, old man, for the picture of yourself. You should be in the movies.

Kathlyn W. Admirer.—Not sure whether Kitty Gordon will play in pictures again. Bryant Washburn in "Burglar Proof." Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress."

Jessie A.—I would rather say nothing about that. I must be going.

Sass Box.—Horrors! Your mother ought to spank you. Well, the reason why women are so clean-minded is because they change their minds so often. Victoria Forde was Roberta in "Western Blood."

Cupid; Violette; Helen M. G.; U-23 and G. E. B.—Howdy! See elsewhere for yours. What you dont see, ask for.

Helen G.—Harold Lloyd married? S'a secret! Of course, there are baby carriages propelled by electricity. Pauline Frederick has been married. Marion Davies has been in pictures steadily for about two years, but she played some before that.

Jeanne B.—Thanks for your kind words. They go a long way. Blanche McGarity has the lead in "Love's Redemption" and does it splendidly.

Blue Eyed Violet.—One may fall, but he falls by himself with but himself to blame. Wyndham Standing is 6 feet 1 inch standing and has brown eyes. He is half an inch longer lying. Fannie Ward in "She Played and Paid." A fitting title for the weaker sex. The woman always pays.

Luna Tick.—Pleastermeetya. Clara Horton and Irving Cummings had the leads. Mabel Taliaferro is playing in "The Rich Slave." Seems to me that you are always wishing for something. Aren't you ever satisfied?

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PAG

The Answer Man

[illegible] They are a great character to play, and the finest in world. Conscientious, unassuming, [illegible] [illegible] These are the attributes of a man and [illegible] wrinkles do not [illegible] that. Yes, I [illegible] is with [illegible]

[illegible] Sure, [illegible] ! It went [illegible] Robert Walker was Mr. [illegible] "A Successful Failure." Nazimova [illegible] Hope Hampton. Hope was in [illegible] she's a real beauty. Babe Ruth is [illegible] "Headin' Home."

[illegible] was! I do! You cant play [illegible] It was Meyerbeer who [illegible] as not found in the loved [illegible] search as the verb to have." Guy [illegible] supported by Florence L. Martin.

[illegible] really made me blush and it is the first time I have blushed in years. And I blush to say it. Man is the only animal that blushes or that needs to. Howard Dunning was Bearcat in "When Bearcat Went Dry." Jack Crosby was Kenneth.

[illegible] yes, I rather liked "The Perfect Woman," but I don't think Constance was at her best. [illegible] lovely tune, thank you. That was Huntley [illegible] "Heart of the Hills."

Pete, R.—You seem to have the cart before the horse. The way to catch pleasure is not to follow it; the way to catch the more you chase it the faster it will fly. Monroe Salisbury opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl." William Sorrell in "For-[illegible] Life." You're welcome!

[illegible]—You will just have to be contented to know me as the Answer Man. Sessue Hayakawa in "The First Born." Lassie, Macduff, but dont call me an old fossil. A fossil is something turned to stone, and if I were lucky as that I might say something that would last quite [illegible] you have any.

Arthur Q.—Yes, they are one and the same person and you can reach them at this address.

Miriam A. Svensy.—So you dont care for the funny pictures. But clear sharp photography is not art. Send International Coupons. Carlyle Blackwell is playing with Marion Davies. Yes, Hope Hampton is a pretty girl. She is really beautiful and a very interesting person.

E. B. H. Picture.—Your letter was 100% good humor and I liked it. Good humor is the sunshine of the mind which makes all things tolerable even [illegible] No, Rodney La Rocque is not married, and he can be reached at the Green Room Club, 139 W. 47th St., New York City. Write me some more.

Mrs. D. S.—No, thanks, I have never been to Reno and I haven't even married yet. You address me as "Knight of the Clever Wit and Sharp Tongue." I don't think I deserve that—do I? So, it's Tom Moore you want. Those two according for tastes. Your letter was a gem and I hope to hear from you again.

[illegible]—We formerly had three classes in this country, the upper class, the lower class and the middle class—the aspiring, the perspiring, and the class that retires and perspires. Now, we have only one class, all aspiring, and none perspiring. Write to Harrison Ford. Theodore Roberts was the Bishop in "Why Change Your Wife?"

[illegible] Sure, Heidi, your base is why jump at me like that? Carmen Stone and Violet Radcliffe in "Let's Get Divorced." Otis Skinner is playing in "Kismet." Mae Marsh in "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods."

[illegible] Lasky Famous Players-Lasky Corp. Rupert Hughes. M. Lasky. Lew Cody is playing in "Shadows." Yours. That's what he says to Dorothy Dalton. Enrico Caruso is posing in "Big Happiness Jim." Katherine MacDonald in "The Notorious Mrs. Sands." Gregory Scarlé and Rosemary Theby in "Whispering Depths." You're all welcome.

A. B. Comer.—Blake? You ask if I will ever come out from under the cocoa beans. I didn't [illegible] at [illegible] playing kids and go to work. Yes, I'm letting it grow and some day I'll go in the [illegible] business. "The Lady and the Dragon" has been released.

I. B. Free.—I should say U. B. Lucky! I've corrected that mistake before, thank you.

L. M. G.—No, Walter McGrail is not married. He is 6 feet, in his silk socks, weighs 175, in the altogether, and has dark hair on his head and blue eyes under his brows. Lon Chaney, whom you will remember for his wonderful portrayal of the Frog in "The Miracle Man," is being starred by Goldwyn in "The Penalty" by Rex Beach. He is to play the part of a legless man.

A. L.—Yes, I am wrinkled, but my wrinkles merely indicate where smiles have been. Lillian Russell never smiled because she was afraid of wrinkles, whereas I am proud of my wrinkles. Yes, Wallace Reid in "The Charm School." So you have seen Harrison Ford, Lowell Sherman and William Desmond in your stock company.

Jaws.—Helen Jerome Eddy in "The Blinding Trail." Heap much thanks for your adulation. Adulation is lending your trumpet to others. Get a megaphone.

Inquisitive.—Oh, I'm just a happy-go-lucky old man who hasn't much to worry about and gets a lot of happiness by trying to make others happy. But the reason you think I am so good is because I never do wrong when anybody is looking. Fatty Arbuckle began as an extra man at $3.00 a day for Keystone in 1913. Winifred Westove. was the girl in "John Petticoats."

Pixie Queen.—Yes, I am a man of few words, and these are generally disagreeable. So you dont care for Eugene O'Brien. No, Lillian Gish has never been married. I haven't anything against Philadelphia, it's a nice quiet town. Is Doris May any relation to June Elvidge? Zounds! I suppose next you will want to know what relation January is to February. What put that thought in your head? Some artist—you.

I. M. Ourious.—I am afraid you are a speed demon. You say that in five years we wont see a horse on the streets of the cities. Very well, they will be much safer on the sidewalk. As I have many times said, Richard Barthelmess can be reached at the Mamaroneck Studios, New York. No, I never was married—honest.

Marjorie K.—Sorry I haven't her name. Fannie Ward is in Europe.

E. L. O.—That's the ticket—mystery lends charm, therefore I always hope to be charming. Taylor Holmes is all right. The "Three Friends" of Whittier were James T. Fields, Bayard Taylor and Whittier himself. The poem was written in 1867. Fields was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Lockie.—Good for you. Thanks for all the nice things you say about me. Be patient, and you will all be answered. So you are going to Cuba to cool off. Pretty warm place these days.

Boog.—Hoot Gibson—why, he played with Virginia Faire, our 1919 Fame and Fortune beauty. The three Wise Men of the East were Kaspar, Melchior and Balthasar. Tennyson wrote "Locksley Hall."

Ashert C.—Oh yes, "The Three Musketeers" has been filmed, but not in recent years. The first secretary of the Treasury was Alexander Hamilton, in 1789. Darrell Burton Foss was born in 1893 in South Wisconsin. He played with Kalem, Ince, Triangle and Metro. Has brown hair and eyes, and weighs 165.

Antonio De L.—Oh, it would take me a month of Sundays to give you a description of all the players you mention. Sorry, old man, but write me again.

Benedjehl.—I would advise you and every young man to read the maxims of such fellows as Benjamin Franklin and William Penn. The young men that I see growing up around me seem to be getting a very poor foundation. There are not enough discipline, order and method nowadays.

Two Girls.—Yes, it's worth seeing, especially so to those who have been abroad. Liberty, Enlightening the World, erected in New York Harbor, is the largest statue in the world. Never heard of the player you mention.

(*Continued on page* 113)

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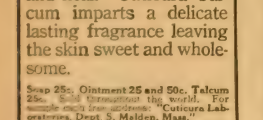

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month, we will have, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D .....Drama
C .....Comedy
F .....Farce
E .....Educational
SD .....Society Drama
WD .....Western Drama
MD .....Melodrama
CD .....Comedy Drama
SP .....Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

Editorial Staff Critique

A Fool and His Money—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.
Alarm Clock Andy—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
Atonement—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.
Bandbox, The—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.
Beggar Prince, The—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Haworth.
Beloved Cheater, The—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.
Below the Surface—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
Bill Henry—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
Black Is White—D-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
Blind Husbands—D-10.
Erich Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
Blind Youth—D-9.
Walter McGrail.
Leading Joy.
Brat, The—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Broken Blossoms—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
Broken Butterfly, The—D-6.
Tourneur Prod.—All Star.
Burnt Wings—D-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
Change of Circumstances—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.
Cinema Murder, The—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
Cobbleham—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.
Cost, The—D-8.
Violet Heming—Paramount.
Courage of Marge O'Doone, The—MD-9.
Pauline Stark, Niles Welch—Vitagraph.
Dancing Fool—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Desperate Days—MD-8.
Mary Robert Rinehart—Goldwyn.
Dark Mirror, The—D-8.
Dorothy Dalton—Famous Players.
Daughter of Two Worlds—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Dawn—D-7.
Breamer Gordon—Blackton Prod.
Deadlier Sex—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
Devil's Pass Key, The—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.
Dont Ever Marry—C-5.
Marjorie Daw—First National.
Double Speed—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
Eastern Westerner—F-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
Earthbound—D-9.
Basil King—Goldwyn.
Everywoman—Allegorical—6.
All Star—Paramount.
Excuse My Dust—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
Fair and Warmer—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.
Faith—CD-6.
Peggy Hyland—Fox.
Fear Market, The—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.
Fighting Chance, The—D-10.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.
Anna Q. Nilsson—Paramount.
Footlights and Shadows—D-6.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.
Forbidden Woman, The—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
For the Soul of Rafael—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.
Fortune Hunter, The—CD-6.
Earle Williams—Vitagraph.
Gay Old Dog, The—D-11.
Hobart Henley—John Cumberland.
Girl in Room 29—CD-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.
Go and Get It—CD-9.
Pat O'Malley—First National.
Agnes Ayres—First National.
Great Accident, The—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
Great Adventure, The—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
Greatest Question, The—D-9.
All Star—Griffith Prod.
Half an Hour—MD-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
Hairpins—CD-8.
Enid Bennett—Famous Players.
Haunted Spooks—F-8.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
Heart of a Child—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Heart o' the Hills—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—First National.
Heartstrings—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.
Her Kingdom of Dreams—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.
High and Dizzy—C-9
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
High Speed—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.
His Majesty the American—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
His Temporary Wife—D-7.
Rubye De Remer—Hallmark.
Huckleberry Finn—CD-8.
Paramount.
Humoresque—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
Hushed Hour, The—D-6.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.
Idol Dancer, The—D-7.
Clarine Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

(Continued on page 92)

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The Screen Time-Table

(Continued from page 90)

I Want My Husband—D-8
Wm. Fairbanks—Fox.

Inferno Sea, The—CD-8
Mildred Gaphin—First National.

Inside Stuff, The—D-8
E. K. Lincoln—American Cinema.

In Old Kentucky—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

In Search of a Sinner—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Jack Knife Man, The—D-11.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.

Judge—C-9
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

Lady Rose's Daughter—D-5.
Elsie Ferguson—Arteraft.

Let's Be Fashionable—C-7.
Douglas MacLean, Doris May—Paramount.

Little Miss Rebellion—C-5
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.

Lows of Lefty, The—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

Male and Female—D-10.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.

Married Life—F-7.
Mack Sennett—First National.

Man Who Lost Himself, The—D-8.
William Faversham—Select.

Mary Ellen Comes to Town—CMD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

Miracle Man, The—D-11.
Compson & Meighan—Tucker Prod.

Misfit Wife, The—D-7.
Alice Lake—Metro.

Miss Hobbs—C-6.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.

Mollycoddle, The—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

Moon Madness—MD-6.
Edith Storey.

More Deadly Than the Male—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Mrs. Temple's Telegram—F-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.

My Lady's Garter—MD-6.
Sylvia Breamer—Paramount.

Notorious Miss Lisle—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.

Nurse Marjorie—CD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.

Old-Fashioned Boy, An—F-5.
Chas. Ray—Paramount.

One Hour Before Dawn—D-5.
H. B. Warner.

On With the Dance—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.

Passers-By—D-7
Herbert Rawlinson—Blackton Prod.

Perfect Woman, The—F-6.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Pinto—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.

Pollyanna—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

Price of Love, The—D-10.
Thos. Meighan—Famous Players.

Remodeling a Husband—C-8.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

Restless Sex, The—D-5.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.

Revelation—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.

Riders of the Dawn—D-8.
Rex Stewart—W. W. Hodkinson.

Right to Love, The—D-8.
Mae Murray & David Powell—Paramount.

Right of Way, The—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.

Rose's Ear, The—MD-10
All Star—First National.

Romance—D-9
Doris Keane—United Artists.

Sand—D-9
Wm. S. Hart—Paramount.

Scarlet Days—MD-9
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.

Sea Wolf, The—D-8.
Noah Beery—Paramount.

Setting It Through—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.

Sex, SP, MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.

Shark, The—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.

Short Acres—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.

Silver Horde, The—MD-9.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.

Simple Souls—CD-7.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

Sins of St. Anthony, The—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.

Soldiers of Fortune—MD, SP-8.
All Star—Allan Dwan Prod.

Something to Think About—D-10.
Cecil B. de Mille—Paramount.

Stolen Kiss, The—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.

Stop Thief—C-7.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

Street Called Straight—D-5.
Naomi Childers—Basil King—Goldwyn.

Stronger Than Death—SP, MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

Suds—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

Third Generation, The—C-10.
Betty Blythe—Goldwyn.

Thirteenth Commandment, The—SD-9.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

Toby's Bow—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

Toll Gate, The—MD-9.
William S. Hart—Paramount.

Treasure Island—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.

23½ Hours' Leave—CD-10.
MacLean & May—Paramount.

Two Weeks—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

Thru Eyes of Men—D-8.
Frank Mayo—Taylor Prod.

Up in Mary's Attic—C-6.
Eva Nowak—Finearts.

Victory—D-8.
All Star—Paramount.

Village Sleuth, The—C-7.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

Virgin of Stamboul—SP, MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.

Virtuous Vamp, The—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

What Women Want—C-5.
Annette Kellerman—Sol. Lesser.

What's Your Hurry—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Famous Players.

When the Clouds Roll By—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

Why Change Your Wife?—D-11.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.

Willow Tree, The—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.

Woman in the Suitcase, The—MD-6.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.

Woman Gives, The—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

Woman in Room 13, The—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

Woman Game, The—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.

Woman and the Puppet, The—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.

Woman Who Understood, The—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.

World and His Wife—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Paramount.

(Continued on page 124)

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1 chop each, per day, $219	Average meats, $146
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[illegible] compared with these other desirable breakfasts, save at least [illegible] per year.

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Breakfast With Bryant

(*Continued from page* 05)

I asked him about his plans for his new company, now that he has left Famous Players, and he told me he was going to do those things he had always wanted to do and, thru force of circumstances, left undone.

"I'm going to do both comedy and drama," he explained. "A number of my friends and some exhibitors, too, have written from time to time asking me to do heavier things and, in the future, these will be well interspersed among the roles of a lighter vein. Of course, it is up to me now to 'deliver the goods,' so to speak. Mabel has undertaken to read stories for me and this means a great assistance, for every story she has ever chosen for me has been successful. You remember the Skinner story, perhaps. It was Mabel who suggested that. Eugene Mullin is going to direct and with the confidence I have in my assistants I feel comparatively sure of the future."

He hesitated.

"Right now," he went on, "I know that I'll welcome every suggestion or criticism anyone gives me. I feel that I can learn by listening to anyone and everyone. The more varied opinions I glean, the better off I'll be—the more apt I'll be to please the greatest number of people. I think then that feeling that way is, in a certain sense, a good sign, and I hope that I'll be able to keep on feeling that way and not ever disillusion myself into thinking that I'm above help. If I ever reach that deplorable state——"

"You wont, dear," said Mrs. Washburn, "but dont worry about it. If you ever do—at the first symptom, I'll do something quite frightful enough to bring you to your senses."

He laughed. "You see," he said, "we're partners in every sense of that word. Mabel will do just what she says, too. I know. She wants me to go on, doing bigger things always. There is, then, no alternative. I've got to do them, that's all!"

All in all, there was something refreshing to that breakfast—it was, in an indirect way, a glimpse into the home life of the wholesome American man who lives for his wife and kiddies. Who does great things that they may be justly proud of him. Who knows, with a wisdom greater by far than that of the ancients, that he will never build anything finer than a happy fireside; who knows that he will never win anything of more value than the love his family gives him in boundless measure—who knows he will never hear a sweeter sound than children's tongues lisping—

"Daddy."

The City Sparrow

(*Continued from page* 45)

"The best?"

"Yourself, my child, my sweet . . . Milly, if ever you and I are not enough, the one for the other, we have but to turn to the right or the left and there we will find little children, motherless and fatherless . . . the love of children, my dearest, is the love of *all* children, all young things . . . we can know that, Milly . . ."

"Yes, David."

"Do you understand? Do you feel that I am content . . . just with you?"

"Yes, David . . ."

"Oh, my dear . . . my dear . . ."

A New Art

is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.

Dorothea Nourse
Attributes her success as photoplay writer to the Palmer Plan.

For literary ability is not required—one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.

Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

Who hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try *to write* that better photoplay?

The thing to do is *act now*—begin today—learn how to put your ideas into the *proper form* for presentation to producers.

The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the *arrangement* of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they *could* write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still it's fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from $250 to $3000 for successful *first attempts* by unknown writers. They must hold out these inducements to *get the stories*, to *develop new writers into photoplaywrights*.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may *not* be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

G. Lerol Clarke
Formerly a minister. Sold first photoplay for $5,000.

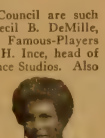
You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents *their* ideas of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.



Mrs. Caroline Sayre
She wrote "Live Sparks" in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism by experts in all departments of the art.

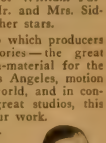
It is of university calibre in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

A Feature of This Course

THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay-stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world, and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.



Paul Schofield
A novice a year ago. Now earning $10,000 a year as a scenario writer.

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He Just Happened!

(*Continued from page 37*)

and the short of it was . . . he was offered a part.

Whereupon he wired his father. That good clergyman, who was then living in Harrisburg, immediately boarded a train, reached New York and remonstrated with his son, whom he visualized as already going to the dogs.

But son had made up his mind to have a try at theatricals. When he suggested to his father that, as he only expected to give the stage a try-out during his vacation, he change his family name, his father said:

"No, sir, if you are going on the stage, go under your own name and make it one to be proud of."

And Douglas MacLean has done this.

From the first he was a success, playing with Maude Adams and other equally well-known celebrities. He says it "just happened," but I know of his honest endeavor, his attendance at the foremost schools of pantomime in this country and his thoro study of the best histrionic methods.

Later, as he told me, he just happened to meet Mr Broulatour who asked him to play opposite Alice Brady in "As Ye Sow," a World photoplay.

This plan also met with opposition from his friends, for pictures had little prestige then, nevertheless, he made his screen début in "As Ye Sow."

After he had fulfilled a two years' contract with World Film Company, he came to California to play in the Morosco Stock Company. Here, according to his version, he again *happened* to make good and was sought for leads in Paramount pictures. Later, Thomas H. Ince asked him how he'd like to stay on with him.

"Couldn't think of it," said Douglas MacLean. "I have intended all along to return to the New York theater. Now I am going."

"But I mean to star you," protested Mr. Ince, and so Douglas stayed and he again happened to make very, very good.

"I still think that some day I shall return to the New York stage," he told me with a slightly quizzical smile edging his fine mouth, "but you never can tell. I shall probably remain here. After all, pantomime is pantomime, whether it be the screen or the stage, and I love pictures, they are such fun to do."

At this point, Jack Nelson, Mr. MacLean's director, requested him to return to his stage bed that they might shoot the scene.

Whereupon he apologized. "I dont believe I have told you anything worth while," he said, "but you writers are quite wonderful. I remember a short while ago one young woman interviewed me for ten moments and when the result appeared in the magazine there were four full pages. I really dont see how I could have told her all that, do you?"

I smiled. "She probably spent several hundred words describing the length of your eyelashes," I explained, being quite interested in watching the gymnastics of said eyelashes in their endeavor to keep out of his clear hazel eyes.

"Oh, I hope not," he spoke seriously. "I shouldn't like that sort of thing, not at all!"

And he wouldn't.

For Douglas MacLean is as yet unspoiled. He is an extremely charming gentleman in the true meaning of that word. He is the result of generations of culture and refinement. He is particularly well read and particularly good looking. To me his greatest charm is his straight-

forward honesty, but his well-bred voice and his keen intellectuality are close seconds.

He admits he loves to play golf and enjoys a swim now and then; his spare time in the evening is occupied going to the theater and pictures. As a rule, ten o'clock finds him in bed (really) and seven-fifteen is his hour for arising; thus only can he do justice to his work, he says, but Saturday nights are his nights off, then he goes to a dance, parties, or any amusement that occurs on that evening.

He has two sisters, both having married into the navy, the elder being the wife of Chester Mayo, son of Admiral Mayo. He believes that marriages can be and are happy, even now-a-days when woman as well as man wishes a career.

All in all, he is a successful clergyman's son who lacks the reputed wildness that goes with that relationship. And . . . he will never return to the bond business!

Constance Seeking——

(*Continued from page* 33)

do the part. Miss Crothers sees me play maybe every month or two and she then comes to me and criticizes my work in what I know to be a fair manner. I have the utmost confidence in her, and when she tells me a thing is so, I know it is so, and if the thing be detrimental I take steps to correct it."

"You always wanted to go in for theatrical work?" I queried.

"It's about the first thing I can remember thinking about seriously," she told me. "Faire, my sister, you know, and I are bringing mother's dreams into the world of realities. Mother wanted to go on the stage, but her parents wouldn't permit it, so when she found our inclinations tending in the same direction, things were made easy for us and we were taught elocution and dancing.

"I never thought much about doing both stage and screen work at the same time, but the combination works out ideally if you manage it so that you do not promise to accomplish more than is physically possible. I find that I can make four pictures a year, for which my Realart contract calls, quite easily, and in making four pictures instead of eight or ten I am able to have infinitely better stories. One script doesn't have to be prepared before the previous production is completed, and there is time to breathe in between.

"During the next year," she continued, donning her make-up preparatory to going on the stage for the evening performance, "I'll be doing both at the same time again, but only if I can get the right sort of stories. I think it's foolish to dash wildly about, trying to do more than can reasonably be done well. I want each and every one of the pictures to be good and the play to be good. Otherwise I'd be better off on the farm up in the country, away from it all."

She laughed softly as she slipped on the pink linen frock which she wears in the first act.

"Managers get perfectly furious at me," she declared, "because I'm always rooting for good things. They keep telling me you cant have a good story every time, and that everyone has to take an ordinary one now and then."

She sighed.

"I've come to the conclusion that I'm not practical and that I'm an idealist, but goodness knows there are enough bad stories—there's no use adding to the number. Better, by far, to do something to counteract the others, dont you think so?"

"This career," I asked her, "how do you feel about it? Do you think, as some,

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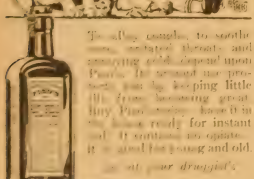

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

that you could manage it and marriage at the same time, or does it take all of your time?"

She hesitated, toying with the rabbit's foot on her dressing table, some minutes before she answered.

"The subject of married women having careers is receiving a great deal of attention just now," she said. "Plays are being written about it, and books, too. Somehow, the, I think it depends almost entirely upon the individual. Personally, I feel that my career is just about launched. Right now it needs all my planning and all of my efforts. But if it were well founded, an accepted thing—then it would be different. There are many women who have been successful in their career and have, at the same time, enjoyed a very wonderful motherhood. Sarah Bernhardt, for instance. Both are such big—such very big things," she mused, "that combining them is a great step. I should want one well able to take care of itself almost, before I took on the other. You see, in every case, I believe in doing only a few things but doing them well. You might attribute my reasoning to a one-track mind—as a matter of fact it may be, but I believe, to a great degree, in concentrated effort. There is no worse squandering than that of effort. And yet, I can see no reason why a woman must miss the greatest things any woman can know, simply because she finds herself with a career—that would be hardly fair to either the career or to the woman. Too, I think the normal woman is more adept in her career, especially when it is of a creative nature, when she has accepted her mission in life."

Inasmuch as she did not go on the stage until the first act was well under way, we talked of many things—directors, for whom she has the greatest respect. In fact, she believes that directors should cut their own pictures. "If a man is able to take the scenes and construct the story, he is able to decide which scenes possess most value. I have faith in the director's cutting the picture—provided," and she smiled, "I have faith in the director."

When she finishes "39 East," which she will bring to the screen as her next picture, she is going up on her mother's farm in Connecticut where she will rest until the opening of the next season.

"It's a real vacation up there," she told me, "there's none of the artificiality you get at the resorts and all there is to do is ride a bit, swim and rest. When you come back you are ready to battle with the world once more."

There are some people who feel that they can disregard their thoughts provided they care for their actual actions. Constance Binney is not numbered among these, for even after talking to her for an hour, you realize that she would be as loyal in her thoughts as she would be in her actions. In fact, she intimated quite broadly that she thought it was quite as bad to think wrong as to act wrong.

"Out of our thoughts our deeds are born," she said. "That makes it quite important for us to watch our thoughts."

The luster of youth in her eyes; the glow of youth upon her countenance and the grace of youth in her step—these things tell you of her youth. Yet without any of them you would know. She is seeking—the true and good in all things; she is hungry for Life, believing too, in the gossamer and cherishing her ideals, defiantly refusing to let down the bars that anything unpleasant may come thru—

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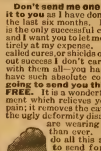

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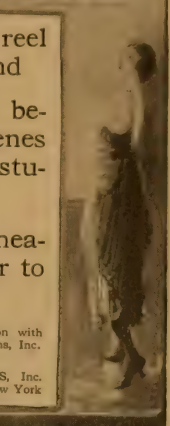

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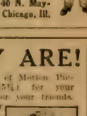

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DAYTON, O.

Prunes, Not Prisms

(*Continued from page 66*)

suspect that she's only being tactful and admitting her resignation."

I asked her what had induced her to take up the call of the silversheet.

"For advertisement," she said, with admirable frankness; "I may as well tell the truth about it. I did it to advertise myself as an opera singer.

"For quite some time different companies approached me with offers to go on the screen, and I never could see it. Then, one day it occurred to me: 'Wonderful advertisement!' Ah,' I said, 'I will do it. There could be no better way.' The next time an offer came my way I took it up—and here I am. Just finished my first picture, 'Stolen Moments,' for American Cinema and am about to enter upon my second. My husband, Guy Bolton, has written it for me. I should like, then, to do a series featuring me as an opera singer."

I asked her how she had liked it.

"Why, I am quite mad about it," she said, "they have been charming to me. I have my piano, or *a* piano, at the studio, and practise there every bit as much as I would at home. It rests my voice and—there is the advertising!"

"You are frank about your motives," I said, not without appreciation. Still, one who consumes prunes with such zest could hardly create an art for art's sake . . . at the time of consumption.

"I believe in being frank," she said, "about all things. About everything. A great many persons will say, 'Namara is a conceited fool.' Let them! There are others who will know that I am not. Those others are the ones who will matter. For example, I know that I have an unusual personality. Why shouldn't I say so? Why shouldn't I exhibit it? Why should I hide under my hat—quite an effective hat, by the way, dont you think?—and simper and say . . . *nothing*. Why shouldn't I talk, a great deal, and make myself generally heard? I see no reason why I shouldn't and every reason why I should. So I do. I know that I have an unusual speaking voice and I use it. I know that I wear spectacular clothes and wear them well and I want the world to know it, too.

"Besides, I think this phase is an essential one in getting on in the world. I think the reason I have not advanced more rapidly is because, until quite recently, I did not have the knack, or the courage, to talk about myself *to the right people*. I would meet Mary Garden, let us say, and would sit by the hour listening to her talk about *herself*. All wrong. I should have listened for as long as politeness could make it, and then I should have launched forth on myself. I should have left her with the atmosphere of *Namara* about her. Hiding one's light under a bushel, in this little game, leaves one—*under the bushel*. Permanently."

At home Madame Namara is the wife of Guy Bolton, the mother of three-year-old Peggy Bolton, who appeared with her mother in the picture "Stolen Moments," and the daughter of the woman who was at one time called "The Forest City Nightingale," and who first taught the small Margaret how to sing. How well she succeeded the records of Namara go to brilliantly prove. Aforementioned home is at Great Neck, L. I., where, Namara says, they live very quietly.

She has a passion for the mixing of perfumes, for hats and for the exotic generally.

She dislikes smoking, society and being casually bonized. She dislikes, too, persons who care nothing for her *as* a per-

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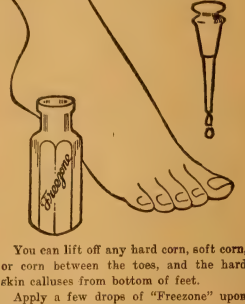
Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

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son but merely as a personage. "There is a great, a very great, difference," she assured me.

I asked her whether she would ever take pictures seriously.

"I take everything I do seriously," she said, "because I love to work and we *do* take deeply what we love to do. But I am first, last and all the time, a *sinner*."

The consumption of the last prune had been accomplished and there was another appointment for which, even then, Namara was late.

"I'll have to tell a few," she said, in parting, "but then, you know," she added, "I do it rather well . . ."

"Truth, Truth, Veracity," I said, "where is thy sting?"

On Location With Larry Semon

(*Continued from page* 70)

the plot and tries to foil them. A fight is precipitated and the heavies chase Larry all over the rock-crusher. These scenes were not faked. That would be impossible, and those of us watching "got a kick out of it." Larry, or the Chief, as he is called by his people, was carried up with the rocks, holding to one little bucket with his hands and with one foot resting on another. Reaching a height of about eighty feet, these buckets turn and precipitate the rocks into the crusher. He remained on until the last minute, then jumped, catching a knotted rope-end which was, of course, hung there for that purpose. With this he swung himself up to a platform, ran across a plank, (remember, this was eighty feet off the ground) and then still being chased by one of the heavies, ran across a water pipe about fourteen inches in circumference.

During the shooting of this scene, an accident occurred which might have resulted very seriously. The pipe was very old and the supports secure but wabbly. Bill Harver, chasing his chief, who was running at a fair amount of speed, increased his own speed suddenly, with the result that the pipe threw him flat. He caught himself instinctively with his hands and feet, tho we all realized that he came very close to going all the way over. Of course, the scene was N. G'd and made over again, tho, as the camera man remarked, it looked almost "natural," by which he meant comedy natural, in other words, "done on purpose."

"Accidents happen very seldom," Larry Semon remarked, when the scene was over. "Most of our thrills we have under absolute control and so they really aren't thrills at all."

We were sitting on the running board of one of the company's automobiles; his own, a handsome car painted blue, was parked some little distance away. On location each member of the party is provided with a box lunch. On this occasion, the lunch consisted of two sandwiches, potato chips, a generous piece of pie, a piece of cake, an apple and a pint bottle of milk. Mr. Semon had a thermos bottle full of coffee and drank about three jelly glasses full of it.

"The most thrilling thing that ever happened to me," he went on, "was thrilling because it was entirely outside of any human control. No, it was not an earthquake, fire nor anything else of that kind. It happened when we were on location at Balboa (a seaside resort not far from Santa Ana.) I've forgotten the name of the picture, tho I remember the word 'bombs' was in the title somewhere, and there were certainly bombs in the plot.

The Man Who *Wouldn't* Stay Down

He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he *wouldn't stay there!* He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do *he* could do. Then he found the *reason* they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that *he* would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He found he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

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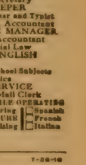

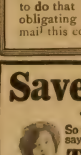

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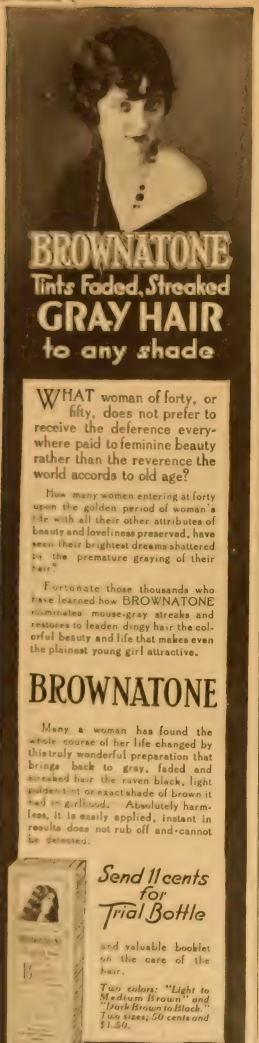
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We carried nitroglycerin and dynamite; box after box of high explosives. One of my assistants insisted that he would not feel safe unless he had those explosives where he could watch them. He said that so long as they were in his sight he knew that nothing could happen, so he took them up to his room and stowed them under his bed."

Larry Semon had the next room.

"In the night," he continued, "I awoke with a hazy idea that someone was having a quarrel somewhere. A voice was saying, 'Let go of that child, I tell you!' and a lot more in the same strain. Fully awake, I realized that the man in the next room was talking in his sleep. It came to me that if he could talk in his sleep he might walk in his sleep also. I turned on my light and opened the door connecting my room with his, and sure enough, there he stood, a stick of dynamite in each hand! I lived a thousand years in that minute. I knew that any sudden exclamation on my part would result in his waking up and in all probability throwing the dynamite at either myself or the wall. So far as I was concerned, it wouldn't matter which. The situation was as entirely outside of human control as a cyclone. The danger was over in a minute; he put the dynamite down himself and I awoke him. But, I invited myself to stay with him, for as long a time as the dynamite remained under his bed."

Luncheon was soon over and I accompanied the actor-director while he "doped out" another "gag." (In making comedies, everything which is to get a laugh is called a "gag.") We walked all over that rock-crusher and owing to the tremendous racket the "gag" was explained to his co-workers in the sign language exclusively. At one place he stopped and picking up pencil and paper drew a diagram of the scene. On the ground again, he wrote the action out in detail in a little book he carries for that purpose.

Larry Semon is the only man directing and acting in slapstick comedy, who did not receive his first training under Mack Sennett. He has never been with Sennett at all. He was for seven years a cartoonist on the New York *Evening Sun*. He was also on the *New York Herald* and the *Evening Telegram*, tho his training as a star goes further back than that. In fact, he made his début on the stage at so early an age that he cannot remember the occasion.

His father, Zera Semon, was a professional magician, cartoon artist and tumbler in vaudeville. Larry's earliest recollection is of having been the baby in the portfolio in one of his father's most spectacular tricks. The magician walked on the stage carrying a flat portfolio, such as is now used for script. This portfolio he put on a flat table, then opened it and drew from it a picture of a bird-cage. After showing this to the audience, he would take from the still flat portfolio, the actual bird-cage, and so on to the grand finale; he would draw from it a picture of a baby just old enough to walk, and then the baby itself—Larry. This trick never failed as a source of wonderment.

"The old magicians are gone now," said Larry Semon. "They were too careful of their secrets and so in most cases those secrets died with them. My father did not want me to be a magician, however, tho he taught me many of his tricks. He wanted me to be a cartoonist, he had me trained as a cartoonist and he kept after me until I did become a cartoonist."

Larry Semon's success in the field of cartooning is too well known for extensive comment here. He handled heavy political stuff, for the most part, tho his own desire was to do comics. On one occasion he drew a cartoon of President Taft, which the President sent for from the White House.

It was thru his work as a cartoonist, that he met J. Stuart Blackton, vice-president of the Vitagraph Film Co. It was from Commodore Blackton that he got his training as an actor and director.

"I am as careful in matching up my comedy scenes, as I would be if I were shooting drama," he said.

His people are all very high-salaried and consequently content. It is an interesting thing that for the most part they understand, so thoroly, what he means by a mere look or gesture, that no rehearsal is required.

He lives in a bungalow on Harold Way in Hollywood, has a Japanese cook, Japanese butler and Japanese chauffeur. By which it may be seen that he is not a very strong believer in the "yellow peril." He is twenty-nine years old and unmarried.

That Exotic Frenchman

(*Continued from page* 40)

time-exposure camera. We shall notice a great difference, a dissimilitude as great as that between the present-day war pictures made in Hollywood trenches and the real Pathé views of the European battlegrounds."

Artificiality in plays today is one of the decadent reactions. Contemporary screen love-making is a thing of public interest, pictorially speaking, that takes place amidst the most sumptuous surroundings. Tourneur looks forward to the day when love-making in pictures will take place as it does in real life, away from the spotlight, in secluded corners, and not always amid æsthetic surroundings. The director of the future will open the doors and the windows and let the sunlight in.

With this preamble, permit me to introduce Maurice Tourneur, the man. He is a big-hearted, generous Frenchman, perhaps in his late thirties, who refuses to glimpse life thru a pair of rose-colored spectacles held in place by egotism. He has struggled from the depths of theatrical craft to a leadership in photoplay thought. His first days on the stage were spent with a cheap French repertoire company on the outskirts of Paris, in which he frequently played not only the butler who announced the guests but the guests themselves. And received ninety francs, fifteen dollars, a month for the performance of such domestic duties.

"It was the salary I asked for," he chuckled. "The director said to me, 'Can you get along on it?' and I said, 'Yes.' I didn't get along very well, altho I saved a little money. Things weren't expensive in those days and I didn't have much to eat."

After a number of seasons in repertoire, each season with a better company, he played with Rejane on her South American tour, and still later with the great French director, Antoine. He has been making pictures in America for five years, developing his ideas in each new release, making practical his theories, and carrying out his convictions.

His record in this country reads like the tale of leading-ladies-whom-I-have-loved-professionally, as his work has been with everyone from Emma Dunn to Pauline Starke, including Elsie Ferguson, Petrova, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, the Binney sisters, Constance and Faire, and Alma Hanlon, in such plays as "Mother," "Barbary Sheep," "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," "Rose of the World,"

"The Butterfly on the Wheel," "Trilby," with Clara Kimball Young and Wilton Lackaye, "The Whip," perhaps the most popular of the earlier melodramas given to the screen, "Prunella," "The Blue Bird," "Woman," "My Lady's Garter," "White Heather," "Sporting Life," and "Treasure Island."

Legend has it that Tourneur is temperamental, a leader who drives with a hard rein; that he is egotistical, that he is eccentric. Not at all. Tourneur, when I saw him, was fearfully worried lest the Kliegs were too bright for the leading lady's eyes, and that the "heavy's" beard would make him a laughing-stock on the street. He looks and dresses like other normal men, and he begged me profusely not to tell anything about him that wasn't true. If he is either eccentric or egotistical, he leaves no such impression.

Stories are his particular *bete noire*. In each he requires a great deal of human sympathy, understandable psychology, and intense, quick action.

"Show the people anything, but show them something," he declares. "This can be either funny or dramatic, but there must be something."

And at this juncture Tourneur proves something of an iconoclast. The screen ought not to be a platform for the uplift of the masses, he told me. Its forte is amusement, first, last and always.

"I do not believe in using the screen as a way of teaching; we have the pulpit and the college. It may be a means of propaganda, but I do not intend to use it as such. Never!"

He doesn't believe in the star system, and says no good story can be built around a single gleaming personality, as there are no real "stars" in real life. The most obscure man can in a moment become a so-called "star," afterward only to return to oblivion. The man who stops the runaway, Tourneur tells, is the star of the moment. And after the incident, typically, he is forgotten.

"And neither is anyone very good or bad," he remarked.

Tourneur works differently with his actors than any other director. He tells them the story as he goes along and asks them to think for themselves. When I saw him, the "set" was the gallery of a cheap London playhouse. Dramatis personae, typical cockneys, and afterward he told me that the entire effect was practically an exact reproduction of the theater and audience of the little repertoire company on the outskirts of Paris.

I noticed particularly that he showed the effect on his audience of the supposed drama on the stage below. But not the drama. This is his particular fad. In none of his plays has he showed the subject of his discussion, but always the suggestion. An assistant, crouched underneath the camera, held in his hand a stick to the end of which there was tied a small cloth doll. This he moved slowly in front of him as the supposed actors on the stage below were likely to move in front of the footlights. The "audience" followed the movement of the doll with their eyes, evincing more or less signs of emotion.

"He's got a knife!" yelled the "heavy," wild-eyed, pointing to the doll.

"Shut up!" echoed an extra in the top row of the gallery.

By that method Tourneur will hold the attention of his audience in the picture theater without showing an actual flash of the play within the play. The suggestion is far more dramatic than the actuality, is his theory. In an electrocution, for instance, he says that he would show everything but the actual death in the chair—the warden, the empty cell, the

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Write for my free booklet. Ask for the names and addresses of accomplished players of piano or organ near you who obtained their *entire* training from me by mail. I have students in all parts of the world and *scores* in every state in the Union.

Although my way of teaching piano was laughed at when I first started in 1891, yet I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have fought my way up against prejudice like this, year after year for over a quarter of a century, unless my method possessed REAL MERIT? ***Investigate,*** is all I ask.

I'll teach you in *quarter* the usual time and at *quarter* the usual cost. If you have not previously heard of my method this may seem like a pretty bold statement. But I will soon prove to you that it is not in any way exaggerated if you'll simply send me your name and address on the coupon below.

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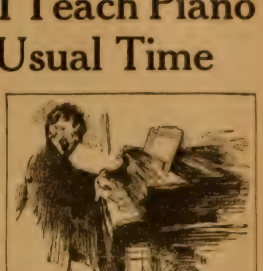
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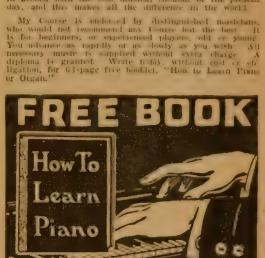

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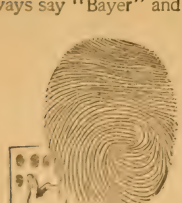

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chair, the prisoner, the reporters making their notes—anything but the very thing. Such a means gives the audience's mind a chance to work and every individual will at once form his conception of the subject.

The director must be a psychologist who can fathom the mind of his audience as well as of his actors. His duty does not consist in showing artists their business, says Tourneur, and when he works with stars he does not consider it necessary to teach them their work, nor they to instruct him in his. He must create "atmosphere."

You cant tell a girl that she has lost her father and must emote over the incident. With the noise of the carpenters, the sight of the bystanders and the irregularity of the entire situation, she may be self-conscious. Tourneur tries to talk her into the mood by explaining the situation and suggesting the atmosphere. When she is emotionally in the right mood she will do her scene, he says. If not, he will work with her until she has grasped the meaning.

Nor can a director get results with his actors by thundering at them, he insists. Some are self-conscious and will lose their heads if yelled at.

"Just tell them and the work is easy," is his motto.

"The whole motion picture business is our joy, our trouble," he remarked philosophically. "We think, we talk of nothing else. Nothing else but our work interests us. If we make money, it is all right—that is, if we believe in picture standards and have ideals to guide us. Personally, if I dont make money on this picture or that, I shall try again. We are all in business to succeed, to make the most of what we can.

"Only now since I am in America, am I getting to know what money is and how to have a good time. We owe all this to Mr. Griffith.

"Whatever new effects we try to get, we discover that Mr. Griffith made them before we did. Without him we should not be where we are, riding in limousines and talking in terms of sunken gardens and fine homes. Griffith has invented everything in our business. I cant see a thing he hasn't done.

"It's a shame we use the screen the way we do. When I see that beautiful white sheet I realize all the lovely things that we haven't done. We have no limitations as to production funds, nor as to ideals. And still we do continue to see cowboys loitering around bars, and vampires smoking cigarets. We have been falsified so many times and from so many sources that it is a lifelong task to live down the effect."

Toward the Stars Thru Tears

(*Continued from page 63*)

her father's side in three generations and she was given the name that had been sacred in the family since 1600. Her family name is Kroman. Two years ago while making a picture with Mr. Farnum in Arizona, she decided to change it. Ann Kroman seemed a little too foreign. After much deliberation, the big star had an inspiration and selected Forrest, "signifying something *big*, yet short and snappy," as he expressed it. She was duly christened with picturesque rites at the bottom of the Grand Cañon, on July Fourth, with William Farnum as the master of ceremonies, and she has been Ann Forrest ever since.

It was as an extra at the American studio in Santa Barbara, that she began her career. At first she did stunts in the pictures, being an expert swimmer and a daring horsewoman, but was soon advanced

to small parts. She watched and studied the stars and waited patiently, never once doubting that her opportunity would come.

Giggling in true girlish fashion, Ann told me of her first role.

"It was in an awful Triangle picture, 'Her Decision.' Gloria Swanson played the lead and I was her sister, a very bad girl, but I had a beautiful time weeping and wailing thru it.

"Once, I did a slapstick comedy, and, would you believe it, I liked it. It was great fun. I like extremes.

"I enjoy character stuff, it's so human. We cant be heroines all the time, even in pictures. While I was making Puckers in 'The Prince Chap,' I didn't once curl my hair. I wanted to feel the part and who could even *think* Puckers with curled hair? She was such a pathetic little creature and I became fond of her."

Ann believes that a career demands all her strength and thought and when she is making a picture she puts aside all else. Her only relaxation during that time is to drive down to the beach—which is but another Viking instinct—that wild love of the tang of the salt sea breeze, it stimulates this daughter of the North!

"While making 'Dangerous Days,'" Miss Forrest went on, "I felt that poor girl's tragedy so keenly that I dreamed about it every night. That was the hardest rôle I have had, but how I loved it. If the people who believe we are not swayed by the emotions we portray could have been around the day we made that big crying scene, I am sure they would have changed their minds. Everyone about the set was deeply affected and after it was all over and they came to pick me up I was sobbing so hard that I couldn't speak and that started them all again."

One of Ann's chief beauties is her lovely blonde hair, which, of course, is real. She affects plain, straight lines, for ruffles do not seem to belong to her type, and this day she was wearing an adorable frock of white tricolette with a gorgeous, flaming sash wound around her slender waist. She said she loved "wite" clothes.

"Oh, the family think I am *wonderful*," she laughed, "and whenever there is a picture of mine shown we go in a body. Father is my severest critic, but so constructive that I learn much from him. My little brother—he is eleven—was so thrilled all the time I was making my picture with Houdini, for we did a lot of flying and every night I had to tell him all about it. I enjoyed it, too, and some day I am going to fly to Denmark.

"I dont believe my pictures have yet reached there, but I hope they will soon. The Danish people are full of sentiment and have a deep understanding.

"My future?" Ann leaned across the table, confidentially. "Well, some day I hope to go on the stage. When I have grown *big* in the art, I want to *talk* as well as *act* my heart into a great play."

Weeping herself toward the stars—wistfully—appealingly—has been Ann Forrest's rôle so far in her career, but she may blossom forth in something quite different in her next picture.

When I asked Mr. de Mille if there would be tears—he flashed a sphinx-like smile—

"It will be a bit of life!" he said.

SPECIAL NOTICE

At the time of going to press, word comes from the Lasky studios saying that because Ann Forrest is not the type for the next De Mille production, she will appear under the direction of George Melford in his next picture.

However, so far as is known, this is a temporary arrangement.

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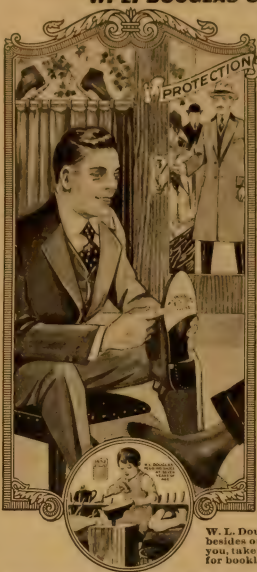

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 77*)

care for him with a great love, but he, again fearing the prompting of gratitude, makes no response.

Then housekeeper, devout in her belief in an encompassing Divine Love, is instrumental in the breaking down of barriers and a final reconciliation.

Elliott Dexter plays David Markley, Theodore Roberts the blacksmith, Monte Blue, Jim Dirk, and Gloria Swanson, in the rôle of Ruth, proves her versatility, altho we must admit that we find her most attractive in those episodes where she portrays the silken woman. It marks the return of Elliott Dexter after his illness and it is a treat to have him with us again. And Mr. Roberts and Mr. Blue were both excellent in their respective rôles.

As for the subtitles, they number among the best we have ever read and are one of the most attractive features of this very fine production.

Undoubtedly Cecil de Mille knows humanity—the drama, too, of everyday. In truth, he holds a mirror up to Life and his productions reflect the image he finds there. He has done commendable things in the past, but in "Something to Think About," he strives towards greater things and his striving is not in vain.

GO AND GET IT—FIRST NATIONAL

Any one who has read Edgar Allan Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" will find themselves always a reel or two ahead of Marshall Neilan in his latest production, "Go and Get It." This is a newspaper story with a rapid-fire action which includes near-executions, secret passages, scientific experiments which demand weird operations and, last but not least, a thrilling chase in which aeroplanes, fast trains and hydroplanes figure prominently.

The photography is far above the average, with Agnes Ayres appearing very beautiful and constantly reminding one of Alice Joyce. Pat O'Malley plays the reporter hero and Wesley Barry makes his rôle of the bespectacled office boy a very fine characterization.

The story, briefly, tells of competitive newspapers, with the managing editor of one working so that his paper may eventually be purchased by the rival press for a mere song. Then the owner of his paper dies and his daughter takes a hand in things—things including the solving of several curious murders which baffle the police. In the end she places her paper on he map again, so the title reads, and marries the managing editor—only by this time the erstwhile reporter has risen to this proud estate.

It is not an artistic production, and altho the action is generally anticipated, it is, at times, thrilling. And Bull Montana in the rôle of a gorilla proves conclusively that the so-called "gentle art of make-up" is not so gentle after all.

THE SCOFFER—FIRST NATIONAL

"The Scoffer" is a gripping picture during which the interest does not once flag. And its basic truths are so simple that you marvel something similar has not been done before.

In the first place, Allan Dwan has a real story—and he has undoubtedly chosen each character especially for each part, giving the matter a great amount of thought. He has secured authentic information where such was desirable and found backgrounds which do not obtrude upon the action but which suggest the proper vast spaces and lend a colorful atmosphere. After all this, he has given it a masterful direction, with the result that it is an excellent production, one which will probably advertise itself by the comment which it will arouse and one which will gain in popularity as it is shown.

The title gives a broad hint of the story, which tells of a doctor who has dedicated his life to his work, feeling himself to be a servant of God with his hands always ready to do His work. When he is unjustly convicted and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary he takes the scoffer's vow and determines never again to raise those hands to help God or man.

At the termination of his sentence, he goes into the great Northwest and eventually comes to a little settlement where they have no doctor, merely a faith healer. When a dog is kicked and hobbles in with a broken leg he puts it in the necessary splints and soon the dog is again well. But when the girl of the town asks him to undertake an operation upon a little crippled boy, whom he has said an operation will cure, he refuses.

He listens with a sneer while she sings the praises of God and he, in turn, sings the praises of man.

Finally she comes to him with a challenge and, accepting it, he starts to operate upon the boy. It is during this operation, thru which he would prove his might, that he goes back to his faith, after learning of his dependence.

The story is universal in its appeal—those who keep the faith religiously, those who doubt and the atheist will find in "The Scoffer" common ground. The religious element in it is delicately handled and not in any instance flagrant, while there are sub-plots which make for a great strength in the story.

James Kirkwood comes back to the silversheet in the rôle of the scoffer, while Mary Thurman proves that recruits from the farce make able exponents of the drama. As a matter of fact, every characterization is artistic, with Noah Beery a backwoodsman, Rhea Mitchell a neurotic woman, Ward Crane "The Albany Kid" who has come to the North Woods, Pernard Durning a clergyman, and Philo McCullough a physician who abuses his profession.

Allan Dwan has given the screen something in his Mayflower production, of which he may justly boast.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—FAMOUS PLAYERS

Even Elsie Ferguson could not save "Lady Rose's Daughter" from the fate of a very mediocre production. The story concerns itself with three generations, the first two acting as something of a prolog in which both of the ladies answer the call of love and leave the husbands' hearthstones. It is true, in both instances, the husbands were not exactly fuel for the fires of romance, but the idea is that the noble relations decide to do all in their power to save Lady Rose's daughter from the errors of her mother and grandmother. This they endeavor to do by permitting her to serve in the capacity of a companion and secretary; causing scenes and hurling anathemas at her every time one of the pampered male members of the family finds her attractive. In truth she very nearly comes to a sorry end, but the nephew on whom the entire family dote, and who really cares for her, brings her to a realization of things and the fade-out finds the disagreeable relatives asking forgiveness.

(*Continued on page 110*)

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Heywood Broun—

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Oliver M. Sayler—

Whose contributions on the importance of the cabaret in Russia; on the Russian Ballet, etc., you have enjoyed in SHADOWLAND, offers another story on the Japanese Drama, which is one of the most interesting features of the November number.

Frederick James Smith—

Writes a story of the Photoplay of Today and Tomorrow, which brings a new light on the conditions of the screen.

Wynn—

The last steamer brought Wynn's monthly contribution of cartoons and pertinent comments on Parisian Life—as seen thru his eyes—and Wynn's viewpoint is worth while investigating.

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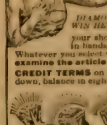

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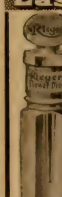

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Rieger's Mon Amour per ounce $1.50; Garden Queen $2.00; Alcaraz $2.50; Parfum Rieger $2.00; Honolulu Bouquet $1.00. At druggists or by mail. Nothing finer.

Send $1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

PAUL RIEGER & CO. (since 1867) 242 First St., San Francisco

Send $1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

The Wonders of a Puffed Grain

Puffed Wheat bubble is a whole grain puffed to eight times normal size. A hundred million explosions have occurred within it.

Each food cell is exploded, so you see an airy, toasted morsel as flimsy as a snowflake. Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way. Puffed Corn is broken corn puffed to [illegible].

You measure it entirely, the flavor is like nuts. The airy granules seem to melt away.

But think what they are

Best classic delights! They are grain foods, fitted for digestion as grains never were [illegible]. And the Puffed Wheat grains in milk and you have the greatest food in existence. [illegible] and sugar, and sugar, and with fruit. Douse with melted butter for hungry-hour [illegible]. Use like nuts on ice cream.

All these delicious Puffed Grains are like flavory confections, yet they are supreme foods. [illegible] Serve all three in all the ways you can. No other grain [illegible].

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A pancake surprise

We now mix Puffed Rice flour in an ideal pancake blend. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nutlike taste. You will surprise your folks with the finest pancakes ever tasted when you use it. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising—simply add milk or water.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers 3446

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 108)

As for the subtitles—they are blatant.

"You have a gift of music," says a guest and Lady Rose's daughter answers brilliantly:

"It is kind of you to say so, Lord ——," or something to that effect.

People do waste words on such trivialities perhaps, but it seems a pity to waste footage on them at the present price of film.

THE RIGHT TO LOVE—FAMOUS PLAYERS

George Fitzmaurice did his best—so did Mae Murray and David Powell, but they were greatly handicapped thru the lack of a good story. However, be it said that their best makes "The Right to Love" a production well worth going to see. The settings, too, are exquisitely beautiful and long after the picture was over, we found ourselves thinking of the soft close-ups of Mae Murray, in which she appears a shimmery creature of some fairyland. In several scenes, too, the photography was especially beautiful, but the story itself is most unsatisfactory, which is a pity. To give it such settings, artistic portrayals, direction and photography is like building a beautiful structure upon a poor foundation—it trembles—it lacks a stability.

The story tells of an Englishman, powerful in the tropics where he lives, who brings an Englishwoman into his home and thus constantly humiliates the wife, of whom he has tired. Things reach a crisis when he threatens to send their son away to school in England because he knows it will pain her and, at just this time, she learns that her childhood sweetheart from America is in the vicinity. They meet to find their love still a living thing . . . One night during a frightful storm the American discovers the husband plotting to shatter his wife's life so that he may seek his own paths, and, furious at the wrong which is being done his former sweetheart and countrywoman, he kills the husband during a fight. When she, thru circumstantial and false evidence, is convicted he gives himself up, but the authorities take the law into their own hands and America beckons them to a happy future.

David Powell plays the American sweetheart and is indeed likable. The titles, however, are in several instances very poor and fail entirely in bolstering up the story, as it is often possible for the right sort of titles to do.

THE JACK-KNIFE MAN—FIRST NATIONAL

"The Jack-Knife Man" in its own simple way is one of the finest pictures which the silversheet has ever reflected. In it King Vidor gives a broad promise of the things which may be expected of him—he has made the two old men who whittle toys from driftwood and sing jingles for the amusement of a little lad who comes into their lives, real folks. Taking the human story of "The Jack-Knife Man," he has turned it into a picture which has thruout a poetic beauty.

Fred Turner plays Peter Lane, the title rôle, with a touch of genius and every other character is well chosen, with Harry Tood in the character of Booge, thus named by Buddy, who is portrayed by Bobby Kelso, and the charming Florence Vidor a Mrs. Montgomery of New York.

There is nothing hectic or bizarre about the story, which tells, in a simple, unaffected fashion, of natural events in the life of the jack-knife man, who spends most of his days drifting along with the currents of the winding Mississippi. It is a close-to-the-soil drama—ringing vibrantly true every minute of the time.

Presentation's the Thing

(*Continued from page 47*)

remains that really worth while things are offered to the public, and the public responds with unfailing interest and enthusiasm.

And so he went on to explain that he tells the artist whom he is consulting just what kind of an act it is going to be, and together they discuss the setting required. The artist then submits a sketch in scale, that is, a working drawing proportionately small. But this drawing contains all the details and colorings that are to be used in the real setting. From this sketch, stage carpenters build the framework and cover it with canvas, and skilled scenic painters carry out the color scheme. The artist himself supervises the final putting together, especially if, as is often the case, the scene in question consists not of painted back-drop and wings, but merely of soft chiffon draperies and veiled lights.

And last, but by no means least in importance, is the lobby display of posters. The people passing a theater have not seen the picture yet. They have no means of judging whether they will like it or not, but the posters attract them. The vivid colors and odd designs and vague outlines of a scene or two give a hint of what is to follow and exert a subtle influence; they *invite* the people and few can resist the invitation. Mr. Reisenfeld has engaged C. E. Millard, a poster artist who admits he is a "great young man" to thus *vamp* the public, and Mr. Millard has established a record of artistic quality by his Rialto, Rivoli and Criterion posters which other theaters find it hard to maintain.

Now add all this—posters plus settings plus music plus beautiful surroundings and the total will be: good presentation. And "Presentation's the Thing," said Mr. Reisenfeld, shrewdly paraphrasing Shakespeare, and the success of his three theaters seems to bear him out in this. Which makes me wonder, *what would the immortal bard really have said*, were he living in this day of submarines, aeroplanes and motion pictures? Clever showman that he was, he *might* have agreed. This, however, is a question that cannot be settled unless we consult the ouija board.

Our Animated Monthly of News and Views

(*Continued from page 80*)

try-out, with the result that today he is the star of "Brighter Skies," and the husband of ZaSu Pitts, whose salary is quoted as 1,000 dollars a week.

The divorce animal is again rampant in our midst. Beside the Chaplin divorce suit, our courts are busy with a divorce filed by Lottie Pickford against her husband, A. G. Rupp, a New York stock broker. Desertion and non-support are the charges. Meanwhile little Mary Pickford Rupp, her four-year-old daughter, has been adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, mother of our own Mary, and her name legally changed to Mary Pickford the second. The Osbornes, too, have been granted their freedom, Mrs. Edytha Osborne being given the custody of "Baby Marie" Osborne, the cinema child star. Mrs. Joyce Eleanor Mayo dropped her second suit for separate maintenance that she filed against her husband, Frank Mayo, so Frank promptly turned around and sued her for divorce.

The whole California coast is a happy playground that abounds in jolly cafés and cabarets. For miles and miles and

STEGER

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EVERY rendition of vocal or instrumental music has an exceptionally distinctive brilliancy all its own—because of the patented, almost human reproducer, the tone-chamber of spruce and the adjustable tone-arm, which insures the proper pressure on all makes of records. It is a known fact that the Steger plays all records *correctly*—no parts to change.

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Put one in your mouth at bed-time

Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

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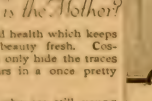

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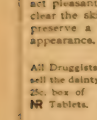
Let Science Show You How



Now the way has been found for scientifically restoring gray hair to its natural color. And it is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

No treatments are required. You apply it yourself easily, quickly and surely.

We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

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A Free Test

Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs. Give it a test on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

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Forged on Antidotines—Subtly Irregulates Perruchers

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Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

Black ..... dark brown...
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name .....
Street ..... Town .....
R.F.D. ..... State .....

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PAGE

poles the beach stretches, smooth, sandy and alluring. The waves dash at just the most enticing velocity—and the California moon, well, all I can say is, it is a wonder so much work is accomplished in this happy hunting ground of pleasure, for never have I seen so many temptations for a perpetual playtime. Daytime the breakers and the one-piece bathing suits call, evenings the dance halls and the jazz bands.

One of the cafés popular with cinema folks is Sunset Inn, located on the broad boulevard at Santa Monica overlooking the dashing Pacific. Here the very jazziest orchestra pipes until all hours in the morning. The night I was there I saw, among other famous people, Larry Semon and a party, and Blanche Sweet and a party. Miss Sweet reminds me of nothing so much as a full-blown white rose. She has lost a great deal of her former fragility and seems a jollier and more robust blonde.

Just outside of Venice is Crystal Pier, where all filmdom goes swimming and just inside Venice is the Ship, perhaps the most popular café of all. Saturday night is playtime and you can see the stars of the shadow world all twinkling in the flesh on that night of nights.

Jack Donovan, one of the younger leading men who has appeared with Edith Storey, Bessie Love, Lois Weber, etc., has organized his own company and has a well-equipped studio in Hollywood. He also owns a handsome home on Sunset boulevard and a dog named "Pumpkin."

Some recruits of the cinema land sometimes. For instance, a new star in a new story produced by a new director is the latest at Universal City. Eva Novak is the star playing in "Kate Plus Ten," being produced by Stuart Paton.

Just before Nazimova started for her vacation on her farm in Portchester county, she gave her word that she would remain in pictures and not return to the stage for the present. She will return West in November and complete the two pictures due on her present Metro contract. She said it is likely she will remain with Metro, for that organization has made her very happy. She has her own offices, cutting and projection rooms. She chooses her own stories and directors and is allowed to work as she pleases. Madame Nazimova said she could not imagine herself so happy anywhere else.

Did you know that Ralph Bushman, son of the famous Francis X., is in Los Angeles and in pictures? Yes, indeed, watch out for him, girls, in "It's a Great Life."

A new Australian film-producing concern has sent Rosemary Theby an offer to star for them for eight years at a weekly salary of five figures. It is probable that Miss Theby's mother will go to Melbourne to arrange negotiations for her daughter.

Gossip says Helen Ferguson may soon be a blushing bride. Page William Russell.

Casson Ferguson has just bought a new home on Highland Avenue, Hollywood.

Annette Kellermann will again star in pictures September first. Meanwhile she is spending her vacation at Santa Monica.

Marguerite de la Motte is wearing a beautiful diamond ring.

Harry Carey has installed a swimming pool on his ranch in San Francisquito Canyon.

Eileen Sedgwick's arm was broken while taking a scene for the Universal serial, "The Queen of Diamonds."

Mary Pickford will again go abroad after making a picture at the Brunton studios with Frances Marion directing.

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With the very first application of Kolor-Bak—a clear, colorless liquid compounded of harmless matter—comes the wonderful satisfaction of seeing your gray hairs begin to take on their natural color. A few more applications and the natural color is fully restored. Kolor-Bak is also an invigorating hair and scalp tonic—prevents dandruff and itching scalp. Not a dye or stain. Is not sticky or messy but easy and clean to use. Send today for FREE Kolor-Bak book which tells how you may quickly and easily eliminate gray hairs and restore your hair to its natural color and beauty.

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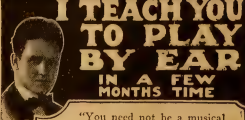

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To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles a genuine diamond with same DAZZLING RAINBOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Tiffany Style Ring (Cat. price $4.98) for **Half Price to introduce, $2.63,** or in Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring (Cat. price $6.26) for $3.25. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail postcard or this ad. State Size. We will mail at once C. O. D. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for **Free** Catalog. **Agents Wanted.**

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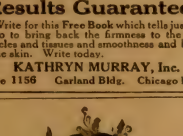

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INDESTRUCTIBLE mantles of pre-war quality at the pre-war price. They save money by their extremely low cost and because they use only two-thirds as much gas. Remember the names and the boxes!

USALYTE Gas Mantles	LOTOLYT Gas Mantles
In the Square Box with the Blue Label — 10¢	In the Distinctive Triangular Box — 20¢

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Usalytes sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Murphy, Kinney and Neisner Stores. Lotolyts at Kresge's. Good dealers too. Or send us an receipt of price. Dept. 2-111

J. J. ROBIN & SONS Inc.
190 St. and Park Ave. N.Y.
Manufacturer of the Wonderful Usalyte Gas Heater.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 88*)

EVERYBODY'S FAN.—Some interesting letter of yours. Glad you like all three of our publications. We want to please, so please let us know what pleases you. Sorry to say, but I have no cellar. They dont come with hall bedrooms in New York. Anyway, I have nothing to put in it if I had one.

PUG.—You're a live bunch, and I wish I could meet you all. Have a good time, and write me again.

ALFO B. S.—Some letter of yours. Saturday is my lucky day. Did you know that one-third of the twenty-seven Presidents of the U. S., including nearly all those who achieved wide fame and popularity, were inaugurated on Monday? Next time you write, why dont you get three or four more kinds of colored inks?

O. I. C. U. R. A. BUSY MAN; VERA; OLIVE WHITE; LILA LEE FAN.—Come in again, and see above for yours.

FLUFF.—Who is Rose Shulsinger?—she is Marion Davies' press representative, and she certainly is a live wire. John Halliday was Daniel in "The Woman Gives." William Conklin was Mr. Moreland in "The Woman in the Suitcase."

HELEN G.—As Solomon has said, "There is nothing new under the sun"; and perhaps destruction has caused as much novelty as invention. That is often a revival which we think a discovery. Ralph Kellard was born in New York, and was with David Warfield in "The Music Master" and later had his own stock company. Married, well, now girls.

CURIOUS TENNIE.—Correct in your assumption. But no woman's beauty surely was born to die of scurely. Yes, Conway is better known.

SAMMENTIA.—Of course, I like Carlyle Blackwell; remember him eight or nine years ago when he played with Alice Joyce for Kalem. Yes, as a rival to the "See America First," France might say "Visit us and get a drink."

INGENUE-ISTIC.—Hara-kiri is a method of suicide formerly practiced by the Japanese by cutting open the bowels, permitted to offending nobles and military officers to save them from the disgrace of a public execution. Yes, I think Gloria Swanson has quite a wonderful screen personality. The poem "Abou ben Adhem" was written by Leigh Hunt.

CYMA.—I decline to advise you about choosing a wife, except to say that you should choose one as you would choose a shoe—one that will wear well. Norman Kerry in "Passion's Playground." Cant tell you at this writing.

MARGUERITA B., AND SEVERAL OTHERS.—The Fame and Fortune Contest is closed, but no winners have yet been selected. Many thousands of photographs are still being considered and several hundred tests have been made of the more promising contestants. They are finding it hard to select real Mary Pickfords, Norma Talmadges and Nazimovas.

LOLA LORRAINE.—No, Zona Porter is not the same as Zasu Pitts. Oh, yes, Lew Cody has been married. The date is the staple article of food in Persia, and a good cook there can prepare over forty dishes, in each of which dates figure in an entirely different way. The date gone astray. Mabel Normand is playing in A. H. Wood stage productions. Sure thing.

CUTIE.—You see, the quarrel started from your insistence on exploring your husband's pockets, which is not a proper thing to do. Like most explorers, you found material for a lecture.

(*Continued on page 120*)

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☐ Toolmaker	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Private Secretary
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☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Railway Accountant
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The Cradle of Courage

(Continued from page 74)

ment that his practiced eye knew too well. Once he himself had skulked in the shadows, with an eye on the cloud-blanketed moon. He gripped his stick and moved forward.

At the corner he waited where whoever passed must step into the rays of the street lamp. He felt the lump that meant his revolver, but did not draw it. His senses had been sharpened by years of listening to the indistinguishable sound of the tumblers in safe-combinations, straining to catch the fine, inaudible harmonies that meant success. He had learned to see in the darkness, to smell the presence of anything alien, enemy. Now his ears caught the shuffle of feet, the rasp of clothing against the cement wall, but oddly enough, his nostrils apprized him of a faint perfume.

"A woman?" he thought; "but no, those are a man's shoes——"

The figure turned the corner, a small, undersized boy creature with yellow hair under a cap, pulled low. The form came forward stealthily almost, so great was the caution, peering now to right and now to the left, anxiously gazing about as tho fearful of detection. At his quick breath, the head lifted and Square Kelly found himself gazing down into Rose's tilted face, drawn with dismay. Traveling lower, he took in the details of her disguise, the boy's suit, hair hidden under the huge cap, the great clumsy shoes. His face grew hard.

"What's the idea?" he asked briefly, and he found himself steeling his voice, even in a gruffness, against the great hurt which was welling up within him. "Where's the gang you're playing lookout for?"

She drew back, quivering at his scorn. "I'm—I'm not a lookout. I'm taking a walk. I guess I've got a right——"

He was not listening. Over the wall a shot sounded, spattering into echoes on the silent surface of the night. Rose caught at him. "Dont go! For God's sake—it's a plant! Square—you shant—mustn't——"

He tore away her hands and flung his great body over the wall, her wail of despair sounding in his ears as he ran across the lawn. A sinister silence had succeeded the shot. He saw, subconsciously, that the house was shut up and vacant, except for the intruders, whose presence was indicated by a broken shutter swinging from its hinge beside an open window. Square Kelly drew himself up painfully across the sill and sent the prying finger of his flashlight into the thick dark, then he gave a cry. Stretched on the floor beside the rifled safe, lay, face down, the body of his brother Jim, a dark hole in the back of his yellow head.

The papers the next day held dramatic accounts of the shooting of a burglar by his brother, who was a policeman, and who had come upon him in the act of robbing a safe. Square Kelly would not talk about the affair. He bore the shrill reproaches of his mother in silence. He seemed unconscious of the curious stares of his fellows on the force, and the open contempt of his one-time friends at his brother's funeral. With a face like a grey mask he went about his daily round, but now and again, if one had watched him closely, it might have been seen that he touched with his finger-tips a curious bulge in the pocket of his uniform.

After his duty was over he put on his civilian clothes, transferred something from the pocket of his uniform to his grey coat, and went straight to Tierney's sa-

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Just to give you an idea of what you will find in the Style Book. This snappy suit (which you remember direct from thread) is two all-wool tricotine. Coat semi-fitted with stylish braid-bound collar, cuffs and pockets. Braid-binding lends a trimming touch at back. Lined throughout with fine all-silk fabrics in printed design. Skirt modishly pocketed and belted across gathered back. Women's sizes: 34 to 46. Back coat length, 29 in. Skirt, 39 to 42 in. Misses' sizes: 14 to 20. Back coat length, 26 in. Skirt, 36 in. Color: blue only. Order Women's sizes by No. 11E2001. Misses' by No. 11E2003. Give size and skirt length wanted. Price $32.50. Postage 16c extra.

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AGL

It was very late. The saloon keeper, putting away his glasses, looked up and frowned at the sight of him. "Hullo, Yellow," he sneered. "I see by the papers you've been doing your little——"

"That's enough," Square Kelly said, toneless. There was something in his face that sent the color from the sodden cheeks of the other man. "I've come to settle with you for killing my brother Jim."

"You're crazy," gasped Tierney, and reached with a surprisingly swift movement for such a fat man, for something on the bar. "I wasn't near the place—I got an alibi——"

Square held up the thing in his hand, an old revolver, heavy and antiquated. "Bout you suppose I know that gun?" he asked; "it's the one you've kept under the bar for years, Tierney—it's the one you killed poor Jim with, in the back like a coward, and it's the one that's *going to kill* you——"

"I tell you I dont know nothing about it——"

"He does, too!" It was Rose's voice from the door. She stood, clutching a cheap silken kimono of geranium color about her breast, panting out the words. "I heard him planning how they'd plant you—rob a building on your beat and get you turned off the force. That's why I followed them—to warn you——"

"He was trying to double-cross me," Tierney snarled. "I saw him pocket some of the swag—he was yellow—like the rest of the Kellys. A little killing was good for him——"

His revolver barked and Square Kelly fell back, clutching at his arm. Thru the reeling of the world he saw Tierney turn upon Rose, venom in his face, with the smoking weapon leveled. Taking the gun from his limp right hand, Square lifted his left, and with his last conscious effort pulled the trigger——

His recovery was slow at the hospital. There seemed to be, the nurses agreed, something that pained him more than the fever of his wound. They tried to tell him that a coroner's verdict on Tierney's death had absolved him from all blame, but he did not appear to be interested. "I believe," they told each other, exasperatedly, "he doesn't *want* to get well!"

"I prescribe," joked the youngest interne, "a dose of *cherchez la femme*."

A week later two women, one small and white-haired, the other small and yellow-haired, both obviously awed by the rigid cleanliness of the place and the nurse's uniform, asked to see Policeman Kelly.

"He's very bad," the nurse told them, leading the way; "you mustn't do or say anything that will excite him."

Five minutes later she passed the door. The patient, an arm around the little old woman, an arm of the little young woman around him, was talking joyously. They seemed to be discussing a little house in the country with a front porch where "Mother" could knit and a kitchen where "Rose" would wear a pink chambray apron. She entered disapprovingly and put a small glass tube into the patient's mouth.

The doctor met her later in the hall. "How about Kelly?" he asked.

"Awful!" declared the nurse, tight-lipped. She was, by the way, a spinster. "He's in——"

"A fever?" demanded the doctor, anxiously.

"Worse! In love," snapped the nurse; "otherwise the fever's gone, and his pulse is regular. He seems quite normal."

She was right. Life's fitful fever was finally cured for him forever, and for the first time in his hotly lived years Square Kelly was normal at last.

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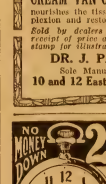

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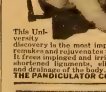

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Around the Globe

(*Continued from page 40*)

famous poet, and author of "The Man with the Hoe." Hudson Maxim, the well-known inventor, also appears in the cast, and many others of equal fame.

The filming of this picture has been completed with the exception of the scenes in which the final winners of the Fame and Fortune contest appear, and as soon as the arduous task of final selection from the photographs is completed and the final decision of the judges has been announced, these scenes will be made, and the picture will be released thruout the country so that all participants of the contest and all of our readers and their friends may see the picture at their home town theater.

The honor roll for this month is as follows:

Betty Pomroy Hanson, Box 58, Rugby, North Dakota, is another fair contestant whose red hair and brown eyes form a striking combination. Miss Hanson has played small parts in pictures.

Marguerite Cantrell, 1870 Beaubien, Detroit, Michigan, is a brunette who has had some slight experience in musical comedy.

Dorothy Farrar, 604 Coast Ave., Fresno, California, is an unusual type. She has auburn hair and grey eyes, and her only experienc has been as a model in San Francisco.

Judian Jordan, of Fall Brook, California, is a fair contestant with brown eyes and brown hair. She has never had any professional experience.

Blanche Bedford, 86 Abbey Road, London, N. W. S., England. Miss Bedford is unusual in type and very beautiful to look upon. She is a brunette with large brown eyes, brown hair and a creamy complexion.

Ellen Viking, 381 Yamhill Street, Portland, Oregon, is another brunette whose appeal to the eye is unmistakable. Miss Viking has had a good deal of dramatic experience on the stage.

A LOVE SONG TO A LADY OF THE SCREEN

By JOHN HANLON

You have been to me as a wildflower in a hedgerow,
Lending color, fragrance to a dusty lane,
A star among the brambles to remember past the turning,
Soothing to the weary eyes as tender summer rain.

You have been to me as a simple song at evening
While the new moon dreams its way thru a red cloud's rift,
Lullaby or love song, which it scarcely matters—
Back from bygone yesterdays haunting echoes drift.

You have been to me as wind among tall willows
Banked with early violets by a river's brim;
Or as a quiet pool in some forgotten forest,
A place of trembling shadows, of twilights ever dim.

You have been to me—O words could never utter
The glory you have woven thru my life's grey tapestry,
Wildflower, lovesong, woodland, and cool wind among the willows,
All things that are beautiful you have been to me!

For Beautiful Hair

Take the advice of highest medical authorities

The council of the American Medical Association has recognized Resorcin Monoacetate for the treatment of dandruff (seborrhea) and baldness (alopecia)—the common foes of beautiful hair.

Resorcin Monoacetate is an important ingredient of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. Thus science approves this famous preparation. Abundant vigorous hair is now easily attained.

Two or three times a week rub "La Creole" Hair Tonic on the scalp. Circulation is stimulated, hair roots supplied with needed nourishment and dandruff quickly eliminated. You will soon notice the new loveliness of your hair.

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Regularly every ten days or two weeks shampoo the hair thoroughly with "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo. It is the only shampoo made from a menthol-cocoanut oil base. You will instantly notice a delightful cooling effect. The hair becomes soft and lustrous, scalp and pores glow with clean health and vigor.

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As They Were

(continued from page 32)

The interrogators forget to be awed any longer.

She spreads her wide white skirts and sits down.

There is a delicate whimsy in her face. She knows the humor of it all—the tribute and, perhaps, the love.)

MARY—Who comes first?

C. H. I. (*indicating G. H. and A. W. F.*)

MARY—What can I do for you? *You* tell me.

A. W. F. (*clutching the air frantically in search of the brilliant opening remark. Looks in the direction of G. H. No hope there. Says, with a gasp*)—How does it feel?

MARY (*spreading her hands, palms upward*)—It makes us feel that we must go on—doing worthy things more than anything else.

DOUG (*grinning*)—Most times there's no time to feel. We're always about three hours behind schedule. Not once have we caught up.

MARY—We will rest on the trip across the continent. We'll have to. Frances Marion is going to direct my next picture, you know. She'll arrive a few weeks later and everything must be in readiness. And I dont want to go back tired and cross. We're just like a family at the studios; and if one person is cross, I have noticed that it upsets the rest of the company. I said to Douglas and Mama, "Now that I have enough money to buy bread and now and then cake for the rest of my life, I will have happiness in my studio." No matter how valuable a person is they must go unless they are pleasant to everyone alike. Our work is our life and sometimes I stay at the studios until late at night—and if it isn't a happy atmosphere, what use is anything? Douglas feels the same way. And, too, there must be time for everyone to appreciate the fine and beautiful.

DOUG (*still grinning—still standing by Mary's chair*)—Absolutely. Smell, (as he waves his handkerchief, wafting a lovely perfume.) Some people think men should not use perfume. Ridiculous. Men should enjoy the beautiful the same as women. And crushed flowers—what is more beautiful? I want all of the beautiful I can get.

MARY—Every day Douglas (she always calls him Douglas, and now and then in fun "Douggie," which is what he was called abroad) and I make it a point to enjoy one beautiful thing together. Maybe it's the fading lights on the mountains near our home and it may be the sunset, but every day we stop to appreciate the beauty of some one thing. Douglas says he thinks it's sort of a religion.

G. H.—What sort of story is your next picture to be? Is it going to be like "Pollyanna"?

MARY—No. Every once in a while I want to do a picture a little different. I always think of the tired business man who gets home and is about to settle down with his pipe and paper, when his wife says, "Ben, it's Mary Pickford tonight. Let's go and take the children."

And Ben thinks to himself—"Mary Pickford. Oh, that's the little girl with the curls and the smile."

G. H. and A. W. F. (*in immediate unison*)—But tired business men like little girls with curls and a smile. Of course they do.

MARY—Perhaps——

(Secretary, who has given up waiting for the press to go, comes forward with a check for her to sign.)

SECRETARY (*in almost unintelligible whisper*)—It's for the party you gave the kiddies——

(Interrogators arise, respecting the courtesy of the press—anxious to stay on, but realizing that the others want to ask their questions.)

G. H. and A. W. F. (*endeavoring to be efficient to the last*)—It was kind of you to see us—good-bye.

MARY—It was kind of you to come. If you get to California, come to see us. We can visit together in the garden——

DOUG—Yes, do. We have a dandy swimming-pool—you'd love it.—Good-bye.

G. H. and A. W. F. (*with visions of a visit at the Fairbanks lovely domicile nestling in the California hills*)—We'd love to—Good-bye, good-bye.

CHIEF H. I. (*enthusiastically following interrogators to the door*)—Aren't they just the same as ever? Aren't they like two kids? They mean that invitation. They'd love to have you——

A. W. F. (*scenting news*)—What was the party Mary gave the kiddies—you know—the one she just signed a check for?

CHIEF H. I. (*dubiously*)—I really shouldn't tell you. But I dont think she'll mind, altho she doesn't like to talk about such things as a rule. Doug and she went to visit an orphans' home down in the city the other afternoon and that evening Mary had ice-cream, cake and candy sent down for every kid there. She's always doing things like that. And Doug's just the same. They enjoyed that hour with the kids more than anything you could think of.

(Scene dissolves out again into the corridor. Same scene, save that the crowd has increased in number. This is the case as the day develops, especially in connection with the chambermaids. Work is neglected in every other suite on the floor—perhaps in the building. Scene dissolves further into elevator shooting rapidly downwards. First and Second Interrogator are unaware that they are being subject at the precise moment to the much-discussed Process of Elimination.

The interrogators are still, so it would seem, on Parnassus.

On the pavement outside the Ritz, G. H. suggests the subway—suggests it, it must be admitted, tentatively—while she hopefully looks towards the cab-stand——

A. W. F. sniffs the rarefied atmosphere. Her nose has acquired a retroussé angle. She speaks with a tonal nicety.)

A. W. F.—Er . . . Taxi!

YONDER IN YOKOHAMA

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

Lagoons and atolls fade afar for me,
And all the ardent coasts where I was wont to roam;
To eastward fare my dreams where I would ever be,
Yonder in Yokohama, where the red morns foam.

A silver stream cascades to saffron sands,
Westward the restless purpling ocean heaves afar,
And I am lonely for those sunrise lands,
Yonder in Yokohama, where the geishas are.

A slender maiden loiters by the stream;
Soon will the slowly lifting stars fling silver sheen
Across that lotus-land of which I dream,
Yonder in Yokohama, on my painted screen.

Sidelights on Dorothy

(*Continued from page 53*)

short enough for any eighteen-year-old flapper despite their flesh of forty-odd summers.

"I often wonder," she mused, "why women will not realize that every age has its own particular charm. I think the wise woman adapts herself to the different ages thru which she passes. In her way the matron is every bit as attractive as the débutante. But from the matronly matron who would be the débutante," she raised her hands in mock horror—"deliver me!"

The interruptions were many, because she was to finish the picture, which is, incidentally, "In Men's Eyes," from the E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "Jean of the Marshes," before she leaves for Chicago to open in "Aphrodite," the spectacular stage production in which she scored a tremendous hit last season.

The title was changed, she told me, because "Jean of the Marshes" sounds like the tale of a country girl, and it really isn't such a tale at all. She went on further to say that she thought a title should be subtle, but, above all, euphonious. "Earth-bound" she considers an excellent example of euphony.

"And it means something," she explained. "It suggests a train of thought. It's a title you'll never forget, once you have heard it.

"Aren't some of the titles frightful, tho?"

I admitted without hesitancy that they were—quite frightful.

"I'm only playing the Chicago engagement because I belong to the Windy City," she continued. "The engagement is four weeks and then I'll return to New York and perhaps open in a new play which I'll do in pictures anyhow. It would be a novel experience to be doing the same thing on the stage and in pictures at the very same time. Unless I do the same play," she added, "I never will do stage and screen work at once—never so long as I live; and if I should attempt it, I hope some one who is really fond of me will have me put away. It's *so* foolish. Last winter I tried it and I came to the conclusion that with such an existence life was not worth living. We have no guarantee how long we are for this world—today is here, enjoy it—wisely," she added, as an afterthought. "Why should I do both?"

"Others do," I made reply, altho I realized at the time I was not being adequate.

"I guess," said Dorothy, shuffling about in her lavender satin mules, "I'm a plain nut. I cant see it. I'm not money-mad, and when I leave all this," waving her arms so that they encompassed the stages, "I'll hie myself to a few acres in the country with a little house on them somewhere and I'll have cows, dogs, cats and just stacks of chickens. Café life? It's a bore when you really get to know it. Now and then, all right—but it doesn't mean anything. And to live on a farm in the country doesn't take a fortune."

Undoubtedly I showed my amazement—I had expected to find Dorothy Dalton redolent of the luxurious orchid, a hot-house growth with an exotic tendency colorfully interspersed here and there in her make-up. Instead I found a girl, much smaller than my mental picture of her, with a super-store of common sense and a healthy glow in her being which is born only of a life in the open.

Her normality is almost abnormal; her logic is sound; her perspective is broad and healthy.

She accepts each day as it comes.

"Your hair is your fortune" might well be said, for it is surely one of your most noticeable features of beauty.

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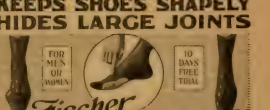

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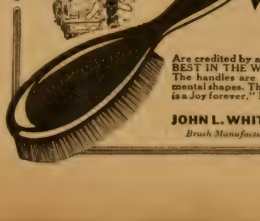

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 113*)

LAURENCE S. H.—If you prefer to be answered in the CLASSIC, you must write the word CLASSIC at the top of your letter—otherwise you are answered in the MAGAZINE. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of all the manufacturers.

DOLLIE H.—Shakespeare says, "I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad." Yet I have both, and lots of them. Viola Dana is with Metro on the coast. I have a collie dog as my pet—what kind have you?

MICKEY.—This is twice that I have heard from thee this month. I believe Universal City is the largest studio. An independent producer is simply one who makes pictures for distribution as he sees fit and does not work under an alliance with a production firm nor is in its employ. Yes, King Vidor is an independent producer, his pictures being given to the public thru First National Exhibitors Circuit.

N. E. C.—Just a little late for contest.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—Have passed your letter along to the advertising department, and they will answer you direct.

ANNISDE.—Aye, aye, sir! Pearl White is now in New York City. Yes, Blanche McGarity's curls are real. They are indeed blonde. Yes, yours is the view of a pessimist, and a pessimist's point of view is only a point.

GLADYS S. AUGUSTA.—You know, they say there's little of divinity in modern femininity. Tyrone Powers is out West, I believe. Ruth Roland is the only name she has.

WILLIAMS.—Thanks, old man. I'm afraid you would have to direct your inquiry to the company that produced it. I haven't the name of the attendant. Sorry.

E. A.—Best advice to you would be—in skating over thin ice, our safety is in our speed. Detour! A list of the directors and players—ye gods! Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

FULLA PEP.—I'm with you. You say Zasu Pitts is just a ray of sunshine sent to enlighten some dark corners of life. Please dont—you want to think of me as you do of Wally Reid. Sobeit!

BABE B. JAMES.—Oh, so you are an accommodating little miss. Willing to write a photoplay for Marshall Neilan. Well, I would rather you take the matter up with him direct. Yes, the average $2.00 show is worth just what the Government takes for war taxes—20c.

JACQUELINE DARLING.—You are one of those who seems to want this department to be devoted to answering questions about myself. I much prefer to remain in the background and to be known by my works. What I eat, how I sleep, how long I expect to live, the length of my beard, the size of my shoes, etc., etc. will all be writ on tablets of stone for the benefit of posterity, but for the present I prefer to retire into innocuous desuetude, as far as myself is concerned, and devote these precious pages to the interests of the motion picture business. Therefore, kindly shoo fly, dont bother me. May Allison and Wallace MacDonald are playing in "Are All Men Alike?" I'd rather not answer that.

V. C. B.—Thanks for the fee. Of course, I am glad to hear from the nurses. Did you know that there were only five physicians in the whole of Montenegro? Harry Carey in "Sundown Slim." Carmel Myers has completed "In Folly's Trail." Her father is a rabbi; so is Al Jolson's.

XMO, WINNIPEG.—Yabo! Why, I'm fine, thank you. Thanks for the dime—I had two carfares on you. At the Republican convention of 1860, when Lincoln was nominated, there were eight candidates, but there were no nominating speeches. Ann May is having an important part in Bryant Washburn's picture, "Wanted, a Blemish." May Ann not get the blemish.

MILDRED K.—Yours was fine, Mildred. They who spend life in dancing are seldom found advancing. Copernicus first discovered that the earth revolves around the sun. So we're never standing still.

SOUTHERN JUNE.—How are you all? No, I didn't care a bit for "One Hour Before Dawn." Very gruesome and not at all pleasing. And did you see our old-time matinée idol, Augustus Phillips, taken off to jail for committing the murder? How the mighty have fallen!

JOHN F. L.—No, I never had red hair. Red-haired people are said to be less liable to baldness than those with hair of any other color. Why, you didn't enclose the stamped, addressed envelope. Swing low, sweet chariot, I'll stand for anything.

A FOND ADMIRER.—You remind me of the little girl, who, upon being asked if she had any thumb tacks, hastily replied, no, I have finger nails. Pearl White lives at Bayside, L. I. Why, Rosemary Theby is playing opposite H. B. Warner in "Going Straight."

NOTHING 22.—That's very considerate of you, to save my eyes. I never would have thought of it. So you liked Robert Gordon in "Dollars and the Woman." Sorry I haven't seen it yet. Yes, the good old-timers have vanished—you mean Olga 17; G. U. Stiff; W. T. Henderson, etc. Sweet magnolia—you say of me, "Without doubt you live comfortably and move socially in a large and pleasant circle. Why, because you show wide social experience and the breadth of vision of an individual of culture, and most of all, you so pre-eminently have the faculty of saying the right thing at the right time, to the proper person." Yes, I have a set of encyclopedias in front of me, card indexes behind me and letters all around me, which is the extent of my social activities. Thanks, muchly, for your interesting letter.

BILL RUSSELL'S PAL.—How do you do! You want to hear more about Frances Nelson? Yes, I believe Mary has more names than any other player—Mary Smith, Pickford, Moore and Fairbanks. Oh, yes, I have a telephone on my desk, but it's only an ornament. The United States has one telephone instrument to every eight inhabitants.

HORTENSE.—Well, a duck of a man often makes a goose of a husband, so beware, little one. Yes, ridicule is a dangerous weapon. Sessue Hayakawa has adopted three orphans and has sent them to his ranch for the summer, and is going to send them to school.

OPAL SHIRE.—Aha, so you have been taking yeast to make you stout, and went a-calling one night, and devoured a couple of bottles of home brew, and that's just where you went out. Some combination. You are a rising young man. *Gardez bien.* Sure thing, write me often.

MALPAIS VIN.—Answered you by mail.

BABY DOLL.—Me make fun of people? —never! Well, if you never make a mistake what's the use of having a rubber on the end of your pencil? Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia in 1879.

OPAL R.—I never saw so many opals. Oh, it would take up too much room to explain how pictures are taken under water. Yes, Antrim Short and Harrison Ford in "The Third Kiss."

D. T.—Libretto is an Italian word, literally meaning a little book. Claire McDowell and Walter McGrail in "Blind Youth." Words are sometimes signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them, but, of course, not in your case.

NAN.—Of course, we are friends, Shake! So you think Thomas Meighan is handsome. No, I never had a prosperous look. A man usually drops that when a collector calls. What made the Tower of Pisa lean? You say it was built in the age of famine. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise, ho, ho, ho.

EXPECTANS.—You refer to the little bit of "I'd rather have fingers than toes, I'd rather have ears than a nose, and as for my hair, I'm glad it's all there, I'll be awfully sad when it goes." Grace Darmond in "So Long Letty." Wait until you see Ruth Roland in her new airship in "Broadway Bab."

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—Yes, the rose is the flower of New York State. Well, your letter was a dandy. It took me half an hour to read, but I enjoyed it. Come in again some time.

YOUNG ALICE.—Thanks for the photos. Yes, children are earthly idols that hold us from the stars. You say in your house you range fourth in getting the magazine to read. Father, mother, sister, and then you. So, I have been more than a daddy to you. Now, isn't that just great? *Tranquas, non flectes* means you may break me, but you will not bend me.

ANNA J.—Oh, it is necessary to use paint, grease paint and powder before the colored lights. No, there are a lot of famous picture people who had no stage training. Take Norma Talmadge, for instance. Thanks for the pressed flowers. So very kind of you. That's a good likeness.

MARY B.—Sir Thomas Lipton was born in Glasgow, May 10, 1850. His parents were Irish. He is unmarried, and was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1898. Do I like chocolates? Well! You have struck my weak spot. Bessie Love is shortly to pose for a picture for Harrison Fisher.

M. M. T.—A friend in need is a friend indeed—if he doesn't need too much. There is one advantage in not having any friends or credit—it is easy to keep out of debt. Frank Morgan is at Selwyn Theater, N. Y. Pronounce it "Terl." Oh, yes, all the New York theaters cover their seats with a cool-looking cretonne. Howard Hickman is now playing leads.

THE IDLE ASKER.—Yes, it is true. You can reach Vivian Martin at Gaumont Pictures, College Point, L. I.

JAMES LA R.—You must forgive me. The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old. Why, Lillian Gish played in "Broken Blossoms." Edmund Lowe and Helen Weer are to play important rôles in Metro's "Someone in the House."

MILDRED MARIS.—Yours was good. You say, "I have impatiently waited for you, eagerly read you, always admired you—sometimes worshipped you—and occasionally protected you—all because of your superior brilliance and wit. Then, tonight, without even inclosing a wee bit of steak—I starvingly devoured you." I bow reverently, kind lady. It is so nice to be devoured.

BLUE EYES BOBBED HAIR.—Please dont scold me. I'm sensitive. Hope Hampton has finished "The Tiger Lady."

(*Continued on page* 123)

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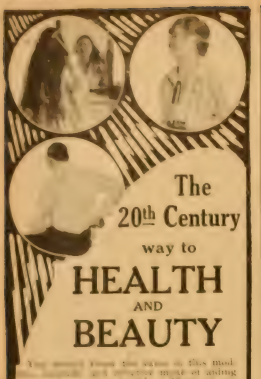

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Idols of Clay

(*Continued from page 60*)

to Limehouse. He absorbed the vices as a sponge might absorb vicious water. Men awhile, the vices absorbed him. Still later, he took to drugs. Even in his supreme dissatisfaction he had too many waking, unforgetful moments. In every one of those moments, Faith's face came to him, as he had seen it first . . . as he had seen it *last* . . . At that, at the last memory, he would put his fingers over his eyes. "My God, my *God!*" he would scream, and on one of these occasions he stumbled into an opium den where the sale of a girl was in progress.

He joined the bidders. A motley collection; Chinkies, lascar sailors, Malays, a few besotted Englishmen, a nigger or two. He didn't feel detached. He didn't want the girl. He did want the "row." He wondered who would get her. He bet on the Chinkie. The proprietor of the place was a Chinkie and he was informing the crowd that the girl was untouched. "She blin slick," he said, "ever since she came here. I tend her like lil babee."

This increased the bidding. Somehow or other, he didn't know how, Dion won her.

He was cheered and jeered, scoffed and loudly and viciously envied. The proprietor, evilly winking, escorted him up the stairs. A green light winked on the first landing like some noxious eye.

Chinkie opened the door, told Dion, "Gell in there," and left him.

The girl was muttering to herself. In the semi-darkness of the room, her eyes seemed almost like the green light he had noted on the landing.

Dion thought almost subconsciously that it was terrible that any girl should reach this state. He wondered what twist of Fate had brought her here . . . he wondered if she was just one of the ordinary kind.

Still wondering, he came closer. The girl was Faith! For a minute he couldn't grasp that which his eyes had seen.

The two stared at one another. Thru their fumed, crazed brains, the recognition was piercing, crucifying. A cry choked their throats. The sea, the moon, the stars, swung 'round about in the heavens. Their hearts bled until some of the impurity seeped from them.

The drugged, crazed thing on the bed held out thin, bruised arms. The man stumbled to the shelter of them. Their thick breaths intermingled with their sobs.

"There's a light," the girl said, incoherently, "a light . . . I see it . . ."

The man hid his eyes. "It's an evil light," he said, "it's making fun of us."

"It will . . . take me out!" she screamed, suddenly, "take me out . . . take me out . . ."

A sudden penetration seized Dion. To get out. Away! To have faith . . . to have Faith again . . .

He seized her in his arms.

* * * * *

There came again, to the woman and the man, an echo of golden, flower-soaked days and thickly moonlit nights. Out of Limehouse they emerged, made indissolubly one. Out of their hurt and stress they sought again the far-away island that had given them one another. Dion, again to his incredulity, found his work returning to him, marvelously, doubly recreated. And always there was Faith. Faith, herself.

Faith in the morning to lend it its early rose. Faith in the high bright gold of the incomparable noon. Faith at twilight. Faith, restored. Faith, his own.

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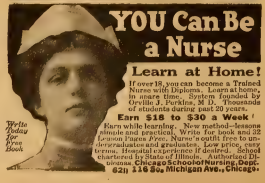
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 121*)

PAULINE Mc.—Now, how am I to make up a list of the studios in Fort Lee, and a list of the dramatic schools? Look up our advertisers. Send it along, Pauline.

KATHERINE K. Earl Metcalfe can be reached at Lambs Club, N. Y. City.

Mrs. D.—Wish I could publish yours. It was mighty interesting. Well, let him go to blazes—he probably will land there. When a man doesn't grumble at home, it may be a sign that he isn't there. Write me some more.

G. J. R.—The idyllic wife is a beautiful thing to read about, but in practice idylls should be kept episodes; in practice the idyllic wife is a little too like dinner that is all dessert. I agree with you in some of your opinions. Write some more.

MITZI.—Well, we cant have everything we want. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, 1898. She played in "Cecelia of the Pink Roses." She has golden hair and blue eyes, and weighs 123.

LORENE M.; JENE ALICE; HAZEL A. K.; BARRYMORE ADMIRER; PATRICIA M.; PEGGY C.; ANNA ELIZABETH; HELEN M. M.; PAULINE C.—See above for your answers, and better luck next time.

LISPENARD ST. JOHN.—Why, Catherine Calvert is back on the screen in "Dead Men Tell No Lies." The largest library in the world in the number of its volumes is the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. David Powell is not Norman Kerry. Yes, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was also produced by Pioneer with Sheldon Lewis.

H. B.—All wrong. I dont look a bit like that. In the summertime they have to put me on ice for fear I'll melt. Yes, we had a picture of William Farnum in the November, 1918, issue.

E. V.—I mean Jack Crosby.

JOSEPHINE B.—You cannot reach Mrs. Sidney Drew now; she is in Chicago. Victor Studios are at 645 West 43rd St., N. Y. City.

A. L. K.—Be above the opinion of the world, and act from your own sense of right and wrong. The "River of Doubt" was discovered by Theodore Roosevelt in South America, and is now known as the Rio Teodoro. Matt Moore is to play in "The Passionate Pilgrim," Cosmopolitan Production, from the novel by Samuel Merwin.

JOHN H. H.—Thank you, but when you look over these columns, you should overlook their shortcomings. Frances Kaye was Elizabeth, Bradley Barker was Paul, and Albert Hackett was Charles in "Come Out of the Kitchen." Jack Holt was Lord Rae. I dont know of any one who wants to swap places with me, do you?

J. W. D.—Wish I was. Haven't the name of the fortune-teller in "Smashing Barriers." Buffalo is pretty large, but Melbourne, Australia, has the greatest number of train movements of any city in the world; it has 1,600 trains every 24 hours. They sure do travel out there. Betty Blythe in "Nomads of the North."

JOHN F.—You write a clever letter, John. Yes, actions speak louder than words, but a woman likes to hear a man say it. And he cant say it any too often to please her. Ethel Grey Terry in "The Yellow Room Mystery." Corinne Griffith in "The Transgressor," and Louise Huff in "Seventeen." You are a little behind time.

ELLEN C. C.—Ah, sweet one, have a care. Remember that geniuses, heroes, writers and actors are very nice to think of and look at, but awfully hard to live with. You refer to Pell Trenton in "Fair and Warmer." You want an interview with Charles Bryce. Florence Dixon in "Too Fat to Fight." Sure thing, write me often.

JAMES O.—Jimmie, I think I told you all about that famous sword many times, but here goes. The sword of Damocles was suspended by a hair. Damocles, the flatterer and sycophant of Dionysius, the elder, of Syracuse, was invited by the tyrant to try the felicity he so much envied. Accordingly, he was set down to a sumptuous banquet, and overhead a sword was suspended by a hair. Damocles was afraid to stir and the banquet was a tantalizing torment to him. Thus endeth the reading of the lesson. Class is out and you may go home.

PINKY.—Well, I should think twice before I put my money in mines and oil wells. You may have to go thru many trying ore deals before you get your money back. Oo, la la, wee wee! Grace Cunard you refer to. Darrell Foss is playing in "Held in Trust" opposite May Allison.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.—That new song of yours is a howling success. I tried it on the dog. Joking aside, it's not so bad. You would like me if you saw me. But I'm not a woman. Old and grey. Joyce Moore is Frank Mayo's wife.

ROSE, AUSTRALIA.—Clever letter, Rose. You must write me some more. Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts and Claire McDowell in "Something to Think About," a De Mille production.

ME AGEDIZ.—As someone has said, a slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper or an envious spirit. Your letter had a lot of good philosophy in it. You bet I read every letter I receive, for fear I will miss something good. Edmund Breese and Claire Whitney in "A Common Level."

MANHUNTER.—All right, you need not agree if you dont want to. It is always better to be stubborn than weak. Ray Gallagher is not playing now. Thanks for the pictures. You are all so kind to me. Send International coupons next time.

TISS.—Why, yes, I rather liked "The Dancin' Fool." Thought Dorothy Gish's "Remodeling a Husband" was interesting, and Lillian's directing very good, but didn't care for the plot. The part where Dorothy attracts men in the park is the most amusing scene I've seen in some time. Mildred Harris is playing, and she is 19.

JUDGE GOR.—Thanks, old dear, for the blueprint of myself. Good of you to send it. Lay on, MacDuff, but dont call me an old fossil. A fossil is something turned to stone, and if I were as hard as that I might say something that would hurt your feelings. Cleo Madison is playing in "Big Game."

E.-5. B.-5.—Your father is all wrong. Tell him to write me.

LADYBUG.—Hello, little one. Are you still in that bughouse—Peterson's Roach Powder Co.? Lyons and Moran played in "Everything But the Truth."

WILLIAM & MARY.—Well, the clever girl no longer chooses between a career and a husband—she takes the career with a little husband on the side! Kathleen Kirkham is playing opposite Lewis Stone in "Bean Revel." Write me some more.

CURLY.—Irving Cummings plays the part of the villain in Anita Stewart's "Harriet and the Piper." Marie Doro is playing in "Midnight Gambles," with

(*Continued on page 126*)

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Name.....

Address.....

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page 92*)

YELLOW TYPHOON—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
YES OR NO—C-7.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

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A LADY IN LOVE—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—MD-8.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
AMATEUR WIFE—D-7.
Irene Castle—Paramount.
BEHIND THE DOOR—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
BLOOMING ANGEL, THE—C-7.
Madge Kennedy—Goldwyn.
DANGEROUS TO MEN—CD-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
DANCIN' FOOL—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DEAD LINE, THE—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.
DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN—CD-9.
Alice Joyce—Vitagraph.
DOUBLE SPEED—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—D-11.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
EVANGELINE—D-8.
Miriam Cooper—Fox.
FROM HAND TO MOUTH—F-10.
Harold Lloyd—Pathé.
GARTER GIRL, THE—D-8.
Corinne Griffith—Vitagraph.
GRIM GAME, THE—MD-6.
George Walsh—Fox.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-7.
Nazimova—Metro.
HIS HOUSE IN ORDER—D-8.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
HUMAN DESIRE—D-8.
Anita Stewart—First National.
IDOL DANCER, THE—MD-8.
Seymour-Bartholmess—Griffith Prod.
SEA RIDER, THE—D-6.
Harry Morey—Vitagraph.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
JENNY BE GOOD—MD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
LADY IN LOVE—CD-6.
Ethel Clayton—Lasky.
MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—MD-9.
William Faversham—Selznick.
MISS HOBBS—CD-10.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
NUMBER 99—MD-7.
J. Warren Kerrigan—W. W. Hodkinson
POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-11.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
RIVER'S END, THE—D-12.
All Star—First National.
SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES—D-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
SHE LOVES AND LIES—CD-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
SICK-A-BED—F-10.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
SACRED FLAME, THE—MD-5.
Emily Stevens—Schromer Prod.
TERROR ISLAND—MD-8.
Houdini—Artcraft.
WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—C-6.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—SD-9.
Swanson & Meighan—DeMille Prod.

S. H.—But you dont play fair—why dont you sign your name?

Anxious B. F.—All you have to do is put a 25c-piece or stamps in an envelope, address it to him, and his secretary will post haste the picture. Most players expect to get paid cost price for their photos. Lucy Cotton in "The Misleading Lady," with Bert Lytell.

Inquisitive.—Hoo ray! So you think I would have made a good husband. I dont know why you say that, you dont know me. Donald Hall is at the Greenroom Club, New York City. He was born in India, August 14, 1878, and played the baritone lead in "Florodora."

Ice House Jack.—Glad to hear from you. Well, if we are to call man the lord of creation, we should perhaps call woman the lady of recreation. Norma Talmadge in "Curiosity." Katherine MacDonald in "Curtain." Next time you are in this part of the country, run in to see me.

Billy B.—Most of yours have been answered before. Selah!

Lettie W.—You say you never used to read this department until one day you read the ads and everything, and now you read this department first. Thanks. You will surely find something that interests and amuses you if you read my department long enough. Eugene O'Brien is not married. You certainly are mistaken. I frequently wear a collar and necktie, but not always, because with my beautiful flowing beard nobody can tell whether I have on a collar or not. I do not wear a collar for comfort, and since nobody can see it, I do not wear it for appearances. It is simply a matter of habit. Some forty years ago I got in the habit of wearing collars and have never been quite able to break myself of it.

U-tkle-me.—Ditto. U-tkle-me & Ile tkle-U. You want to get in the movies. Well, what's stopping you? Your number is 9,764,341. Metro are doing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," with Alice Terry in the cast.

Pete and Repeat.—Are you doubles or twins? Anent Eugene O'Brien, see above. Phyllis Rankin is Mrs. Lionel Barrymore. Gaston Glass in "The Foreigner," produced by Dominion Films.

Adam and Eve.—Reminds me of apples, and fig leaves, and—and everything. Robert Harron isn't married yet. He nearly was. The Talmadges left New York August 12th on the *Imperator* for Europe. Blanche Sweet in "The Girl in the Web."

Hoo Nose.—You have lost your temper, my dear, and you should try and find it before writing to me. Anger is a short-lived madness; a mental disorder that usually breaks out at the mouth, but in your case broke out at the index finger and thumb. However, be that as it may, that's some idea of yours. I doubt whether it can be worked out, but I have passed it along.

Oriente.—So you thought Nancy Cassell ought to get some credit for her splendid acting in "The Day She Pays." Yes, we should give credit where credit is due and we always try to. I really know very little about foxes, but our eminent authority, John Burroughs, tells us that when a fox is trapped or driven by a hound his expression is not that of fear, but of shame and guilt. The fox has no enemies but man, and when he is fairly outwitted, he looks the shame he evidently feels. I'll tell you about the elephants next month.

William Russell Admirer.—Well, I may not be rich in this world's goods, but I have as much as the most because I have what I want. Cleo Madison is on the coast, and I haven't Mary Fuller's whereabouts.

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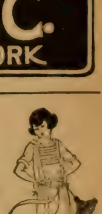

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Ralph Lane.....Lynne M. Berry	Mrs. Sykes.....Effie Palmer
Lucille Worth.....Anetha Getwell	Mrs. Lane's Nurse.....Bunty Manly
Mrs. Lane.....Katherine Bassett	Bill Sykes.....Alfred L. Rigali
Mrs. Worth.....Octavia Handworth	Worth's Maid, Marie..Erminie Gagnon
Detective.....Wm. R. Tallmadge	Jewelry Clerk.....Edward Chalmers
Edwin Markham.....Edwin Markham	Doctor White.....Charles Hammer
Hudson Maxim.....Hudson Maxim	Another Doctor.....Wm. White
Richard Worth.....Arthur Tuthill	Rent Collector.....Norbert Hammer
Mrs. Lane's Maid.....Cecile Edwards	Worth's Butler.....Carl Chalmers
Officer Kelly.....Wm. Castro	Worth's Servant.....Doris Doree
Officer Reilly.....Ellsworth Jones	Worth's Housekeeper....Mrs. F. Mayer
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James J. McCabe.....	Pawnbroker.....Jose Santo DeSegui

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Date of Release to be Announced Later

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A 56

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†Douglas MacLean in
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Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"
* *A Paramount Picture*

George H. Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife!"
* *A Paramount Picture*

An All-Star Production
"Held by the Enemy"
* *A Paramount Picture*

†Charles Ray in
"An Old Fashioned Boy"
* *A Paramount Picture*

†Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"
* *A Paramount Picture*

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"
("Toujours de L'Audace")
* *A Paramount Picture*

Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"
* *A Paramount Picture*

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"
* *A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"
* *A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"
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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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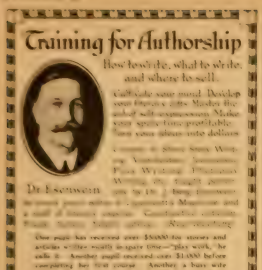
W. LOPEZ



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STAGE PLAYS OF INTEREST

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Bloom.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid teacher, while Eunice Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Bunty.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay, O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the bailiff's libidulous aid.

Broadhurst.—"Come Seven." Amusing adaptation of the Octavus Roy Cohen negro stories which have been appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*. All the characters are negroes, played by white players. Funny, but of little depth. Arthur Aylsworth is excellent as a shiftless darky. Gail Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored lovers.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome, Stranger." Aaron Hoffman's comedy which enjoyed a long Chicago run. A tale of prejudice against the Jews in a New England village. Full of all the old theatric tricks. George Sidney gives a rich performance.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

Globe.—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out summer revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

Greenwich Village Theater.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as is typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remark-

(Continued on page 8)

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Mike Logan.....Dorian Romero	Billy Logan.....Dorothy Taylor
Ralph Lane.....Lynne M. Berry	Mrs. Sykes.....Effie Palmer
Lucille Worth.....Anetha Getwell	Mrs. Lane's Nurse.....Bunty Manly
Mrs. Lane.....Katherine Bassett	Bill Sykes.....Alfred L. Rigali
Mrs. Worth.....Octavia Handworth	Worth's Maid, Marie—Erminie Gagnon
Detective.....Wm. R. Tallmadge	Jewelry Clerk.....Edward Chalmers
Edwin Markham.....Edwin Markham	Doctor White.....Charles Hammer
Hudson Maxim.....Hudson Maxim	Another Doctor.....Wm. White
Richard Worth.....Arthur Tuthill	Rent Collector.....Norbert Hammer
Mrs. Lane's Maid.....Cecile Edwards	Worth's Butler.....Carl Chalmers
Officer Kelly.....Wm. Castro	Worth's Servant.....Doris Doree
Officer Reilly.....Ellsworth Jones	Worth's Housekeeper....Mrs. F. Mayer
Officer Jones.....Seymoure Panish	Police Captain.....O. L. Langhanke
James J. McCabe.....	Pawnbroker.....Jose Santo DeSegui

The Poet's Little Friend.....Ruth Higgins

Edwin Markham, the greatest of living poets and author of the immortal "The Man With the Hoe," makes his first appearance in this photodrama, and so do Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, and Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, Judge of the Municipal Traffic Court. The leading part is beautifully played by Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, who takes the part of a fifteen-year-old poor girl. Octavia Handworth, who was for years Crane Wilbur's leading lady, plays an important part, as also does Anetha Getwell, another of last year's contest.

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Stage Plays of Interest

(*continued from page 6*)

able scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Hudson.—"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

Little.—"Four Walls," with Emily Stevens. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not."

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer-girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR

"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another summer revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent.

"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

"Theodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassel's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette."

"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire.

"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. June Walker and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

"As You Were." with Irene Bordoni. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history.

"The Girl in the Limousine." A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening.

"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring.

"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting.

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like the look you once gave me!

It isn't the palace, it isn't the ranch, it
isn't the cottage there,
It's the little place we once called
"home" with its battered winding
stair!

It isn't the story the author wrote that
the men and the women play,
But it's life and youth and love again—
before you went away!

So I sit and dream while the film winds
on and live in yesteryear
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and separates us, dear!

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But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her to-day!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her spirit was slowly dying within. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

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There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious material rewards.

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"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario stars began. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through these New Easy Methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

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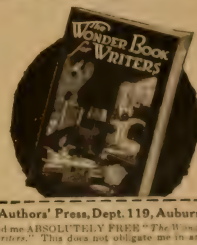

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PAGE

Letters to the Editor

New stars, even tho of lesser magnitude than the old, are in great favor. Life's cake is spiced with variety, not the least of which is the continual appearance of new stars in the celluloid firmament. Pleasure and profit are found in anticipating and favoring the new ones by this reader:

DEAR EDITOR—If I may be permitted, I should like to say a word for a few of my favorite stars.

I think I will put Dorothy Gish at the head of my list, as there are several reasons why I admire this young woman. First of all, she is, in my opinion, the screen's leading comedienne. I loved her in the "Hope Chest" and "I'll Get Him Yet." There is never the slightest hint of vulgarity in her work. If there was, I would never go to see her pictures. I hope she will keep up the good work. Her evening gowns are always so modest and girlish that I wonder other actresses do not follow her example and wear clothes that tell us louder than words that the wearer is a lady.

Madge Kennedy and May Allison are close seconds in my affection. Madge is irresistible and her work and actions are always above reproach. I enjoy her every minute she is on the screen, likewise the adorable May, whom I saw one day in the Hollywood Public Library, and who caused me to stare very rudely, because she was so beautiful.

I am tired of most of the actors who have been on the screen for years. At present, I am more interested in watching the progress of Constance Binney, Helene Chadwick, Will Rogers, May MacLaren, Alice Blake and Corrine Griffith. The new stars are always more interesting to me than the old ones. However, I never seem to tire of Alice Joyce and after seeing her wonderful gowns in "Slaves of Pride" would call her the screen's best-dressed woman. Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark are splendid actresses, too. I hope the latter will decide to return to the pictures, as her comedy-dramas are clean, and women like her do a great deal to raise the standard of the pictures.

I do not like Gloria Swanson, the Mack Sennett bathing girls, or Nazimova, Wanda Hawley or Viola Dana.

It must be great to be a Natalie Talmadge, George Stewart, or Ralph Bushman. To such people stardom ought to be very easy to accomplish.

I have been a reader since early in 1912, and would not miss THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or CLASSIC for anything in the world.

Hoping that you will publish my letter, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
(MISS) ALICE MOORE,
4525 Carlton Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Everyone has his favorites, and those who admire Nazimova, little ZaSu Pitts, Harold Lloyd, Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, Constance Talmadge and Elsie Ferguson will find themselves in hearty accord with the following letter:

DEAR EDITOR—Let me start right out by reminding you of what Emerson said about personality. "A man is great who

(*Continued on page* 14)

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 12)

does not remind you of any other man."

And it is true—individuality is truly one of the greatest and rarest gifts. And on the screen or the stage, individuality is an absolute necessity if one seeks any lasting success.

Nazimova, Harold Lloyd, Elsie Ferguson, Robert Harron, ZaSu Pitts, Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge—these possess personalities that separate them from all of the hundreds of others.

Who is there to dispute it when I say that Nazimova possesses the most vivid personality that the screen boasts? Who is there to deny that Harold Lloyd is unlike anyone else acting in photoplay productions? And who can say that ZaSu Pitts does not possess one of the most distinct personalities that has ever come before the eyes of the general public?

How I admire her! I have watched her work ever since she played small unimportant rôles in unimportant pictures, erroneously labeled "feature productions." But every one of her "bits" stood out so prominently that her personality became to me a thing of wonder. ZaSu Pitts, I salute you. Only a very brave person can dare to be unlike anyone else. I wish you all the success in the world, and I am sure it will be yours, for the public appreciates a real personality.

I am glad that THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is giving recognition to Miss Pitts, for she deserves it. I know of no screen personality so worthy of every line of publicity, of praise, as ZaSu Pitts—unless it be Harold Lloyd. Let us, the public, get behind these youngsters and boost them to the success that is rightly theirs. Come on, screen fans, you who are tired of sugar-plum ingénues and mavis-scented, arrow-collared heroes. Let us boost the worth-while players.

And a word of praise for you, dear editor. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has come to mean much to me. I wish to thank you for publishing one of the most interesting magazines devoted to the interests of the photoplay.

And as for SHADOWLAND, it is the most beautiful magazine in America and, above all others, my favorite.

S. ELLSWORTH LARGGON.
Green Bay, Wisconsin.

"Better vehicles for the stars" is a cry that is becoming urgent and must be heard sooner or later by the producers. Stories and plays that would make tremendous hits on the screen and rôles adapted to certain stars are ardently suggested by this devotee of the photoplay.

MY DEAR SIR—May I suggest a possible remedy for the hundreds of poor stories with which producers are boring the public?

Why does not each company employ a person to read and suggest stories for the various stars and directors? I think the fans would not then so grudgingly squeeze out their twenty-eight and thirty-three cents.

There are hundreds of stories waiting to be filmed. Will not the powers-that-be please oblige them?

I have often wished to see Schiller's drama, "Wilhelm Tell," enrich the silver-sheet. Will not one of the two famous Williams—Hart or Farnum—make himself immortal by doing it?

(Continued on page 16)

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

"What A First National Attraction Means—

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Norma Talmadge

Charles Ray

Lionel Barrymore

Carter De Haven

Constance Talmadge

Mrs. Carter De Haven

Mildred Harris Chaplin

Charles Chaplin

Dorothy Phillips

Katherine MacDonald

Anita Stewart

WHEN you see this trademark on the screen at your theater it means that the picture was made by an independent star or producer in his or her own studio.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of exhibitors, banded together to foster more artistic pictures and for the betterment of screen entertainment. It believes that the best pictures are to be obtained through independent artists, who are unhampered by any thought other than to give you, their public, the best that is in them.

You know these stars, whose productions appear under the First National banner, and what they stand for in pictures.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND or all three during the coming year. Subscribe *now* and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order to-day and we will mail the portraits at once.

COUPON

Date.....

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	$2.50	$3.00	$3.50
Classic	3.00	3.50	4.00
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three	7.50	8.80	10.50

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $..... in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 14)

Time and again I have hoped to hear that Elsie Ferguson would play the role of Richard Bein Keay's "The Road to Damascus."

It is a mystery to me that Hawthorne's "The House of the Seven Gables" and "The Scarlet Letter" have not been allowed to make film history. Would America's sweetheart give us the heroine, and Alice of the former, while Theda Bara does the Hester of the latter?

Will not someone star beloved Emma Dunn as the Miss Ainslee in Myrtle Reed's classic, "Lavender and Old Lace"? May the scenario be by Mrs. Sidney Drew?

I would give much to see "Unto Cæsar," produced by D. W. Griffith. Please do not let this fall on deaf ears, or unseeing eyes. Will Mr. Griffith also preach a sermon by screening "The Lily of Carlisle"?

"As-You-Like-It." Who will give us that? De Mille, Fitzmaurice and Bergere, Tucker, or Griffith? Please draw a few strict professors to the screen.

Will Mr. De Mille please give us "Mary and Elizabeth"? What a pleasure it would be to hear that Mr. De Mille had requested glorious Miss Ferguson to star in the dual rôles! Brains! Miss Ferguson has plenty of them.

Oh, why does not Alice Joyce fight for her rights? Her stories are so poor that I no longer feel like visiting the theater which shows them. Never another like "The Prey" but more like "Dollars and the Woman." Will not the lovely, talented Alice sue for pictures worthy of her? The Joyce is still young enough to give us "Lady Jane Grey."

Forgive me if I have said too much. Some day I may come again.

August M. Sehad.

Friends of the serial, step forward, please. Psychologists tell us of the discovery of the high value of the five-cent libraries and the wild-west stories for boys. Even the dime novel is coming into its own. Why should the serial of the thrill type be discarded, is the complaint of this Brooklyn reader.

DEAR EDITOR — Thomas Finnerty has kindly furnished us with the complete analogy existing between serials and fiction of the "thrill" type, both of which, in his top-lofty manner, he professes to have outgrown.

I dont claim for "thrillers" that they teach a lesson, or paint a picture or point a moral, or present a new angle on psychology, or even that they are worth while, in the usual sense. But I like them. And if I err, I err in company with Woodrow Wilson and the late Roosevelt, both of whom confessed to a liking for this sort of fiction. And we have Mr. Finnerty's word for it that the serial and the fiction "thriller" are the same.

I think these semi-professional critics are too hard on the humble, down-trodden serial. Admitted that they are untrue to life, and that they are full of "rough-stuff," still they have their place. Life at best is a dull business and any art that carefully avoids a likeness to it, has, I think, an even chance of being interesting at least. And who doesn't enjoy a scrap?

Has the serial no friends?

G. W. SCHOPENHAUSER,
32 Walton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food

If your baby is not doing as well as you hoped he would, use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification. It has raised thousands of the brightest and healthiest babies in the world.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

Fresh and ready to wear at half an hour's notice—

Your flame georgette blouse, your most frivolous chemise

YOU had been away for a whole month. And when you got home you found the most wonderful week-end invitation. Only about two hours and fifteen minutes before train time and just the things you wanted to take had been worn!

At first you thought you couldn't possibly go. But then you said, "How ridiculous! Of course I can be ready. I'll just do them in Lux suds. It won't take a second."

Things you wouldn't have dreamed of leaving at home—a certain lovely embroidered gilet, your latest, smartest riding shirt, that darling chiffon blouse, turquoise over pink with *three* frills, and a perfectly fascinating lace negligée to have breakfast in bed with! You tossed them into the bubbling Lux suds, swished them around, dipped them up and down, patted them a bit, squeezed the suds through ever so gently, rolled them in a towel to dry.

In no time at all they were ready to pack! Not a thread of delicate lace torn. Even the fragile chiffon as freshly smooth as new!

The Lux way is so careful, so quick. And you can wash with Lux any fabric or color that water alone will not harm. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To wash silk blouses, underthings, stockings, negligees

*Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down. Squeeze the rich suds through it—**do not rub.** Rinse in three lukewarm waters and roll in a towel to dry. Press with a warm iron. Glove silk and georgette crêpe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as you iron.*

To wash white lingerie fabrics—*Wash in hot suds and rinse in three hot waters. Dry in the sun.*

LUX

Copyrighted 1921 by Lever Bros. Co.

Gallery of Players

MADGE KENNEDY — Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

The stage won Madge from her pastels and easel only to lose her to the movies. But it has called once more and Madge has answered the call to appear in the Savage production, "Cornered." However she is not to desert the screen. Her own company is being organized, under which she will do four pictures every year.

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

RUTH STONEHOUSE

The Essanay girl has come back to the silversheet. For the last year or two she has done very little except appear in the Houdini serial, but recently several Metro casts have boasted the name of Ruth Stonehouse, and her friends proclaim that all is well once more.

Photograph by J. Ellis, Washington, D. C.

MADGE BELLAMY

Pollyanna has come to the shadow-screen in the person of Madge Bellamy, who played this rôle in the Pollyanna stage production for many months. Thomas H. Ince has signed Miss Bellamy for leading rôles and she is now busily at work at Inceville, Culver City

Photograph by Bangs, New York

DAVID POWELL

David Powell brings to mind the dashing cavaliers in the days of knighthood and errantry. Recently he has appeared in the artistic George Fitzmaurice productions to splendid advantage

Photograph by the Nelson Evans [illegible]

MADLAINE TRAVERSE

Madlaine Traverse has joined the rank and file of celebrities who feel that their own company is the thing. Since she left Fox, Miss Traverse has been vacationing, but work upon her first production is soon to commence.

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

MAY ALLISON

Evidently May believes the old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," for she has appeared consistently in Metro plays, for a time co-starring with Harold Lockwood. Her admirers will not be surprised to know that while on the stage she created the rôle of Beauty in "Everywoman"

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

COLLEEN MOORE

Colleen has departed from Christie Comedies to do bigger things, namely, "So Long, Letty," in which she is now appearing for Robertson-Cole, and in which she is proclaimed more delightful than ever before

"The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess"

Facts about her skin that every girl should know

Is your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care its special needs demand, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

How to keep your skin fine in texture

Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a *piece of ice*.

Use this treatment persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a beautiful little set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week

You will find, first, the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1312 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1920

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

Partners!

PARTNERS!

Have you ever stopped to think what that word means, a sharing of the pleasures and pains, the losses and gains of each new day?

Progress depends on the kind of partnership you have. Very few of us can sail our ship of business or life alone.

Some of us dont want partners.

We want to hog all the glory and gold and good things.

So it was with the old star system of the stage. The star was given all the opportunities, those who played with the star, those who should have supplemented him, been partners, were chosen because they had neither talent nor beauty which could detract from his.

This way of doing business was a failure on the stage.

And so is it a failure on the screen.

The screen star must be supported by good partners; clever stories, interesting associate players, clever directors and capable photographers.

Jealousy, niggardliness, selfishness must be set aside to get the greatest results. Shadow stage artisans should learn that theirs is a partnership, that the opportunity they steal from the other fellow will react in time to their own loss. No one faction can gobble the limelight and have the success. Each must pull in the same direction and with each other, not against each other, to win in the long run. The present public can no longer be satisfied with nine hundred and ninety nine poses of their pet star's profile.

The shadow stage is a business and it is high time the partners were getting together. Wherever you see a great success you may know that it was built with successful subordinates.

And—as it is in the mummer's life—so it is in real life.

The families that pull together are the families that succeed.

Whether you wish happiness, wealth or fame, you can best gain it by being partners.

Dont be so small that you fear to share your husband's poverty, work or pleasure.

Be not so important that you cannot assist your wife with the dishes, dusting and parties.

For as it is on the stage and screen, so it is in life.

Unselfish partners breed successful results.

Big Little Blanche

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

THE impressions made by Blanche Sweet on one scribe one sunny day at the Jesse D. Hampton lot in Hollywood were manifold. The distinctest of the distinct were:

(*a*) She is going to Europe.

(*b*) She is working overtime to be able to sail sometime soon.

(*c*) She is an adorably natural person.

(*d*) She is dieting—to get fat

"Hello," was the welcome to her ivoried dressing-room. "Please pardon me for going ahead with my luncheon. I am so anxious to leave for Spain I dont want to lose a second! I'd offer you some nuts, but the prescribed amount I am to eat is two ounces, and if you take one almond it will make my ration inadequate."

"Why only two ounces?"

"Oh, everything must be just so. I have to gain a considerable amount of weight. I love to eat. But I dont assimilate. In this way, there's no chance of anything going to waste."

Decidedly, there was no chance—for this very hungry little person's reward after a morning of diligent registering was but two ounces of nuts—and an apple.

To gaze upon Blanche Sweet, one would not think that even nuts—and an apple—were necessary to her being. She is a fragile-appearing thing, a cameo, with hair delicately blonde and eyes an infant's blue. One is content to sit opposite her, in silence, tinting idealistically her personality. But one is not permitted to blend at one's own random. One is given a subject, already complete.

She talks, and her voice is soft, mischievously melodious and animate. She laughs, and one laughs, too, as tho the little jokes she toys with were not enough to make one laugh! She looks at one, and one dares not flinch. One thinks twice before one speaks, but one thinks in a hurry, realizing that altho her eyes command an earnestness, her wit demands quick repartee.

And she is so small, so dainty—a Dresden of 104 pounds! That she does not "assimilate" is not surprising, with her avid desire to be active, her inability to be calm. Not a hysterical person, no, but an imaginative, restless body, insatiably void of fulfilling desire. It is said good things come in

"No rôle of mine in any picture has ever completely satisfied me," said Blanche Sweet. "I always come away from my review feeling I could have done better; resolving never to fail short again." Above, a new portrait study; right, and bottom, informal snaps about her home

By
C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

small packages. Miss Sweet verifies that this is not half so true as that complexities of emotions are apt to confine 104 pounds.

She is what by the historian is considered the noblest tribute, "a good trouper." Interpreted, the layman understands: one whose work is governed by the golden rule. For Miss Sweet, unlike most celebrities to whom stardom means the privilege of beginning business when the mood dictates, arrives at the studio precisely on appointed time; is on the set with the first of the company; reads unsolicited manuscripts; is continually poring over books on the look-out for material;, and, to the delight of press agents in general, cooperates in still photography. Her stride has been too steady, and she has been in step too long, to have revolutionistic notions about what liberty is due her. In fact, she says, she realizes that now that newer faces are being introduced on the screen and the legitimate players are gradually becoming interested in the cinema, her efforts must be more extraordinary than ever. Competition promotes severer training. "She must not grow stale!" That is her fear—and her prayer against it, is work, observation, self-criticism, progress.

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Said Miss Sweet, "You usually meet us as you've seen us. It is human naturalness which helps most. People who try to make others believe them to be what they are not only stand in their own way. They never get far." Top and bottom, two new portraits, and, center, a quiet time on her grounds with a new magazine

"No rôle of mine in any picture has ever completely satisfied me. I always come away from my review feeling I could have done better, resolving never to fall short again. I wonder if that's conceit?"

Which, of course, that isn't. It is the gentle art of not being capably asinine enough to jolly one's self along. It is the power that frees development. It is what makes Blanche Sweet a big little person who will always have something to give us as long as she lives.

When asked about her new director, she said, "Paul Scardon? We've both been so very busy together, we haven't had the time to stop and think whether or not we like each other. He is a dear; there's no doubt about that. He's a bridegroom, you know. Betty Blythe is the bride. The other day he was called away from the set to the 'phone. Betty's off, miles away on location. A long-distance-wire honeymoon! All we poor strugglers of the workaday!

"Vacations? Once a motion picture person, always a motion picture person—there is never any getting away from shop. For the entire part of one's career, one is nailed to one's work.

(*Continued on page* 100)

Versus Publicity

Photograph by Hartsook, I. A.

MOST actors like the limelight—that's one of the reasons they are actors—but not Tom Moore. He is the only actor among the hundred or so that I have met who honestly hates to see his name in print.

The hatred of publicity is no pose of Tom Moore's. He genuinely and honestly detests it. "It makes me feel foolish," he says, "to have people write up what I say, do and think. It embarrasses me to see my photographs all over a magazine." Above, a new camera study and below as Officer 666

This hatred of publicity is no pose of Mr. Moore's. He genuinely and honestly detests it.

"It makes me feel foolish," he says, "to have people write up what I say, do and think. Who on earth is interested in whether I drive a machine, ride a horse or what not? It embarrasses me to see my photographs all over a magazine."

For very nearly a year and a half I had been trying to get Mr. Moore to grant me an interview. The quest started in New York and ended in Culver City, California, where I at last forcefully captured him at the Goldwyn studio. There he talked to me and answered my questions, but only because he is a true gentleman and would never be guilty of impoliteness to a woman. All the time I knew he was wishing the earth would open up in one of those Californian earthquakes and swallow him. His eyes wore the expression of a hunted animal. It is the first, last and only time I shall ever be guilty of subjecting a star to such torture. I can safely promise this, for no other star in the world could be so shy as Tom Moore.

The very last words he said to me were: "Promise you wont print anything about me!"

I mumbled something under my breath, for the editor's verdict had gone forth—"get" Tom Moore—and in as much as I depend greatly upon same said editor for my daily cake—and I like cake—I am going to tell you as truthfully as I can exactly what Tom Moore is like.

And there is another reason that I am going to print this, beside my own selfish one of cake, and that is, for the sake of posterity. For I am very, very sure that no other interviewer will ever reach the presence of Tom Moore again, and when the public, watching his histrionic exhibitions on the silversheet, ask, "I wonder what Tom Moore is really like," they will have to turn back to these historic pages. For from now on, I can well imagine that Tom Moore will remain a shadow to the public.

And he is such a nice fellow it does seem a shame to deprive picture fans of a knowledge of his true personality.

Tom Moore, as you undoubtedly know, is as Irish as they make them on the Emerald Isle and still speaks with a sort of brogue which I found decidedly refreshing. Refreshing also is his complete lack of conceit and his shyness. He is highly sensitive. He lives to a great extent within himself. He has no burning ambition to work, in fact, he would a great deal rather play and dream away the days in the great outdoors. He is far from handsome but is the sort of chap one cant help liking. As a friend he would wear well. He is one of those persons who are aptly described as true blue. He would be true blue to family or friends in trouble or adversity. When good fortune shines he would probably be too lackadaisical to want to get in on it. He is not mercenary. Come easy, go easy, is his method where money is concerned.

Immaculate and meticulously neat in real life, he loves to get into a character part. He really lives his screen characters. Required to play a poor workman,

By
SUE ROBERTS

he allows his own beard to grow, his nails to become unkempt, puts real dirt upon his hands to invest his rôle with verity. Naturally born a great artist of acting, he lacks only one fundamental to do really tremendous things: a burning ambition. Could someone light the torch of Tom Moore's ambition the screen would see remarkable results.

He possesses the true Irishman's wit and vast fund of humor. For instance, I asked him what he thought about women.

"I dont think about them," he replied.

He tells about a press agent who wished him to indorse a certain kind of chewing-gum.

"But I never chew gum," he protested, and the man went on his way.

Later he was asked to sign a statement regarding the virtues of Life Buoy soap.

"I never used Life Buoy soap in my life," he retorted, and the matter was dropped.

He loves his little daughter, Alice Joyce Moore, better than anything on earth, but he would like to keep her wholly to himself, he doesn't feel that the public should have a share in her.

"From the time she was born," he told me, "newspapers and magazines sent their photographers to take her picture. I didn't like the idea of using my baby for publicity purposes. I felt that she belonged to me, not the public."

But, after all, publicity is one of the penalties of greatness. Tom Moore belongs to the picture public, has belonged to it ever since he first entered films in nineteen-thirteen.

He loves his little daughter, Alice Joyce Moore, better than anything on earth. "From the time she was born," he told me, "newspapers and magazines sent their photographers to take her picture. I didn't like the idea of my baby being used for publicity purposes." Above, a new picture of Mr. Moore and little Alice, and below an informal snap

His excessive modesty is so unusual in an actor that it is almost inconceivable. He loves the West and spends his free time riding horseback in the unbeaten trails behind Beverly Hills. He goes to the theater a great deal and is lavish in his praise of others' achievements.

He prefers the West to the East altho he is content wherever he is sent. He is altogether a lovable, care-free irresponsible child of old Ireland who likes to play by himself. But most unusual of all his characteristics as an actor is his absolute hatred of publicity.

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

FLOWER SYMBOLS . . .

What the white blossom, dew drenched and gold crowned, is to the garden, so is Mary Miles Minter to the cinema . . . symbolizing innocence and purity. . . . . the portals of womanhood

On California Sands

California boasts many things—rose gardens, orange groves and old missions—then, last but not least, its beaches, quite as popular as the famous sands of Hawaii. Here hosts of cinema favorites play in their respite from the studio and, consequently, the scene abounds in beauty. The illustrative photographs show Grace Darmond disporting herself by the sad sea waves

At the studios, Miss Darmond devotes her time to her work in "So Long, Letty," in which she plays with Coleen Moore, T. Roy Barnes and Walter Hiers

An Actor By Chance

Copyright by Witzel, L. A.

His big chance in pictures finds him ready because, during his years on the stage, he has lived as a man should live—he has had the strength of character to live rather than to play. Above, a new portrait and right with Cecil B. de Mille

A SHORT while ago the thrilling news came that Cecil B. deMille had chosen a new leading man for his delux three photoplays. At once curiosity piqued the film firmament. Would he have the handsomeness of Elliott Dexter combined with the rugged subtlety of Tom Meighan? Would he be a new recruit to the shadow world or an old timer, would he—but the queries and conjectures were endless, innumerable.

And then the tip came to the waiting world. Forrest Stanley was the name of the man who had been chosen to follow the stellar path formerly trod by Dexter and Meighan, by Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels, and the world wondered more than ever what manner of man is Forrest Stanley.

Where I tell you that Forrest Stanley is a man first and an actor afterwards, I mean nothing derogatory to actors—but a great deal superlatively complimentary to Mr. Stanley. Mr. Stanley is another example that wholesomeness pays.

His big chance in pictures finds him ready because during his years on the stage he has lived as a man should live. Men in the profession younger than Forrest Stanley have wrinkles, lines that speak of dissipation and bad character. Forrest Stanley is a man who has had the strength of character to live rather than to play. He could have had greater glory in life, powers of the electric blaze of fame had he sought it. He preferred a less brilliant existence—but a happier one. He has made of his life a perfect blend of home, study, recreation and work.

So far, his best work has perhaps been given to the speaking stage. For eleven years he has been leading man for the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, or rather the Burbank Theater, home of the Morosco Stock Company. Here he created most of the biggest Morosco successes, which were later taken to New York. "The Cinderella Man" was one he was particularly fond of, "The Bird of Paradise" another. His picture appearances have been a bit more handsome than those of the average leading man—but they have been spasmodic; that is, he has appeared in pictures spasmodically. He told me that up to this time, pictures had irked him—because they insisted upon casting him as the handsome hero who could do no wrong and he asked me guilelessly, "Why *do* they do it? I'm not good looking." He considers that in playing leading man he has merely formed a background for the emotions of the star.

This lack of an opportunity for characterization by picture leading men is one of the few things which he dislikes. He would like to play men of character, men who weren't

By
HAZEL SIMPSON
NAYLOR

afraid to let their beard grow, men who could meet temptation and best it.

I told him he would probably be tempted serenely by a great many women in his DeMille photoplays.

"Oh, dear me—do you think so?" he exclaimed rather helplessly.

I asked him if he thought a wife should always be dressed up, always appealing to the sex in man in order to hold him.

"Good heavens, no —" he said, "my wife and I get our greatest joy out of our companionship, and one cannot be true comrades and be always dressed up. Home is a place where one can be natural, where a man can shed his coat and be comfortable, or ornament a chair with his feet if he is worn out. This dressed-up existence seems like play acting to me. It isn't living. It isn't the bone and sinew of life that has made America what it is to-day."

I looked more closely at Mr. Stanley. He is, I might add, mighty good to look at. His hair is almost burnished gold in the sunlight—just red, he calls it—his eyes, strangely enough are tawny yellow. Bright eyes they are, clear and jovial and withal dreamy—his mouth—but why describe in detail his good looks when even his photographs entirely fail to do him justice. He is well groomed but not faddishly, fetishly dressed. His blue serge suits belong to him, not he to them, he is *not* a tailor-made man nor a tailor's dummy. His taste in everything is quietly refined, he is not a manicure's darling.

Which brings me to the real point of this story, the individuality of Forrest Stanley: his hands.

I have met many, many actors and I have marveled at their brilliancy, their profiles, their personality, their genius or their fads, and I have gone away and in time forgotten them—but never shall I forget Forrest Stanley's hands.

Forrest Stanley has firm, rugged, well-shaped hands. His hands fascinate one, they are so powerful, so creative, and yet so artistic.

Photograph by Welsh, L. A.

"This dressed-up existence seems like play-acting to me," said Forrest Stanley. "It isn't living. It isn't the bone and sinew of life that has made America what it is today." Above, another new portrait study

He begged my pardon profusely for their appearance. It seems he has a home just the other side of Hollywood and he has a young farm that he is bringing up and he likes to take hold and work the rake and the spade himself. Then, too, the workmen have been adding a new cement drive and back porch to his place and he enjoys pitching in and showing them just how it should be done, and that, well, his hands tell the story, and he and Mrs. Stanley whom, by the way, he took on the road with him as the English girl in "The Bird of Paradise" last season, enjoy puttering among their roses and their geranium beds.

You see Forrest Stanley is an actor by chance rather than by choosing.

(*Continued on page* 108)

The Rainbow Chasers

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

"SCENARIO EDITOR.

"Dear Sir. I So can the letter. I Is it trew that you pay as much as 50 dolars for a senerio? I am writing for your company my latest. Please I hope you to read it. It as a trew story. I dont rite to tell it very well but if you can read batween the lines I know you will except it. If you will except it I will send you a lot more like it.

"Resp yours
"Mrs.————"

Absorbed in the letter, I failed to hear the door open; it closed with something of a bang.

"Pardon me," I said, unblushingly, "pardon me, if I appear to be reading your correspondence."

The scenario editor waved his hand nonchalantly.

"That's all right," he said, "if there is anything on that desk which will be of any help to you, you are quite welcome to it."

I indicated the letter. "May I have this?"

"That and a hundred like it! Look here!"

From a filing cabinet in one corner of the room he took package after package of letters. I took off my hat and settled myself in one of his comfortable chairs to read. He had to go away on location with one of the companies, he explained, and so I knew that by staying I could not possibly be disturbing him.

And I did stay all afternoon. They proved absorbing reading; those letters. There was comedy, pathos, pride and longing; the last above all. Of course, every one of the writers wanted money as well as fame. Many of them were exceedingly illiterate. Whole letters written without a single mark of punctuation, and with the words so misspelt that it was often difficult to make them out at all. Letters signed "Mrs." that looked as if they had been written by six year old children. For instance:

"Please find stamp for return off story witch is a trew story all most iff not Excepted Please tell me the reason

"Ameture
Mrs.————
Kansas City"

Others of which the following is a short example, were all marked up with periods and quotation marks at regular intervals.

"Kind Sir.

"Enclose fine manuscripts for play. It is the first I have ever wrote. I hope it will meet your demand. I am nameing no price. If you except it. Pay me what you think it worth.

"I await your returns"

Tho not overly burdened with education, some were all swelled up with pride:

"Dear. Sir.

"Find enclosed a scenario intitle 'The Girl Guying the Thief' please examiene same before rejecting. I am going to salect only six film co. from the whole bunch to submitt my scenario's to. of course if they would all reject it. Then it surely would be all wrong or *something would be wrong somewhere.* When you get a story from me remember it wasent

(Continued on page 98)

Rainbow chasers, you say? Yes, but think of the happiness they get from the pursuit! The very fact that these people are attempting to express themselves indicates that they are learning and growing

Her Beloved Villain

By
GRACE LAMB

BLYTHE chewed his fountain pen, the inkwell, blotters, all loose stationery and the edges of his desk before he could manage to put on paper the thoughts catapulting about in his brain. He muttered that he felt "addled."

This, he felt, was a sort of reincarnation stunt. Not for nothing had he traced his family tree back to John Alden and the picturesque Priscilla. Well . . . He took his pen in hand . . .

"Dear Martinot," he wrote; "I've been to pay my respects to the Bergomats, as per your request. It's not what I'd call a possibility—paying respects. They're an unholy famille, as I believe you call it here in gay Paree. Père Bergomat is inclined to lift his elbow with the results of: one, a bibulous nose loudly proclaiming to all who care to look, his genial proclivities; two, a habit of singing songs *à la boulevardier* in perfectly deafening accents and; third, the neat little personal characteristic of vanishing from the home hearth for unconscionable lengths of time during which he manages to achieve ghastly debts for his suffering family to counteract, if they could, which they can't. And if they had the honorable inclinations—which they have not. In brief and in fact, *mon cher* Martinot, there is little honor to be found in the scalawagging Bergamots . . . "

At this juncture Blythe's face took on somewhat the bibulous tint of the accused Père Bergamot. A groan or two escaped him. The words "Oh, perfidy, thy name is Blythe," were heard to burst from him, followed by even more convulsively, "Ah, Suzanne . . . Suzanne . . . Queen Rose in a garden of roses . . . !" All of which seemed inexplicable and irrelevant to a lamentably frank letter to a close friend . . . "

Blythe continued, his pen fiercely sputtering ". . . Mere Bergamot," he wrote, "is a faded edition . . . but ah, mon Martinot, a *rare* edition, let me add. What we might term, in New York, a rare old bird! Mere Bergamot has the high spots. Martinot, the highest of the high. Her

Suzanne pointed to her mother sitting in a near-by chair. "Sister" she said, and then, as Blythe had to bend his head to catch her tender-spoken words, "Mais oui, mon ami! mon ami"

wife and the potential mother of your children; the very exalted opinions and theories that are yours concerning the family records you wish your children to be entitled to.

"And now for Suzanne, herself . . . *Hélas!*

"I would that I could draw Suzanne for you as you would have her drawn . . . a flower in a simple garden . . . a fragrant simplicity with a heart of gold. How I wish I might so depict Suzanne. *A rara avis* having, by some clear, cool miracle, escaped the delinquencies of her progenitors. Such cases have been known. The daughter in no wise issue of the sponsors. But such, my poor, my pitied friend, is not the case with the object of your admiration, with your adored Suzanne. Quite, *quite* the contrary. There are all the indications, *mon pauvre* Martinot, of both Mère Bergamot et Père Bergamot. Little things . . . but telling . . . telling, Martinot! Such as the wicked French heels . . . you have seen them and they have rejoiced you as delicious follies of her delicious youth; but could you see them on Mère Bergamot, Martinot, they would effect you even as they affected me, as the sharp, staccato echos of an unsavory Past. And still more is to come, my friend. It grieves me to my soul to have so to wound you where your sensibilities are so, so keen . . . Suzanne . . . Suzanne . . ."

The pen gave a fierce splutter. The words "blasphemy . . . damned blasphemy . . ." were heard to fall from Blythe's tightly compressed lips; then he went on with a sort of tragic determination; a do or die attitude; "Suzanne," he wrote, "Suzanne . . . er, *tipples*, Martinot . . . I should say tipples is the word for it. In other words, she has, *mon ami*, the paternal tendencies growing, each time I have occasion to see her, more marked and more definite to my eye, both as medical man and casual observer. All these things allied would seem to me to point to you the way *out*. After all, Marti-

wicked French heels . . . *la, la!* Her rouged red cheeks . . . *non, non!* Her spicy bon mots; her flavored reminiscences . . . what a mother, Martinot, for what a daughter! *Vraiment, mon ami*, what a mother-in-law! There would be myriad of stories from the Past to confront you from time to time with delicious tales and legends of Mamma-in-Law. When your children, (picture the Innocents,) shall cluster about your knee what a background gran'-mère will supply them . . . like the wicked red lights of Montmartre, my friend, like the lilt of the music in the Moulin Rouge . . . what reckless gallants will come dancing along with their "do you remembers?" to enchant the youthful ear!

I convey, *mon ami*, there would be variety in such a mother-in-law. One would never need to mourn for exotic revelations. And they tell me she is a card player. A fine and red-blooded card player. For money of course . . . Mère Bergamot plays no game unless there be high stakes. Oh yes, Martinot, I will say that for her. On the whole she is delightful and I, myself, would prefer her than otherwise, but I exercise for to you as a be-cause I know your nice discriminations, your admirable taste for sont

HER BELOVED VILLAIN

Fictionized by permission from the Realart production. Adapted to the screen by Alice Eyton from the French play "La Veglione," by Alexandre Bisson and Albert Carré. Directed by Sam Wood, starring Wanda Hawley. The cast:—

Suzanne Bergamot	Wanda Hawley
Paul Blythe	Ramsey Wallace
Louis Martinot	Templer Powell
Dr. Joseph Poulard	Tully Marshall
Madame Poulard	Lillian Leighton
Suzanne's Aunt	Gertrude Claire
Monsieur Bergamot	Robert Bolder
Madame Bergamot	Margaret McWade
Rose, the maid	Irma Coonly
Casimer	Jay Peters

not, you have but a slight acquaintance with Suzanne Bergamot. Your heart cannot be, surely, so touched, so pierced, as you imagine it to be. There are many fair maidens in the South of France admirably suited to your purpose, which is the rearing of many children and the maintenance of a home which shall be an altar for your youth and a comfortable bed for your old age. Such a one, my dear Martinot, your Suzanne assuredly is *not*. She is the windflower, lovely but insubstantial. She is the light of love. She is the bubble on the rim of the champagne glass. She is the spun drift of the moon and the haze over the waters. Pastime, Martinot, pastime only, I regret to report."

There were a few additional regrets, consolations, suggestions as to other fields of amorous endeavor and the civilities of closing and subscribing himself ever devotedly his friend, Paul Blythe.

After posting the letter, Paul Blythe sought Suzanne in her tiny garden outside the city limits. She was a rose, he thought, simply sweet, living but to exhale the perfume which was the soul of her; the charm of a quaint soul; the exquisitude of a charming unpoisoned mind.

"Suzanne, Suzanne," he said to her, when she had greeted him; "I can wait for you no longer . . . your dear mother has consented . . . flower of all the world . . . say yes to me . . . say yes, my sweet . . . my sweet . . ."

Suzanne pointed to her mother, asleep in a chair beside them. "Sshh!" she said, and then, so low Blythe had to bend his head to catch her slender-spoken words; "*mais oui . . . mon* Paul . . . *mais oui!*"

And after he had gone, the girl stood as he had left her in her quaint garden outside the city limits. Her lips were touched with a smile. Her eyes were wide and wonderful with thought. "Those so quaint Americans," she murmured, then, more, deeply; "that so *dear* American . . . so very dear . . . to me."

There followed a blissful marriage year. Blythe went into partnership with an elderly Frenchman, Dr. Poulard, the student of the same school, the believer in the same philosophy of medicine. The *ménage à trois* was eminently successful and comfortable and complete.

Then Martinot wrote that he was returning to Paris and would give himself the pleasure of stopping a while with his old friend, his most loyal friend, Paul Blythe.

Dr. Blythe was terror-struck. He had all but forgotten Martinot since he had written him the letter falsifying the Bergamots. What then . . .? Suppose and suppose . . . Habitually not given to morbid imaginings there occurred to him all sorts of terrifying suppositions . . . Suppose Martinot made known to Suzanne his original love for her, his desire of her, the way he had entrusted this love and this desire to his friend, Paul Blythe, and the way, the John-Aldenish

Her eyes were wide and wonderful with thought. "Those so quaint Americans," she murmured, then, more deeply, "that so dear American . . . so very dear . . . to me."

denly, so desperately, so consumingly was not sufficient alibi for the thing he had done . . . And yet—now—even now—when he had this chance for self-flagellation, for atonement, he did not dare. He most needs implore his partner, the old Dr. Poulard, to take Suzanne away, to her mother's pension somewhat south of Nice.

"She needs the trip, you know . . ." he explained.

"You make decisions, rapidement," the old Doctor said, with a shrewd look at his partner.

Blythe shrugged. "It is our way," he said. Placing his individual faults and tendencies on his racial characteristics he had found to be the easiest method of evasion whenever evasion became necessary or desirable.

The old Doctor was nothing loath. He needed the trip, he knew, if Suzanne did not. And there was a piquancy to his old age in a leisurely trip South, with the flower-like beauty of this young woman to companion him. It would be a mellow memory wherewith to enhance the down grade he was traveling. It would be like coming suddenly upon a daisy in the autumn of the year.

Suzanne made a few protests, but Blythe was firm.

"You do not want me! You are being untrue to me!" she said, with tears in eyes and voice.

Blythe crushed her to him. "Non, non, I swear!" he said; "I love only you and your heart tells you I am speaking the truth. You know it, flower of all the world, you know it—do you not . . . ?"

And Suzanne said she did, but her lips were disconsolate and the sigh she turned away with was wistful.

A day or so later they departed. Suzanne's farewell kiss was cool. "In a year's time," she said, "you send me from you. What shall you do when five, ten years, have rolled away? *Ma foi,* you will consign me then, to a nunnery, perhaps, where nevermore you may glimpse my face."

Blythe groaned. Having no conviction he could give, he gave none. Suzanne left him with a bitterness cankering the entire sweetness of the heart she had given him, mireservedly, immodestly now, she was inclined to think.

They traveled slowly, and Dr. Poulard, at least, enjoyed the trip. The slight melancholy of his young companion enchanted him more than an exuberance of spirit would have done. It accorded more perfectly with his own years and reactions, and it gave him, too, the charming opportunity of offering her his delicately administered consolations and reassurances. It was, to the old man, like biting into sharp, soft fruit, breathing the crystal blown off some blue lagoon, inhaling the tang of wood-flowers.

[illegible] follows a month [illegible] Suzanne [illegible] Blythe went [illegible] surrounding [illegible] of chivalry. Presumably Dr. Poulard, the mother of the same [illegible] Suzanne in the [illegible] philosophy of medicine

way, in which Paul had received the trust. Suppose Suzanne discovered that she could have loved Martinot, her compatriot, as she had never loved Paul Blythe. Suppose at the least she ceased to love Paul Blythe because [illegible] of his friend and his false winning of [illegible] . . . And Martinot . . . the reopened wound of Martinot when he discovered, as he inevitably must, the [illegible] and beautiful domesticity of Suzanne and the [illegible] religious and respectable standing of the Bergamots, [illegible] . . . How Martinot's old hopes headed, no [illegible] at least partially by absence and the turgid beliefs [illegible] has stultified, how they would quicken, reawaken [illegible] [illegible] beneath the radium of truth!

Blythe tore his hair! Why, had he not won his suit fairly, squarely, on the open? Remembrances of Suzanne's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the sweetness of her [illegible] gave him the pass, the conviction that he would [illegible] [illegible] Martinot on fair play. Why, then, had [illegible] [illegible] Because he had loved Suzanne so sud-

Eventually, they reached Nice. They were to stop there a few days and then proceed to the pension where the elder Bergamots were spending the winter months. There Suzanne was to remain for a few weeks, and there, it had been arranged, Paul was to come for her and take the return trip with her, while Dr. Poulard, already returned, maintained the practise.

In Nice a twin catastrophe occured. Dr. Poulard, uncustomed to freedom and wholly uncustomed to wine, was overcome by the latter and wholly incapacitated for further travel or for further guardianship. On the same day Suzanne met Martinot, who had left Paul earlier than they had thought, to attend the carnival at Nice.

The two were thrown together and an intimacy developed as it has a habit of doing when two friends, or acquaintances, meet in a distant place.

Suzanne was alone and unprotected in carnival time, and it was plainly the duty of Martinot to see that his old friend reached her destination safely no matter how notorious a character she might be, actually or potentially.

Within the hour it was revealed that Suzanne was Blythe's dutiful and affectionate wife; that Blythe had been proposing to her, figuratively speaking, with one hand, the while he was writing preposterous statements regarding her and her family to Martinot; that Martinot had, himself, desired her hand; and that, on the whole, an injury had been wrought for which Paul should make some atonement and undergo some justifiable suffering.

It was not without flavor, even to Suzanne's gentle heart, this being left in Nice by a dotard in his cups to the care of a young and gallant man who involuntarily confessed to a long-cherished passion for herself. It would be something to look back upon when she and Paul were feeble and grey, and Paul, perhaps, boasting of his conquests . . . It was an adventure and she had never had one before. Paul couldn't be considered in the light of an *adventure*, certainly. He was her husband. He was her life.

Suzanne planned to return at once, before Paul should have time to start for her, and, upon her return, to live up to the reputation he had given her. Martinot schemed with her. He would accompany her to the house upon their arrival, by different routes, as tho they had made the trip together, and both would appear to be under the influence. Paul should see Suzanne as he had so graphically pictured her.

"To think that he could even imagine me like that!" Suzanne groaned, when Martinot, not without a grim amusement, etched for her, her husband's prenuptial description of her.

"It was, of course, for love of you," Martinot said.

"Pouf!" said Suzanne, but her heart, beyond her control, sang a little foolish song!

The errants were greeted, when they arrived at the Blythe menage, beyond their wildest expectations. Madame Poulard was there, indignant, and livid of nose. She had been, it seemed, recounting the virtues of Monsieur le Docteur for the past thirty years of their married life up to the time he had gone into partnership with Monsieur Blythe and had there met Madame Blythe. From that time on . . . Madame Poulard was dramatic with both eyes and hands . . . The trip to Nice together had been the culminating scandal . . . Monsieur le Docteur was not so old—his wife intimated, not so old, but that the trip was a blot, a tragedy, a heart breaking occurrence for his poor, ill-treated wife and the partner of his earlier fidelities . . .

Mere et Père Bergamot were also there, having been informed by Madame Poulard of the description given them by Martinot. Their excitation was so extraordinary and so alarming that Martinot cast

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Suzanne ran to him, unable to bear his distress. She pressed him to her heart and told him it was all a hoax, a plot, a plan . . . that Madame Poulard was already paid . . . that she had been making believe

First Fruits

© Photograph by Evans, L. A.

"Ever since the very beginning of things, the day I left Australia with four pounds and my railway ticket in my pocket, New York has been to me a sort of Dream City, a Shining Goal. I remember thinking on that day of my departure, 'some day this shall lead me to New York—

"MISS BENNETT, please," I said, with nonchalance, to the Presiding Official at the Claridge desk.

The P. O. consulted the ledger wherein are inscribed the guests within the gate, and shook his head.

"Miss Bennett is not registered here," he said.

I looked upon him with incredulity. Had I not been otherwise informed by a P. A. (surely infallible) and the Who's Who Column of the authentic Press? Had I not an appointment duly ratified by telephonic communication?

"Oh, yes," I said gently but firmly, "she is here. You see in the instance in point" then I interpolated my own name, and suddenly it might be Mrs. Niblo—Mrs. Fred——

"Oh," said the Presiding Official with some confidence and considerable enlightenment, "call Room 876" (the number of the suite).

I did, consequently, and very gently, in something sum-

mery, Mrs. Niblo was with me.

I told her, entering the tea room, of my dialog at the desk.

"I always go by my married name," she told me, "we *couldn't* very well register as Miss Bennett and Mr. Niblo, and besides—I *am* Mrs. Niblo.

I found out that she was. Also, was *able* to be, without in any sense diminishing the more and more dear-to-feminine-hearts Personal Identity.

Over the tea card Mrs. Niblo with a manifest eagerness ordered watermelon. *So* manifest was the eagerness that I commented thereon.

"In line with the names and the watermelon," she said, with her very charming smile, "I've been trying all season to capture a first piece of this what could hardly be termed an elusive fruit. On the trip East, Fred and I were seated in the diner having a perfectly good dinner and I ordered a piece then. Just as it was being deposited in front of me, and without a bit of warning, even to myself, I quietly and for the first time in my life, fainted away. It must have been the high altitude thru which we were passing. As I was coming to in rather wobbly fashion, Fred whispered to me that he had made the most of the occasion. I just yelled, he said, 'Help! *Enid Bennett* has fainted!' Of course he hadn't done anything of the sort—and of course the watermelon had been tactfully removed—hence the eagerness and Fred's subconscious readiness to atone for the 'Mrs. Niblo.'"

With the breathless and finally secure arrival of the evanescent melon, we felt more definitely launched. The period of expectation was at an end. "I thought this moment would never come," sighed Enid.

"Tell me about your plans," I said. "Are you to be here long? And how do you like it? And everything?"

For a small person Miss Bennett (Mrs. Niblo) takes large orders (of melon and inquiry) without a gasp.

She said: "For the last question—I love it! Ever since the very beginning of things, the day I left Australia with four pounds and my railway ticket in my pocket, New York has been to me a sort of Dream City, a Shining Goal. I remember thinking on that day of my departure, 'some day this shall lead me to New York—

By
GLADYS HALL

and my Heart's Desire.' If I were just a personally living sort of person and could be where I wished *when* I wished, I should spend some part of every year in New York. I really think one *ought* to. New York has something to give that no other place could possibly have. Something of inspiration, something of quickened idealism, something of stimulus. I feel like walking more quickly when I am here, thinking more swiftly, planning more greatly. I do, I really *do*, love New York.

"Our plans, of course, are not matured as yet. That is one reason why we are here. I've always been with Mr. Ince, have never known anything of the picture world save with and thru him, and now my contract with him is at an end and I am looking about to invade other worlds. What we hope to do is to form two units, with myself as star. Fred will head one unit, or rather he will really head both, but there will be two companies. One will be a company without a star and with Fred as director. The other will be a company with me as star under another director, Fred to supervise the whole. We shall probably begin, however, with the one unit of Fred and myself. I should really prefer to have it that way all along, that is, Fred to

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"The more that husband and wife are together the greater their chance of happiness," she said. "When people are very much apart, loneliness and a desire for companionship is inevitable. This seeking and finding then is, must be, inevitable"

Photograph by Northland Studio, L. A.

Photograph by Ruben, L. A.

The Final Test

Top, Blanche Chervais of Long Island City; center, Dottie Black of Stockton, California, and bottom, Bunty Manly of New York City, New York

THE Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 closed on the first day of August. For a month thereafter, photographs poured into the editorial offices of the Brewster Publications, completely filling the office of the Editor-in-Chief as well as the department which had been set apart for the exclusive purpose of the contest. As quickly as the photographs could be gone thru, the most promising ones were laid aside for further reference, while the others were discarded. Very often a photograph of a girl with a wonderful profile would have to be discarded for the reason that no other pictures were sent to show the full face. Sometimes we would receive a photograph about the size of a postage stamp, and, of course, it would have to be turned down.

As soon as the most promising entries were selected, they were summoned by telegraph or special delivery letter to the editorial offices, and on September third, the judges' committee again sat and passed judgment on all those summoned. Each contestant was given a number; all those with unusual motion picture possibilities were given the number nine or higher and invited down to the Brewster Estate at Roslyn, Long Island, for a motion picture test.

On the following Saturday, two large sight-seeing busses and several smaller cars, containing all those who had favorably stood the impartial criticism of the judges' committee, journeyed down to Roslyn for the tests. With those who came down by train, there were some two hundred young women and men who posed before the camera. When a fair contestant showed that she had unusual beauty, a second and third test was made of her.

The contestants came from every part of the country. After the tests had been made, everyone was invited to the editorial offices on the following Thursday to see themselves on the screen. Some of them proved that they possessed sufficient merit to cause them to be detained until even more thoro camera tests could be made. In one instance, a certain contestant who had come from Allentown, Penn., to have the test made and had gone home again, was summoned back by telegraph. Another contestant from Canada remained here for a week as the guest of Mrs. Brewster.

We have printed a list of the judges in each issue of our several publications. Mary Pickford, who is one of the judges, is out at the Coast, busily at work on a new picture. Two or three of the judges are in Europe, but will return in the near future. All this, of course, necessitates a delay in the final decision, and it will be impossible to make the final announcement of the winners this month. However, we expect to be able to do so in the next issue of this publication.

It is reported that the following contestants are leading the roll: Lucille Langhanke, New York City; Helen DeWitt, Queens, L. I.; Bunty Manly, New York City; Helen

CAMERA SELECTS POSSIBLE FAME AND FORTUNE WINNERS

Trigg, Valiant, Okla.; Beth Logan, Bronxville, N. Y.; Allene Ray, San Antonio, Texas; Ermitie Gagnon, New York City; Jean McIntyre, Ontario, Canada; Eileen Elliott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Betty Pomroy Hanson, Rugby, N. D.; Mary Jane Sanderson, Johnstown, Pa.; Corliss Palmer, Macon, Ga.; Evelyn Pouch, Boston, Mass.; Bye Madden, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Of course, you must understand that this is only a rumor as to who will appear among the probable winners. During September, the judges again sat and passed judgment—selecting here and rejecting there. However, they have not as yet, passed final judgment inasmuch as all the entries which deluged the offices during the last contest days have not been seen. There will be several winners, we think, and there will be, in addition, the award of a gold medal, a silver and a bronze one. Also the final honor roll and honorable mention.

Already work has begun on "Ramon, the Sailmaker," the second Brewster production in which several of those on the Honor Roll as well as one or two of the winners will appear, the latter in leading rôles.

The hero of this production is played by Orville Caldwell who is at the present time playing the juvenile lead in the big spectacular production "Mecca" showing at the Century Theater.

This month's honor roll includes the following: Blanche Chervais, 123 Eleventh Street, Long Island City. Miss Chervais is a striking brunette who has had some stage experience. She appeared last year in musical comedy both in New York City and Chicago.

Miss Dottie Black of Stockton, California, is another brunette who pleases the eye. Miss Black has had some musical comedy and vaudeville experience.

Miss Bunty Manly, 362 Wadsworth Avenue, New York City, is a young blonde who has all the possibilities of a motion picture actress.

Miss Loine Frost, 107 Hancock Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, is a dancer. She has blue eyes and brown hair.

Miss Gladys Ryley, Versailles, Kentucky, is another southern entry, with blonde hair and blue eyes. Miss Ryley has had no previous dramatic experience.

Miss Elizabeth Whitney, 913 Buffalo Avenue, Tampa, Florida, is a blonde, southern beauty who has never had any professional experience. However, with her blue eyes and blonde hair, Miss Whitney puts up an awfully good argument.

Photograph by Herbert & Lane, Detroit, Mich.

Photograph by J. A. Ball

Top, Loine Frost of Detroit, Michigan; center, Gladys Ryley of Versailles, Kentucky, and below, Elizabeth Whitney of Tampa, Florida

Props and Propellers

Washington hasn't turned out *honorable mentions* among the stars which glitter on New York's Great White Way, but, however bright, they seemed like tawdry, tinselly tree ornaments to Father Filmore, who had no intention of decorating *his* family tree with anything but effulgent copies of the first American settlers of the Filmores.

Whether it was the injection of new blood, atavism or a more liberal college training than Clyde's father had anticipated, none knew—but the fact remained that since Clyde had gone in heavily for amateur theatricals, he was destined to become, (at least *casually*), an actor.

Without informing his proud progenitors of the fact, young Clyde suped at certain Washington playhouses, learnt tricks of make-up, gesture and walk . . . but stay!

After all, it was the now well-known Filmore propellers which had Clyde walking into fame.

Clyde Filmore was born of the famous line of Washington Filmores, and, when the time came, was sent to college that he might continue to uphold the family traditions and be fitted for life in the exclusive society circles of the city . . that he might be fitted for anything but acting!

The youngman had grown rapidly—too rapidly, he thought. He was somewhat conscious of his height, his very boyish face and

Out of the line of famous Filmores, born in the aristocratic section of Washington, D. C., Clyde Filmore was sent to college that he might continue to uphold the family traditions of intellectual development and be fitted for life in the exclusive society circles of a city famed for elegance and culture, good manners and—not to throw anything but acting!

Not that

By
DORIS DELVIGNE

Photo by Jack Freulick

the fact that he was rather a husky.

Having exhausted the possibilities of Washington theaters, since they refused to recognize genius further than to give him eventually a stock engagement, which was like flinging a red rag in a bull's face, so far as Father Filmore was concerned, Clyde Filmore gathered up his neckties and laundry, demanded a small loan, which was granted, because Filmore, Sr., hadn't a mean bone in his body, even tho choleric on the subject of having any offspring connected with footlights, and departed to the city of productions, skyscrapers and the Liberty Statue.

New York was kind. It needed a tall leading man. Clyde Filmore got various stock engagements, acquired a competence and yet lacked the thing he wished most to see, namely, his family name in a row of electric lights which should dazzle and blind a doting daddy.

Just about that time, an opportunity, thru a friend of the family, presented itself to the casual actor. I say *casual* because Clyde's engagements seemed to come with no set regularity, and were merely incidental to his craving for the excitement afforded by a histrionic career. Mr. Filmore was asked to go to Bermuda and enter upon a business proposition which promised greater financial rewards than had theretofore been his portion.

Shades of onions and lilies! Clyde thought of the former in connection with sundry Bohemian cafés closely affiliated with his theatrical career, and wondered if death among the fragrant lilies wouldn't be preferable in the long run? Anyway, it was the flip of a coin, and having flipped for Bermuda, he started for the white little island where make-up would depend on the sun's rays only.

Clyde Filmore hates to talk about his past. I wasn't long discovering that. He's delightfully easy to meet, with a big, lumbering, genial voice, the brightest smile and a sartorial excellence defying feminine descriptive powers. You see, he really didn't *live* in Bermuda, altho he was present in the body there. He made good in business and was doing awfully well until the war suddenly cut off merchandising, imports and exports . . . and then . . .

"Naturally, I thought of acting again. Perhaps I had better modify that and say I thought of acting more seriously, because, you see, I had never forgotten my desire to be on the boards. In Bermuda, every Thursday night, society—meaning about a half dozen of us who had been left over after the war started—went to see moving pictures of dear knows how ancient vintage, and studied their plots and applauded or hissed the performers. We were giving some amateur theatricals to pass the time, too. So I wasn't quite out of the running when I came back to New York.

Mr. Filmore has written a number of songs because he has always been interested in musical composition. However, he says they do not actually pay well, because it is the jazz that brings the money these days

"The first job I got was on my legs. It's a funny thing, but they've propelled me into this profession, and I was asked to do a part for Cohan and Harris that demanded shapeliness. Later, in Los Angeles, I had to make good on the same count, for as Sam McGunnigle in 'Civilian Clothes,' I had to don a butler's glorious livery and make a feature of the aforesaid legs. Again, when I was asked to do a part for Rupert Julian, at Universal City, my fitness for the position depended largely on his *understanding* I might put into the role.

"You see, I'm nothing on looks; in fact, I think my face is too much like a kid's face, tho, dear knows, my body is grown-up enough," sighed Mr. Filmore very modestly, the while he shook his head dubiously.

The dimple in his chin makes one think of Bryant Washburn. But his grey eyes, with very small, short-

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Cinema Reflections

Left, a camera study of Edwin Markham and below, in a scene of "Love's Redemption"

The screen has attributed Lincoln's success—and, too, it remains really. In the Peerless production, "Love's Redemption," the great poet, Edwin Markham, is featured upon the silversheet and the revelations that him knowingly endowed with sweetness and charm. He appears, in a world scene, the same he has painted in his many pictures of "The Man With the Hoe" and in other ones.

As You and I

These photographs of Alec Francis, taken in and about his California bungalow, belie the fact that the folks of film-land are separate and apart from other folks. Mr. Francis started work on "Out of the Dark" upon completion of his rôle of the Bishop in "Earth-bound." Away from the studios, however, he finds peace and happiness pottering about his garden, even as you and I

Satin and Pearls

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photograph by Campbell Studios

"I must move about with a background individual unto myself," smiled Catherine Calvert. "I'm unhappy out of background, so to speak. Everyone is, I think. It is the eternal feminine. Some of us being more intensely feminine than others, are more definite in our selections of backgrounds. That is all"

MY poor relic of bygone affluence and who knows what famous and beautiful lady, dilapidated and passé, a public conveyance, otherwise known as a taxi, halted with an asthmatic gasp as Catherine Calvert's long cream-white car glided up to the entrance of the Ritz Carleton. She alighted, giving orders to her chauffeur, and the door-man's greeting caused me to believe quite firmly that she is habitué of this most exclusive of exclusive New York hostelries, frequented by those whose names are inscribed in the Blue Book,—also that she is generous with remuneration.

I met her in one of the anterooms, recognizing her from the doorway, hazy with the smoke of many scented cigarets.

"Stupid women," she said with a flashing smile. "Ten years from now they'll have lines about their eyes and mouths and wonder why they came. Cigarets—I dont smoke them. It may be vanity, but I have never seen a woman smoke who didn't crinkle her eyes and crinkling affords at least *one* definite result—wrinkles, horrible, tell-tale wrinkles. It's not worth while. It's foolish."

This after a warm welcome as she led the way, briskly, to the Japanese Gardens, stopping to greet acquaintances she met here and there on the way.

"I come here," she told me later while we lunched on stuffed chicken lobster, called by some name which only a native Frenchman, or adept French scholar would attempt, lamb chops, salad, ices

By
ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

and demi-tasse. "I come here," she said, "because I like the setting. My friends laugh and tease me, but I do not mind. That is what we have friends for. Even at home I must move about with a background individual unto myself. I'm unhappy out of background, so to speak. Everyone is so, I think. It is the eternal feminine. Some of us, being more intensely feminine than others, are more definite in our selections of backgrounds. That is all."

She paused to watch a pigeon which had paused in its flight to sun itself on the water's edge——

She seemed to belong here somehow—and in belonging, to become a part of it all—the miniature bridges spanning the rippling waters, born of a spouting geyser, sunlight filtering thru the bamboo screens with the ferns growing on the banks and Buddha, serene and complacent, majestically presiding over it all. She seemed redolent of ancient civilization, sitting there dressed in black satin and wearing many ropes of pearls; her hair black like the raven and all the mystery of the Old World in her eyes with her clear skin of a tint like old ivory.

Photograph by Bruno, New York

Photograph by Lumiere

There is something vivid about her, and more than just that, she is vital, every fibre of her being gloriously alive. When her husband died, leaving her with the year-old boy, she raised her head from out of the pitiful chaos of the dreams they had dreamed and the things they had builded together, to stand erect and go on, rebuilding. Above, a character pose as she appears in "Dead Men Tell No Tales," and left, Paul Armstrong

All this despite her Irish ancestry——

I mentioned this to her and she laughed.

"Those Irish ancestors!" she exclaimed. "They must have found the Spaniards quite irresistible when they invaded the coast of Gaul. That would account beautifully for my distinctly Latin tendencies. I acknowledge them, certainly, for I find myself constantly favoring the Spanish, even in my

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A Thrilling Interview

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

MY interview with Niles Welsh proved a thrilling affair.

I found this good looking young fellow, who is fast winning wide favor playing leads in many of the recent all-star productions, busy at work at the Brunton studios in Hollywood. After a cheery greeting given in his own charming manner, he returned to the set where the Bines family of Montana were rehearsing a heated breakfast discussion for "The Spenders," a Benjamin B. Hampton big special.

"Uncle Peter," who was none other than Joseph J. Dowling of "The Miracle Man" fame, with a concealing beard and severe mien, was ruthfully shaking his finger at his young nephew (Niles Welsh) while he loudly declared his disgust that said nephew had changed his name from Peter to *Perceval*, while attending college in the East.

After the second rehearsal, Director Jack Conway tipped his straw hat over his eyes to shade them from the light and calmly remarked, "That's good, children. Let go, Camera."

And just as the camera started clicking—it happened.

The earth rose up and shook, violently. The huge stage rocked back and forth like a house of cards, the dishes rattled across the table, the lights swayed wildly on their cords. "*Earthquake!*" exclaimed everyone in perfect unison and we held our breath, wondering what would happen next.

Being a harmless little quake, however, it lasted but an instant and after an animated chatter, while each tried to tell his own peculiar sensations during the trembler, the

"Our greatest sport is camping," Niles Welsh said. "We have a trailer for our automobile with two tents and everything to be comfortable and we take Patty, our bulldog, and go gypsying for a week or two at a time. I come home feeling like a prize-fighter." Above, a new photograph; right, at home with Dell Boone Welsh and Patty, and, bottom, a snap taken in the garden.

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

scene was started all over again and went on to its comically dramatic close.

This ended Niles work for a few hours and we found a secluded little nook in the Japanese garden, alluring with its warm moonlay fragrance of roses and magnolias, and resumed our talk.

"My first thought was of Dell," began Mr. Welsh, referring to the recent excitement. "She's out in the car—somewhere, and I do hope she wasn't frightened," and the popular actor became the solicitous husband, for after three and a half years of marriage, happiness in her most lavish moods, still abides with the Welshes.

I soon found that his lovely wife was a favorite topic and he told me of their marriage in Jacksonville, Florida, while he was co-starring with Grace Darmond in "The Gulf Between," the first picture ever made in natural colors.

"We had expected to be South but a few weeks," said Niles, "and had planned to be married in New York on our return, but when we discovered we would be there five whole long months, we decided not to wait and we spent our honeymoon making that picture.

"No, Dell isn't in pictures any more. She is a home body and also attends to the business of our little firm of Welsh and Welsh. She has brains as well as beauty and I am mighty lucky to have a little girl like her. Why, I dont even make out the checks," and he laughed, boyishly.

Already owning their pretty bungalow in Hollywood, they have purchased property in the same block with William Hart, Wanda Hawley, William Desmond and Wallace Reid, and are in the throes of house plans. They are to build a home strictly following the Spanish style of architecture, with tile roof and patio, and there is to be a fascinating scheme of landscape gardening.

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

"A dramatic career is a hard one," Niles said, "and I am always reluctant to advise one to enter it, for it means continual sacrifice. Youth and health are the powerful assets, for the camera demands much and you cannot fool it." Above, a portrait; center, another home study; and left, tea in the garden

"We're both quiet in our tastes," he went on, "and Dell has a special talent for home making. When I am working, I find that I must have rest and aside from a dash down to the ocean for a swim and an occasional game of tennis, we stay at home.

"Best of all, I found that Niles and Dell play *together*. This is perhaps the real marital barometer.

"Between pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, that is different. Our greatest sport is camping. We have a trailer for our automobile, with two tents and

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The Romance of Mildred

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

Photograph by Evans

WHEN Mildred Reardon stepped from the elevator in the Hotel Astor, it was like seeing a white petaled, golden-hearted daisy spring to life amid a noisy, hurrying mob of humans. She came straight to me as tho I were labeled "interviewer" and, without a word, literally dragged me thru the crowded lobby to the dining-room, near a fountain which partially screened us from view.

"There are so *many* people," she said—and smiled up at three or four waiters who hovered expectantly near.

When I said that Mildred Reardon was like a white petaled, golden-hearted daisy, I meant it, even at the risk of being sentimental—even mushy. She is that rare type—a brown-eyed blonde. Hair like spun gold, ivory skin, thickly fringed, big brown eyes—and she has the untrameled grace of a wild flower, the naïve unconsciousness of a child. And she didn't talk at all as a would-be star is supposed to do. Her conversation was as inconsequent as that of any young girl over an afternoon tea-table—but underneath the girlish, informal chatter one sensed a steady persistence, an amazing pluck—qualities that will enable this young artist to earn and retain a big success in the very near future.

Mildred Reardon proudly proclaims herself to be a small town girl. She is a native of Ottawa, eighty miles distant from Chicago, to be geographically correct. Her young ambition was to be an artist and when she was sent to art school in Chicago, it was one dream come true. And then, her father died and there was no income. "Just a big, big house that we couldn't eat and I—being young, craved nourishment," she said. Her art studies had not progressed to the point where they could in any way count as an asset, but she had considerable success posing for posters, magazine covers, etc. Finally, her cousin, Mildred Considine, for whom she is named, suggested that Miss Reardon go to a picture studio and apply for a job.

"I went three times before I could get up my courage to go in," she said, "but a director told me to come back next day and bring a pair of pajamas and he would use me in a comedy. I did so, and after having a blackberry pie thrown at my eighteen dollar pajamas and receiving three-fifty for the day's work, I decided I was off pictures for life.

"So I joined the 'Follies of 1918' then playing in Chicago. I was crazy about it and when they left Chicago for New York I came too and began rehearsals for the 'Follies of 1919.' It was my first visit to New

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"And then," blushed Mildred Reardon, "what do you suppose I did. I got married. It was a real romance too, for 'Russ' saw me on the screen about a year ago and fell in love with me—or so he *says*. Did you ever hear of anything more ridiculous? But anyway he followed me in every picture I did—then I met him—and, well, fell in love with *him*"

The Highest Bidder

By
JANET REID

"I'VE had enough of women . . . potential parasites if not damnably active ones."

Horace Ashe surveyed his young friend and vis-à-vis with shrewd appraisement. He sensed hurt rather than vindictiveness in the younger man's impetuous exclamation. The heart was speaking rather than the spleen.

"What's up now?" Ashe asked; "I knew it was a woman when you turned up so unexpectedly. I must admit I did not expect—ah, *Sally*—"

Henry Lester swung his foot. The late sun glinted his finely groomed head, his nervous hands, played on his eyes in which there lingered, reluctant, tenacious, vestiges of dreams . . . "Sally *is* a surprise," he admitted; "rather naïve of me, you're thinking, I suppose Fact of the matter is, Ashe, that my 'story' is so confoundedly like the best short story in every monthly magazine that I'm ashamed of it. Money . . . my father's. Too much of it. That's item one in my present rôle as misanthrope and cynic. Lack of responsibility plus youth. Item two, y' know. Then . . . of course . . . a woman. Hot imagination, all unslaked. No decent absorbing occupation, save the absorbing but indecent one of Self. Enter Mrs. deWitt. Skilled. Adroit. Item three is the fall of the gilded youth. Of course, I fell desperately. *I* would. I raked up all my old sweet beliefs and faiths and ardors and fervors and laid them at the lady's French heels. I forgot my money and, in the greensickness of my youth, I assumed that so had she. We talked marriage, love, cottages, cheese, kisses and children. Ah, the pale folly! And then, (this is the last chapter but one) she jilted me! Threw me down. With my hopes at their apex; my passion at its zenith; my happiness vaulting heaven-high she handed me the go-by to marry Fielder deWitt, estimated as being worth two millions more than your humble servant

"Even then am I original? No. Do I depart from the beaten track of the Best Sellers? No. I get drunk. I maintain a blonde harem. I seek surcease in travels and write recriminations and abominable verse. I wear a blight as one wears a crown, consciously. I wallow. I have a thoroly good time of it, no doubt I fulfil my destiny. Then . . . in the far West I meet A Girl. Sally. You must admit, Ashe, she, too, is the approved type. Sweet . . . my God! Innocent . . . ah, yes! Young . . . deliriously. Poor . . . enough. And there you are! But now, Ashe, now I depart, ever so slightly, from the fictionally blazed trail. I, in fact, deviate. Or rather, Sally does. She doesn't fall on my chest with tears and sobs and swears she loved me since first she saw me displayed on the Sunday supplement. She doesn't call me her dere. Not she. She's in the swim with the best of 'em, Ashe. She's a schemer, not a dreamer. She's for my coin not for my caring. Today today today on board my yacht I

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Goldwyn production based on the story by Maximilian Foster. Directed by Wallace Worsley and starring Madge Kennedy. The cast:—

Sally	Madge Kennedy
Horace Ashe	Joseph Brennan
Butts	Brian Darley
Mrs. Steese	Zelda Sears
Mr. Steese	Roy Applegate
Mawsby	Reginald Mason
Hastings	Vernon Steele
Lester	Lionel Atwill
Fanny de Witt	Virginia Hammond

planned to tell her how dear she seemed to me. I sat and watched her and the absurd thought came to me that I was attaining in merely sitting there and seeing her more than ever I had attained before in all my victories. Incurable, you see, Ashe? Well . . . coming back, I told her of my love. I tried to take her in my arms. My fool heart was pounding like a steam engine. I felt her shiver, Ashe, draw away. There was shudder not surrender. Aversion . . . my God!"

Lester jumped up from his chair, the nerves about his still sensitized mouth twitching. "Incurable," he muttered again, while the elder man watched him, his habitually cynical eyes a trifle more tolerant and infinitely wise. Lester strode over to the rail, and mounted it. "That night I came home," he went on, "and you had the foldered for me down at the old place on the Square . . . you remember? Fannie deWitt was there—and Sally and her Aunt. Sally played an old song I had composed years ago and I remember thinking the old walls were consecrated because her voice rang against them so sweetly and truly. . . . We never learn, do we, Ashe? And then we danced . . . jolly!"

Ashe spoke quietly; "Well, what're you going to do?" he asked, "you've got the crowd up here for a fortnight. Are you going to ship Sally and her little, climbing Aunt (of course, it's the Aunt's game) back again? Are you going to 'make' *Town Topics* and start the Sunday specials again. Fannie deWitt is still hoping, I take it. As soon as she obtains her divorce from deWitt she's going to rebait her trap for you. What are you going to do?"

The younger man gave a sort of grunt. "I'm not going to fall into any trap," he said; "not one set by a young 'un nor yet by an old 'un. I'm going to have a little fun on my own score this trip. I'm going to put a new twist into the Best Sellers. . . . Sit tight, Ashe, and watch me."

A day or two later the house party at Fernclift on Hudson, consisting of Mrs. Steese, her niece Sallie Raeburn, Horace Ashe, Mrs. Fannie deWitt and one or two inconsequential persons who danced and played bridge, was augmented by the arrival of a svelte young man called Jimmie Hastings.

Mrs. deWitt said he was a "love"—and he and Sally danced together divinely. Everybody said so, and Jimmie and Sally seemed to think so, since they spent most of their time in doing it.

He was fabulously wealthy, it seemed. His yacht lay on the river and he drove a stunning Packard.

Mrs. Steese displayed a singular drop of interest in Henry Lester. She was toothsome in the extreme to young Hastings. Her eyes, beaming admiration, followed Sally and Hastings whenever they were in range of her vision. She implored her fellow guests if they weren't "*too* sweet" . . . and if the guests did not always reply in an enthusiastic affirmative their host did. He was lavish in his admiration of the twain. "It will make a splendid match," he averred, with a detached interest.

Mrs. Steese said, with ringed hands, uplifted deploringly; "Oh, Mr. Lester, how can you, now *how* can you? Isn't he just *too* bold!"

Nevertheless, she fiddled another tune to Sally.

After a trip into town one day she came upon Sally on the front veranda.

"I've just seen Steese," she informed the girl in a rather grim stage whisper; "you've got to put one of these men across, Sally Raeburn, I'm getting sick of this shillyshallying as tho you had some right to pick and choose and consult your own heart. You know what's said about sharper than a serpent's tooth are the teeth of an ingrate. . . . No, I'm *not* misquoting. I've always been noted for my memory if for nothing else and my memory doesn't deceive me that I found you, orphaned and all but friendless in a Western one-horse town and saw your possibilities and promised to give you entrée into wealth if you'd annex

"Today . . . today on board my yacht I planned to tell her how dear she seemed to me. I sat and watched her and the absurd thought came to me that I was attaining in merely sitting there and seeing her more than I ever had attained before in all my victories."

some of that wealth and reimburse me for my pains. And what have you done? You've turned down one congressman, two oil magnates, one movie producer besides endless small fry with as high a hand as one bred to the manor born . . . or is it marrow bone? Now, the game's up. Steese is pressing me for money and threatens to come out here and show us up if we dont make a move and that soon. I know Steese. He'll tell your precious Hastings and then you'll lose him. You must bring him to the point, Sally, and that at once. You must."

"I'm getting sick of this shilly-shallying as tho you had some right to pick and choose and consult your own heart. You know what's said about sharper than a serpent's teeth are the teeth of an ingrate . . ."

Sally moved toward the door.

"I'm sorry I ever entered into this horrid mess," she said; "I might better- have starved. . . . I'm . . . I'm doing worse as it is . . . much, much worse . . . I know it now."

Alone in her room, Sally admitted to herself that she loved Henry Lester. She admitted it with a little moan proceeding from her heart. He knew, she knew that he knew, what her intent in his direction had been. He had categoried Aunt Steese and in that category he had placed herself, Sally. . . . It was as plain as plain. He had loved her at first; believed in her. Then . . . he had found out. Cheap, he thought her, cheap and calloused, eager to sell the gifts of her youth and caresses to the highest bidder. Well, he had produced Hastings for her as the highest bidder, and now he was standing by to witness the transaction. He was playing a game with Hastings and with her, even as he knew she and Aunt Steese had planned to play a game with him and with his ducats.

"Oh, I wish he were poor!" the girl moaned; "I wish he were poor and I could go to him . . . to him alone . . ."

Later that evening Hastings proposed marriage and Sally refused him. "I cant," she told him; "I dont know why, but I just cant. Something wont let me."

"Are you sure it isn't some*one*?" Hastings inquired, with a somewhat unpleasant laugh.

"I'm not sure of anything," Sally snapped, and left him standing there.

At the same moment, Lester was discovering that he must have Sally, be her motives in coming to him what they might. He loved her and there was an end to it. He felt that he could make her happy—providing—she hadn't come to love Hastings.

He confided his predicament to Ashe. "I've played her a trick," he said; "I imported this man Hastings from the streets, as it were . . . a gentleman-pauper is Hastings! Offered him a price to pose as one of our foremost millionaires and I'll say he's posed! He knows how I stand on the matter, with Sally, that is, and he's as independent as the next one. Threatens, very subtly, to disclose my little scheme if I fail to give him a free rein with Sally. I'm up against it, Ashe. My little game has reacted against me—a boomerang. That girl wont be happy with that bounder. I feel she could learn to be happy with me. I've got to have her."

"Tell her the truth," suggested the elder man; "it's always the trump card, at that. Probably she wont believe you, but if she loves you, even potentially, it wont matter whether she believes you or not."

"I'll go to the library," Lester said, perceptibly nervous, "will you look her up for me, Ashe, and send her in, there's a good chap. I—damn it all, I suppose she's with Hastings in some secluded spot."

"No doubt," Ashe agreed, rising somewhat heavily; "youth gravitates naturally to secluded spots, or so I dimly recollect."

Ashe found Sally quivering from her refusal of Hastings. The girl was palpably unstrung and unnerved. Ashe seemed elderly and sympathetic, which he was. Sympathy was his natural reaction to beauty in distress. She sobbed out her woes and, having reached years of discretion, Ashe resisted a faint temptation to gather him roses while he might, and sent her in to Lester, pacing the library floor, with sharp staccato steps.

Lester "spilled the beans," as a small vulgarian might have described a thrilling situation. His savoir faire fell

Ashe resisted a faint temptation to gather him roses while he might and sent her to Lester, pacing the library floor with sharp staccato steps

Sally's raw nerves quivered. Her heart was in chaos. Her emotions scuttled wildly. Then she said, stormily

"I've been punished enough. You don't love me—you never did—or you couldn't—you *couldn't* have done this. I *did* love you. You may as well know it, now. I did love you. That's why I held away from you that day you kist me. I couldn't bear to go to you as I wanted to go—with the sham I was acting between us. I didn't care for your money—ever. I don't care for it now. If you didn't have it—oh, if you didn't! But you have. Hastings hasn't. He's like me—he's poor and reviled and an imposter. I'll marry him. We'll go away together and learn to hold up our heads. Your game'll come out all right . . . you'll see! Oh, you must hate me, not love me . . . you . . ."

"Sally . . . please!" Lester stepped out into the hall, but the girl had gone.

Later that evening in his room, while Sally was packing the few things left her to pack, he wrote Mrs. Steese a substantial check to compensate her for her disappointment. "It's much better as it is," he told her; "a man only complicates things. Now you have the money minus the complication."

Mrs. Steese, turned ingénue again, giggled at him. "Oh, Mr. Lester," she said, "you're terrible to me . . . just terrible! How can you?"

Still later, Lester bade good-bye to Ashe and Fannie de Witt. Fannie, it seemed, was going to pay a visit at the home of Ashe. It had become evident, even to her self-soaked sensibilities, that she had lost Lester conclusively when she removed from him the sheen of his early faiths. He was in that most lamentable and hopeless state . . . ignorance of her feminine existence. He revolved about her with the perfunctory courtesy of a host. Nothing more. Absolutely. Fannie had no time to waste in tracking down vague scents. Ashe, now . . . he was getting on . . . if, from the heart of the rose, a few overblown petals were falling who was he to complain? Or to eschew? And then, the Ashe estate was considerable . . . considerable. . . . One must take what one can get . . .

Lester returned to his empty house. How empty the ache in his heart told his as he stepped into the hall.

"Well, Tim," he said to the butler, "alone again."

"Mr. Hastings is still here, sir," the man said.

"I thought he had left with Miss Sally. She said . . she gave me to understand . . ."

"He's in his room, sir, packing. He just sent for me."

Lester made Hastings apartments in two bounds and a run. He found that manufactured millionaire whistling over his considerable luggage, purchased, as it had been, hastily with Lester's money.

"Where is Miss Raeburn?" Lester jerked out the words.

The imposter grinned with his suave impudence.

"She came up and offered to marry me, for reformative purposes," he said; "*mutually* reformative, she said, I admit. But I had since ascertained that dear Sally is penniless and I had the bad grace to refuse and send her about her business. She's gone, my dear fellow, gone . . . about her business."

Lester called him unthinkable names, but he couldn't keep the light from his eyes. She had gone . . . alone. That meant . . .

from him like the ill-adjusted garment it had been, hiding, always inadequately, his bruised illusions. "I'm sorry," he ended; "sorrier than you can ever know, dear Sweetheart. I love you and I want you and I suppose I've lost even my slightest chance of happiness."

During that hour he had had time to sum up how much he wanted her; how little of a misanthrope he really was when it came to a woman, to this one woman. He dispensed with theories then and there. Theories didn't count, couldn't be counted *upon*—damn it, where *was* she? Suppose she had come to harm? Suppose . . . suppose he—didn't—find—her? This brought sweat to his brow and acceleration of speed to his car. He had *got* to find her. It meant—well, it meant all anything *can* mean. It meant the justification of his life. It meant the love he had eschewed and put down as theory. Theory! Bah!

Every new turn in their lives seemed to show him again more sharply how he wanted her.

He didn't want her to talk, at first, until he perceived it was her uppermost need at the time. She had to talk. Misunderstandings, hurts and bruises of the years, the necessities that had acted as spurs deciding her to do the thing she had done; all of this had to be explained to him, to be condoned, to be docketed and ticketed and put away, never again to be disturbed. Hers, he saw, with an added thrill, was a nature of essential truths and frankness. She had started out with the mythical "Aunt," believing she was doing a justifiable thing. Little by little her feet had become immeshed in the nets the older woman was weaving, nets of avarice, graft, even petty blackmail. She was becoming involved, too, in obligations. She had been a child lost in a confusing labyrinth as night was coming on. He felt only pity for her; pity mingled with his tender love.

An hour later, threading the roads leading from Ferncliff to the station, Lester tracked her down. She was carrying a small straw suitcase and she had on a simple gingham dress, Mrs. Steese having removed from her the garments purchased under her tutelage.

Lester caught her in his arms.

"Let's pretend," he choked; "that it's only you and me . . . and life. That there's no money, no impostors, no bad, bad plans and plots, no schemes . . . just dreams, can you, dearest? Pretend it's you . . . and me . . ."

Sally was in his arms. "But 'tisn't, 'pretend,'" she whispered; "it's *real*."

But it was sort of "pretend," because they both lived happily ever after, which, as we all know, is the special province of the fairy tales.

Later that evening, while in her room, Sally was packing the few things left her to pack, he wrote Mrs. Steese a substantial check to compensate her for her disappointment

But it was sort of "pretend," because they both lived happily ever after, which, as we all know, is the special province of the fairy tales

At Dawning - -

"I live and breathe and wake solely for the screen nowadays," said Hope Hampton. "You see, I never thought a thing like this would happen to me. I wasn't a stage child, nor in any sense affiliated with the stage." Left and below, two new portraits

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

THERE are some personalities reminiscent of a medley. There seem to be no distinguishing themes. Hope Hampton is not one of these.

She has the outstanding characteristics of the individual, marking her as apart from the rank and file, from the commonality.

I met her for the first time the other day when, very charmingly, she lunched me at her apartment on the Drive. In writing of various persons, one is given perforce to write largely of their surroundings. Not so with Miss Hampton. Hers is a personality dominating her surroundings, be they ever so charming. One gets on. I remember that she had a small and most mannerly nephew who is wintering with her in New York; a most delectably ordered and served luncheon, and a Pekingese dog entitled Fireworks, and that is sufficient . . .

Immediately, upon meeting, three facts presented themselves to me quite apart from my own volition, which was in a state of passive receptivity to impressions, be they what they might . . .

Somewhere Stevenson has made mention of "first things" . . . the first sunset ever seen on the South Pacific seas . . . the first glimpse of the Taj Mahal when it is scarlet-gilded by the Eastern sun . . . a first kiss . . . a first love . . . all dawning, lovely things . . .

In such a state of pristine desirability is Miss Hampton.

She stands with eager and expectant feet at the tip of the top of the rainbow, at the end of which is the Pot of Gold, and she has for equipment along the way, irradiate youth, spontaneity, enthusiasm, a fine sense of drama, a keen sensibility, superlative photographic qualities and such natural graces of mind and body as would send the mythical Three Graces to cover, for very fear of their long credited laurels.

As she took my hand in greeting, I thought: "She is beautiful." Then I thought, "But so are many others. Beauty is a matter of cuticle, and we are used to cuticle. There is something beyond mere beauty here. What is it?" Almost at once the answer came to me, in duplex form; "She is excessively feminine. She is the *most* feminine woman I recall meeting. And secondly, she is close, still close, to the fundamentals of life and of living. She has not lost the natural impulses and impressions. She is in touch with

By
GLADYS HALL

the animating fount at the sources of existence, where in the Beginning, Man drank the living waters before super-artificiality laid layer upon layer over the essentials and produced us, as so many of us are, a hybrid race, befuddled and confused.

There is nothing confused about Miss Hampton. She has none of the average person's petty fears; petty doubts, petty complications. There is something clean-cut and fine about her. Hers is a *chiseled personality*.

I found, upon better acquaintance, and better acquaintance with Miss Hampton develops as rapidly as delightfully, because she is warmly and at once *herself*, and one can but respond in kind, that just as clearly as I had divined these qualities just as clearly does Miss Hampton possess them.

She is superlatively feminine.

Because: Your truly feminine woman is best known by her little idiosyncrasies, her little foolish fads and foibles. Miss Hampton has these. One is seldom loved most greatly for the great and good that is in one. One is loved for the little endearing characteristics springing, so our modern psychologists tell us, from the aforesaid great and good. A paradox, but so is life a paradox, and we are but the manifold expressions of a universal life.

Photograph by Ira L. A

Photograph Central News Photo Service

"How about sacrificing beauty to ugly make-up?" I asked Miss Hampton, but she was unshakable. "I want to create," she said. "There is distortion in the world as well as form and color. Creation is all-embracing and not single-tracked." Above, another new portrait, and left, an informal photograph taken in her apartment

The first principle of femininity is love of fine feathers. Miss Hampton loves them. What is more she has a natural gift of selection and a still more natural grace of wearing. She never deliberately shops. She leaves her shopping to chance. Most of the good things, she believes, "just happen," and so, while riding in her car, a gown, a hat, a wrap, one or more of these things will suddenly leap out and catch her eye from a shop window and, unerringly, she will know it for her own. The deed is done.

"Shopping as most women know it," Miss Hampton explained to me; "is probably one of our best

(*Continued on page* 112)

Squaring the Round Hole

Photography Wm. Haxey, L. A.

"The family," he said, "thought I was lazy and a plain failure and when I look back on it all now I guess I did seem pretty hopeless"

IT takes a certain courage to seek unceasingly that nook in the world of things for which you are fitted—and those lacking this courage dedicate their life and their energies to building for themselves failure, square pegs in the proverbial round hole.

Ward Crane is, undoubtedly, endowed with this courage abundantly. Had it been with him a negative quantity he would not be known to the silversheet today—rather he would be plodding wearingly along in a railroad office in Albany.

It was in his suite at the Algonquin, one of the hotels visited by those of the theatrical realm, that I talked with him. He had just returned from California and was busily at work with Billie Burke on "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." But ten minutes before he had returned from the studios and I was forced to utilize, interviewing, to the maximum the short time between his return and a dinner engagement. As a matter of fact, his telephone rang imperiously several times and even with his replies more or less veiled, I could not help but know that friends were waiting for him to join their festive board. However, there is one thing which every interviewer learns at the outset and that is to stick to the guns, so to speak. Telephone calls to the contrary, I stuck—finding time, while he talked and promised an early arrival, to take a mental inventory of the reception room in which we were sitting. It was a typical man's dwelling. Leaning chummily against the floor lamp was his golf bag, filled with sticks; magazines and newspapers lay about on the reading table and his writing desk was littered with letters, most of them of the fan variety I gathered. Upon the mantle-piece smiled two autographed pictures, one of Anita Stewart with whom he appeared in "The Yellow Typhoon" and "Harriet and the Piper" and Mildred Harris Chaplin, both of whom he pronounces "mighty fine girls." Flanking these photographs were two deadly looking shells, probably mementos of the months he spent in the naval service. And to the very masculinity of it all there was something pertinent to the man himself—I doubt if the chamber-maid ventures to move so much as a paper when she cleans. Every once in a while, man-fashion, he probably is seized with a cleaning streak. Then the papers and magazines are whisked away; the room ceases to be the livable place it then did and he searches in vain for any article he desires.

Thus I surmised as he finished 'phoning.

"You know," he volunteered, "this is my first interview

By
BETSY BRUCE

and I dont know just the proper attitude to adopt. I'm not an especially interesting sort—my father had a railroad job in Albany when I was a kid and when I was old enough to start out for myself they offered me a place in the offices. I took it but didn't keep it long. The family"—he smiled reminiscently—"they thought I was lazy and a plain failure, and they hinted openly that they hoped I'd land something as good. Looking back on it all now, I can feel sorry for my family, for I guess I did appear pretty hopeless. After that I took several jobs.

"The trouble was," he went on, "that I had made up my mind to have my own car, a decent bank account and several other things not in line with the salaries I could hope to win. The first thing I'd do when I went to a new place (and that was darn often, believe me) was to look at the boss. I knew with luck smiling upon me that his place was the best I could achieve for myself there. I wish," he said, "you could have seen some of my former employers. You wouldn't have blamed me for quitting.

"I'm like every other flitter, I

Photograph by Vitagraph

Quite capable of successfully playing leading rôles, he has shown a decided preference for character work—that in itself holds a broad hint of promise. Above, a new portrait and, left, with Anita Stewart in "Harriet and the Piper"

eventually landed in politics and no matter what I do, I'll never find anything more fascinating, I know. My political career was an eventful one. I was confidential secretary to Sulzer before he was impeached. Politics pleased me and I'd probably be in them yet had it not been for the war."

Again the telephone——

But there was more to his story and I determined to wait. An *interview* is an *interview*.

There are some people who go their way, doing what they do because they wish to do it and without consideration for others' feelings in any matter. Ward Crane is not that sort. It took a great courage for him to do things

(Continued on page 105)

Unchanging

By
GLADYS HALL

THE following talk with Mr. Harron took place a fortnight before his death. In the sad pause immediately subsequent I felt, perhaps, that I should rewrite it, delete it, leave it unpublished altogether or, at least, apologize for it. The great and good in Bobbie seemed to stand forth so clearly, so luminously, that I felt it an intrusion to write thus trivially of so profound a subject. And then, remembering him as I do remember him, whimsical, humorous, boyish, oh, so human, I felt that he would wish it to stand as it was written and felt and lived—just as it happened on that sunshiny day of inconsequential talk and happy, light impressions. I felt that he would prefer it without ornamentation, simply as it occurred.

For the great fact of Bobbie Harron was, is, shall always be, his great sincerity. From his candid brow and thoughtful eyes; from the deeply memorable simplicity of his screen work; from his kindly voice and earnest handshake, it stands forth, and will stand, never tarnished, never faltering, never dimmed. Where many things were cheap, he never was. Where many stooped to false standards, he stood erect. With trust and faith and cleanliness he kept unswerving tryst . . .

* * * * * * *

It was a midsummery midsummer day and the M. E. (Managing Editor) and I entrained for the Griffith Studio to snare who might be snared. We were indolent but interrogative. Arrived at the Mamaroneck station the 'bus met us and we jogged hugely to the point on the Sound, stopping en route for the corpulent Griffith mail.

There were puffs of salt wind, considerable play of sun and shade and all the scents of summer. A day for ambling byways of conversation; for little interludes of inconsequential talk. The inconsequential may be immensely re-

(*Cont'd on page* 116)

For the great fact of Bobbie Harron was, is, shall always be, his great sincerity . . . Where many things were cheap, he never was. Where many stooped to false standards, he stood erect. With trust and faith and cleanliness he kept unswerving tryst . . . Left, a new portrait study, and below, with June Walker in a scene from his first starring venture, "Coincidence"

That's Out

By TAMAR LANE

Photograph by International

OUR idea of an optimist is a man who pays good money to see "Help Yourself" and then figures it was worth the price of admission because of the good sleep he had.

Speaking of sleep, Fox recently presented a new film in New York, entitled "While New York Sleeps." After the showing it was resolved by many that a more fitting title would be "Why New York Sleeps."

A film company on the Coast has been forced to call a halt in its production of the screen version of "Hamlet." The director has so far been unable to think of any way to bring on the bathing girls.

Because of the Prohibition Act, the motion picture adaptation of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" has been changed to "Ten Minutes in a Drug-store." The entire action takes place behind the counter.

Apparently, the favorite sport of movie heroes and villains is to kiss the fair heroine on the hand. Whether this is good or bad taste is a question for Hoyle, but in real life it isn't being done, doncher know. It isn't being done.

What has become of the Wolf of Wall Street who used to hold such a conspicuous place on the screen? But the landlady-who-wants-the-rent is still with us.

Neal O'Hara says that the bathing girl studio is one place where the imagination is not stretched half so much as the one-piece bathing suits.

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE PUZZLES

Why individuals fall to the ground, in the movies, when they're only shot in the elbow.

Another example of the old saying, "His face is his fortune."—Will Rogers.

FOOLISH QUESTION NO. 000

Why are all villains dark? Why not have a blond do the dirty-work for a change?

In the scenario writing game the first 4,000 feet are the hardest. Then comes the same old final fade-out that was all the rage when Griffith used to direct little Mary in one reelers.

It begins to look as tho Henry Ford did a great thing for the slapstick comedians when he invented the flivver. What comedy would be complete without one.

WHY NOT?

Mildred Harris in "Dont Ever Marry."
Charlie Chaplin in "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

A new actress by the name of Faith Hope has made her bow on the screen with Pathe. The public is probably expected to supply the Charity.

A telephone booth is the only place where you get more for your money than at a movie. You simply put in a nickle and then you can stay there for the rest of the day.

In the movies it only takes about three seconds to get a number, and the lines are never "busy." How do they do it?

The best way to be sure that the photoplay is advancing is to see some of the reissues of the plays we used to think were good.

Miss Ibsen

By
GRACE LAMB

Photograph by Hurrell Angeles, Cal.

"I have come to the conclusion," smiled Winifred Westover, "that one has to step aside from the beaten track, has to attempt and achieve the unusual in one form or another before the Great American Public will actually and enthusiastically 'fall.'" Above, a new portrait, center and below, two scenes from her first Swedish production, "The Smile That Was Found Again"

PROBABLY we shall never know the precise physical types Ibsen had in mind when he created for us the immortal figures of Nora, of Hilda Wangel, Hedda Gabler, Regina and the tragic introspective, strangely vital others. Over here in America we are prone to think of them all largely in lineaments of Nazimova, who interpreted so many of them for us. Over in Sweden, Thora Holm, writer, editor (of motion picture publications, women's magazines, etc.) thinks rather differently—in conjunction with the producing company. She has selected to portray the Ibsen characters, Winifred Westover, of Swedish extraction but American birth and breeding—and an English father. Miss Westover, affirms Miss Holm, is the perfect Swedish type of which there are amazingly few survivals.

The perfect Swedish type, then, as beheld by me in the Hotel Pennsylvania, on the day of Miss Westover's departure has a pallor of skin, pale gold hair, round contour of face, wide apart, very fairy eyes and a strongly knit, moderately propor-

tioned figure. "I am afraid," said Miss Westover, "to touch either powder, lip stick or any of the feminine foibles, for fear of giving my really naturally blonde hair an artificial aspect. I used to *despise* being so blonde for that very reason—one gets so little credit for its being God-given."

"Tell me," I said, "how you happened to be the one of all others . . . and where you are going to live . . . and how long you are going to stay . . . and just what you are going to do . . . and then (this I added magnanimously, and in view of the fact that it was then high noon and Miss Westover and her mother were sailing at two) *then*," I added, "I shall let you go . . ."

Miss Westover has a jolly smile and a real humanness. Else, how, no matter how true-to-Swedish-type could she attempt the difficult portrayals of Ibsen and his contemporaries.

"Miss Holm was traveling here," she told me, with the ready obligingness characteristic of her manner, "in a general sense, but also to find, if she could, the true Swedish type, with, if possible, some slight following in this country. She was, she tells me, just about in despair when she arrived in Los Angeles. There she met Mr. Hart (W. S.), told him of her quest, and he spoke of me. She came to see me that very evening and told me at once that I was the one person she was looking for. She asked me not

(*Continued on page* 110)

Be sure the movies will find your fame out. Katrinka, long popular in the comic sections, has, like all noted people, come to the cinema. She is to make her début soon in the first of a series of comedies produced by the Detzwood Film Company

Katrinka of the Cinema

Wilma Wild, alias Katrinka, is the Amazonian figure in the illustrative photographs. Miss Wild was chosen in preference to many others, and it is said that she gives an excellent portrayal of the "Queen of the Swedes"

Across the Silversheet

New Cinema Offerings in Review

Top, Charles Ray in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," in which he makes the best of a rôle, not especially suited to him; center, Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion," a weak story which is more pathetic than funny, and bottom, Dorothy Dalton in "Half an Hour," in which she does very attractive work

THE last month has brought to the silversheet the latest endeavor of that standard-bearer of cinema artistry, D. W. Griffith, in that it has witnessed the première of "Way Down East," which Mr. Griffith himself describes as "a simple story of plain people."

The "Way Down East" of the screen is an elaboration of the "Way Down East" which has played on the stage for years, in that the heroine, little Anna Moore, goes to the city to visit her wealthy relatives and it is while there that she becomes the innocent bride of a mock marriage.

The remainder of the story tells of her learning of the falsity of her marriage, as she is about to become a mother. When her baby dies she goes to work in an adjoining village where the soon comes to love the son of the house, David Bartlett. He returns her affection, but, always thinking of the mark which the past has left upon her, she will not marry him.

By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

Mr. Griffith that which is unpleasant is sketched in pastel tones; never flagrant, never obtruding but always effective.

Too, the photography makes the offering a series of exquisite pictures which are in several instances beautifully tinted.

The cast which includes Richard Barthelmess, Mary Hay, Creighton Hale, Lowell Sherman, Burr McIntosh, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Kate Bruce and other capable players is well chosen but to Lillian Gish goes the major portion of the honors. She is a new Lillian, offering a portrayal which will stand foremost among the characterizations of the screen. As little Anna Moore she finds a wide range for her emotions, playing every scene in the right key, at the right tempo. She is, undoubtedly, a great artist.

The producers are quite right when they term this latest brain-child of the great Griffith an epic.

Above, Lillian Gish and Dick Barthelmess in "Way Down East," the new Griffith offering, which is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the melodrama that the screen has ever witnessed; center, Katherine MacDonald in "The Notorious Miss Lisle," which is a well-told story with suspense maintained thruout, and below, Thomas Meighan and Martha Mansfield in "Civilian Clothes," in which the genial Thomas again battles

WHAT WOMEN LOVE—FIRST NATIONAL

As might be expected when Annette Kellermann is starred, "What Women Love" is a story laid, for the most part, on top of and under the briny deep with the Woman Beautiful exhibiting her prowess at swimming and diving.

The story tells of James King Cotton, who is a first-class reformer, reforming everything he can lay his hands on except, as a matter of fact, his daughter, who constantly indulges in the immodest bathing suit, against which he has waged a crusade. The newspapers, of course, take great delight in photographing daughter as she disports herself about the sands. Because of this state of affairs, father in all his reformer dignity accepts the invitation of Willie St. John, a suitor for daughter's hand, and the family *in toto* embark aboard Willie's yacht for Hawaii. Now, somewhere in the lovelorn columns, Willie has read that women love the caveman and Willie has heretofore suggested anything but the caveman. Resolving to change his tactics, he tells father that he is going to kidnap daughter and this he proceeds to do while father, with visions of daughter married and settled down so that he may reform in peace, makes no attempt to stop him. But alas for Willie's plans. He finds that the captain of the kidnapping sloop has designs upon the girl and worse yet

(*Continued on page* 119)

California Chatter

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Above, Mildred Harris Chaplin snapped while on location; right, Bebe Daniels resting between the scenes of her new Realart picture, and bottom, Marjorie Daw proves one of the attractions when Annapolis visits California

MONTHS ago that snappy little restaurant and cabaret in Los Angeles named Levy's was the Mecca of the headliners in cinema society. Today its dusty and cobwebby doors are covered with worn signs of an auction of its effects, which has become history.

The dry law was to blame for Levy's failure to continue to please the plutocrats of the film world. Today they seek a more expensive palace in which to partake of their evening meal and indulge in a perfectly proper fox-trot.

Marcell's is now the place to dine if you wish to see just what your favorite star looks like in flesh and blood. The other evening I had the pleasure of dining at the table next to the one occupied by Bill Hart and his sister, Miss Mary Hart. They were quite enthusiastic over their new home on the outskirts of Hollywood, but like all true home lovers, they were taking an evening's rest from the rigors of housekeeping.

Big Bill told me he had been hit again on the jaw in a fight for his new picture. He said he didn't mind getting hit, he was used to that, but he objected to getting hit in the same place every time he staged a fight, as he put the value of his own teeth far above those supplied by the dentist.

After dinner, he and his sister departed for a movie. This is their regular evening routine.

It seems to me that Mr. Hart is looking more vigorous and handsome than ever, and I still think that my phrase, "a priest with a punch," is the most apt description ever coined to fit this noble portrayer of Western rôles.

Another Big Bill was at Marcell's that evening, no other than William Russell. That old, old phrase, "he is better looking off the screen than on," must be taken out of its moth-balls and used once more to describe Mr. Russell. And, incidentally, he *can* dance!

Speaking of dances, Sunset Inn at Santa Monica was the scene, recently, of one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. The arrangements were in the capable hands of Tom Mix. The most distinguished men and women of the film world were present, and the place was ablaze with gorgeous gowns and magnificent jewels. Pauline Stark and Jackie White won the silver cup for being the best dancers. Among those present were: Phyllis Haver, wearing black velvet; Shirley Mason, in a Collins model of blue duvetyn and monkey fur; Viola Dana, in a Collins model of black velvet and silver; "Wid" Gunning, Lottie Pickford, in black lace; Alice Lake, in white lace over satin; Mona Lisa, Eileen Percy, Allan Dwan, Harold Lloyd, Frank Keenan, Mary Thurman, Buster Keaton, Allan Holubar, Dorothy Phillips, James Kirkwood, George Beban, Seena Owen and many others.

Everytime we meet, Cecil de Mille and I argue over married life, and when we have finished he always says:

"You are only arguing against yourself, for you believe the same as I . . . You know you do."

The Cutex Traveling Set
$1.50

Contains just what you need to keep your nails beautifully manicured—in a compact, convenient case that does away with awkward carrying. Cutex Nail White, to whiten gleaming with manicure shears and file; Cutex Cuticle Remover (Cutex) to put your tools the instrument gently.

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This is the Cutex set of a thousand uses. Inside a [illegible] *case are* [illegible] *Cutex Nail Whitener, Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail Preparation, Cutex Polish, Cutex Cold Cream, emery board, orange stick, absorbent cotton, and* [illegible] *The whole* [illegible] *fits into a convenient* [illegible] *case. Introductory size of three sets sent* [illegible]

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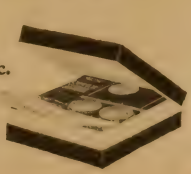

Top, Blanche Sweet turns the tables and photographs her cameraman; left, Louise Glaum believes in comfort always, even when some scenes call for a desert as location: and below, Mabel Normand and her director of "What Happened to Rosa," on the inside looking out

given copies of his scenario to study and are supposed to be in attendance every day to watch him take the scenes. In this way they learn the practical rudiments of the game. When the present picture, which, by the way, is called "Forbidden Fruit," is finished, Mr. de Mille will give them each a scenario to write, and the authors of those that prove successful will be employed at a good salary.

Julia Faye is considered one of the most clever actresses at the Lasky studio and, it is said, would have been elevated to stardom long ago if she had only possessed a little more beauty. She is a very young girl, quite small and chic looking. They say she will develop into a great character actress when she "grows up."

I was chatting with Tommy Meighan the other day between scenes for his latest starring picture, "Easy Street." He told me of an interesting experience he had some years ago while touring this country in the "speakies" with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm." In some small town, a young writer came out with this criticism, "Mr. Meighan makes love like a pig." You can judge for yourself how unjust and ridiculous this was. That night at a fashionable club where Mr. Meighan was the guest of honor he was introduced to the critic, "Mr. So and So?" inquired Tommy to be sure he heard aright.

"Yes, sir," replied the offender.

"I'm *so* glad to meet you," said Mr. Meighan, grasping the little fellow's hand and crushing it in his powerful clasp.

"I bet it was a long time before he wrote another horrid criticism," laughed Meighan.

Somehow I cant help regretting that Tom Forman has entirely given up acting for directing. Every time I see him he seems to have grown more handsome. But he is as happy as a lark in his present occupation. His latest company besides the star, Tom Meighan, includes Lila Lee and Gladys George.

Colleen Moore is the latest of the younger players to come into her own. She has signed a long-term contract to be featured (*Cont'd on page* 113)

The last time I saw him it seemed as if everything had gone wrong. The players were tired from an all night session at work, the camera kept getting out of order, the divan wasn't high high enough for Agnes Ayres to sink into gracefully. Cecil himself was frankly on edge, but toning himself to work.

"Why dont you call a vacation today," I asked, "and start work tomorrow when you all feel like it?"

"That," said Mr. de Mille, "is precisely what our external independent contemporaries are doing, 'working when the spirit moves,' but after a while the 'spirit' moves less and less frequently until finally they never feel like work. One cant give in to temperament or it gets the better of one. Besides I have a schedule to meet." Turning to the stage carpenters:

"Where are those blocks of wood (to heighten the divan)? Good Lord, they are saving twenty-seven cents worth of wood and wasting hundreds in our time!"

Mr. de Mille has inaugurated a very interesting experiment. He maintains that there is a great shortage of expert versatility. So he is paying a weekly wage to five aspirants, giving them tuition for their living expenses. They are

How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your face look oily before going out. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out and your skin will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

To make the powder stay on all evening, apply a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of *staying* tired.

Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can use your complexion cream treatment at a moment's notice. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh-hour freshening it gives your skin

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's *Cold* Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Every normal skin needs both these creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

One little bedtime duty you must not forget if you care about a clear complexion is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

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Please send me, free, the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 50c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A 50c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one with no oil at all

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Rosemary Theby has signed a contract with J. Lincoln Miller whereby she will make four productions a year and will have the distinction of appearing in at least one of the plays of George Bernard Shaw's.

Fritz Leiber, well-known actor of Shakespearean rôles, supports Vivian Martin in her first Kendall production "Song of the Soul."

Wilfred North, well-known director and production manager for Eastern Vitagraph, has assumed the position of production manager at the western Vitagraph studio in Hollywood.

Diana Allen, a blonde Swedish maiden who deserted the Century Roof, the "Follies" and the "Frolic" for the screen plays the leading feminine rôle opposite Monte Blue in the screen version of "The Kentuckians."

Georgie Stone, one of filmdom's best known youthful prodigies, will cause his next screen appearance in "The Scoffer," an Allan Dwan production. Georgie has been absent from the screen a year, during which time he has been studying under the direction of private tutors.

A new screen personality will be presented to the public in **Madge Bellamy** who will support Douglas MacLean in "One A Minute."

Rod La Rocque who is playing a principal part in the George Fitzmaurice production "Money Mad," is also playing a leading rôle with Alice Brady in a Broadway production titled "Anna Ascends."

Following his work in "New York Sheeps," **Henry Sothern**, nephew of E. H. Sothern, has been placed under a long-term contract with the William Fox.

Alma Tell is playing a leading rôle in the George Fitzmaurice production "Money Mad," starring Dorothy Dickson.

Doris May will portray the feminine sensation rôle opposite Lawrence Leslie in the Thomas Dixon special "The Bronze Bell." The story is by Joseph Louis Tracy.

Minta Durfee (Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle) is being featured in a series of two-reel comedies produced by Truart Pictures.

Frances Conrad will play leads opposite Chester Conklin in two-reel comedies for Special Pictures.

After a performance of "Little Dorrit," on the London stage, **Bryant Washburn** was restrained with difficulty from selling out the footlights because he saw in Joan Morgan the very type of blonde beauty for which he had been searching. The heroine was secured later, however, and she is now playing opposite Mr. Washburn in his first picture over here.

Anita Stewart, who had been spending the summer at her Long Island home, is making one picture in the East before returning to the Coast.

Madge Kennedy returns to the speaking stage this season under the management of Henry W. Savage as the star of a new play by Dorothy Mitchell entitled "Cornered."

Mildred Harris Chaplin's next picture for First National, a screen adaptation of Thomas Edgelow's story "Playthings of Desire," is being made in New York. This will be Mrs. Chaplin's first work in the East.

Montagu Love does not believe in all work and no play. He is taking a "See America First" trip before starting work on his next picture.

Betty Blythe will appear as the Queen of Sheba in a Fox production which bids fair to supersede "Cleopatra" in spectacular effects.

"What Every Woman Knows," Sir James Barrie's play in which Maude Adams achieved one of the successes of her stage career is to be produced for the screen by Paramount.

Maxwell Karger, the director general of Metro's New York studio, will devote his entire time for the ensuing year to the making of five Maxwell Karger specials starring Bert Lytell.

Donald Crisp, director of Paramount pictures, is in England to do a series of pictures at the new London studio of Famous Players-Lasky, which will be released as "Donald Crisp All-British Productions."

Mr. and Mrs. **J. Stuart Blackton** have been vacationing in England. Commodore and Mrs. Blackton sailed with Sir Thomas Lipton and his party and after arriving in England visited Sir Thomas at his country place at Southgate, Sussex.

Helen Ferguson is working on a new Fox thriller that has the working title "Bimbo."

Olive Thomas whose death in Paris shocked the film world recently was insured for $1,000,000. The same doctor who attended her at her death gave her a health O. K. only three weeks before she sailed for Europe.

After a flying visit to New York, **Nazimova** has returned to the Coast to begin work in the screen version of "Aphrodite."

Elinor Fair who plays one of the leading rôles in "Kismet" with Otis Skinner is supporting Eugene O'Brien in his latest picture "Body and Soul."

Alice Brady's latest picture "The New York Idea," is said to be a satire on New York society. The production was directed by Herbert Blache.

Marguerite Namara who appears in "Stolen Moments," will, it is reported, continue the making of photoplays in conjunction with her concert and operatic work the coming season.

Lois Weber, première woman director of the screen, announces a contract with Paramount-Artcraft Corporation to produce four super-specials, two of which are original stories from Miss Weber's pen.

Clarence L. Brown, Maurice Tourneur's protégé, who directed "The Great Redeemer," has been given a three-year's contract and will make pictures under Tourneur's personal supervision.

Photograph by Jack Freulich

KATHLEEN KIRKHAM

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

The ULTONA
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The TONE AMPLIFIER
WITH GRILL REMOVED

Brunswick could do no less

than offer a superior phonograph

WHILE the Brunswick Phonograph has won its great prestige because of its many advancements, it has likewise won its place because of the confidence of the people in the house of Brunswick, a concern known for nearly a century in American industry.

For such a concern, with its heritage of experience, to produce an ordinary phonograph was unthinkable!

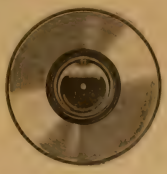
In the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are included some of the epoch-making improvements that have won fresh applause for phonographic music. This method has brought an instrument which the most critical prefer.

The Brunswick has taught people that all phonographs are not alike. Tone quality has become a new issue.

To obtain real and lasting satisfaction, make comparisons. Hear this remarkable Brunswick. Become acquainted with its superior tone and its overwhelming advantages. See if you agree that it brings finer tone.

Remember that The Brunswick plays every make of record better. Ask to see how our all-record reproducer, the Ultona, does it. Hear how it brings out every beauty of a record.

Visit a Brunswick dealer, ask for a demonstration. Then judge the tone, also the finer cabinet work for which Brunswick has long been famous. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, which can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.



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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Garett Hughes, one of the promising young leading men of the screen and stage, has been signed for a term of years by Metro Pictures with the status of a featured player.

Nazimova made a personal appearance on the stage recently for the first time in two years at a special review of her production "Madame Peacock." Nazimova was the center of ceremonies at this event to which the Hollywood film company was invited, the proceeds being donated to the family of Eugene Gaudio who died not long ago and who at one time served as photographer for the great Russian actress.

Edmund Lowe who plays an important part in "The Devil," starring George Arliss, is also rehearsing in a new stage play that will be seen on Broadway in the near future.

[illegible] per cent of the profits of "The Skywayman," the great [illegible] of the air in which Lt. [illegible] Luckner appears as the star, is to be given by William [illegible] the producer, to the families of the late and his pilot, Lt. Millington Miller.

Antonio Moreno, who is directing "The Veiled Mystery," the serial in which he is starred, says that Antonio Moreno, the star, will have to perform more hazardous feats than he ever did under any other director and that Antonio Moreno, the director, will be heartless in his treatment of the star if orders are disobeyed.

King Vidor's first production to be filmed in his recently completed Hollywood studio is "The Sky Pilot," Ralph Connor's big novel of the Canadian foothills.

House Peters and **Florence Vidor** are playing the leading roles in "The Magic Life," a Thomas Ince production.

Corinne Griffith has returned from an extensive trip including Toronto, Canada, and Texas, her native state and has commenced production on a new picture, again under the direction of [illegible] Sargent.

Jean Paige came East for a [illegible] following the completion of "Hidden Dangers," returning to the Coast to play an important [illegible] in the screen version of the famous classic "Black Beauty."

Charles Ray has bought the motion picture rights of Charles Van Loan's [illegible] story "Scrap Iron," for the next picture in which [illegible] will be starred.

Virginia Fox will hereafter appear as leading woman for Bryant Washburn, the merry comedian who never smiles.

Florence Turner has affixed her signature to a contract [illegible] a member of Metro's west coast studios.

Theresa Meighan has commuted again from Los Angeles to New York to do another picture.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet and dramatist has [illegible] his first original motion picture scenario which [illegible] from the working title of "The Power of Gold."

Dorothy Gish who suffered a nervous breakdown upon her return from Europe has gone West for a prolonged rest.

Bessie Love's many admirers will be interested to know that she is to publish a book of tales written by herself known as "Bessie Love's Good Night Stories."

It is rumored that **Ann Forrest** is to play a leading rôle in William de Mille's production of "Peter Pan," but whether as Peter or Wendy is not as yet known.

Sylvia Breamer is East again and is being featured in "The Devil," with George Arliss.

Blanche McGarity, who came North to play the leading feminine rôle in Eugene V. Brewster's five-reel production "Love's Redemption," has returned to her home in Texas.

© Photograph by Hixon Connelly

WALLACE REID

Lucille Langhanke, one of the Fame and Fortune Girls of 1919, has been made a member of the Famous Players stock company. Miss Langhanke will be known to the film world as Mary Astor.

"Fanny Herself," one of Edna Ferber's best-known stories, has been purchased by Universal who promise to treat the story as a "super-production."

Tom Moore has a large film vault in which he is storing pictures, not of himself but of his small daughter, Alice, from the time she played with a rattle to her present story book stage.

Madeleine Lubette is the latest Ziegfeld beauty to go into motion pictures. She appears in Robert Chamber's "Cardigan."

Eileen Sedgwick, it is said, wore half a million dollars worth of sparkling diamonds at Universal City for three days recently, to live up to her part in "The Queen of Diamonds."

Miriam Batista, the youngster whose work brought forth much favorable comment in "Humoresque," is seen in support of Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress."

When **Constance** and **Norma Talmadge** returned from Europe they hardly recognized their New York studio, which, during their absence had been renovated and enlarged, Joseph Schenck having leased for a term of years the Oliver film studio adjoining the Talmadge quarters.

Metro pictures have loaned **Gareth Hughes,** their newest male featured player, to Famous Players Company to enact the rôle of Tommy in a picturization of J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy."

Lois Wilson will create for the screen the rôle made famous by Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows."

Henry B. Walthall has deserted the pictures for a season on the stage in the Ibsen play "Ghosts."

After an absence of more than a year **Cleo Madison** comes back to the screen in Metro's picturization of "White Ashes," Luther Reed's villainless drama.

Several of the interior scenes of the screen version of "Fine Feathers," were made at **Billie Burke's** country home which is one of the show places at Hastings-On-The-Hudson.

Keep the Luster

on your teeth—there's now a way

You know how teeth shine — how clean they feel—after vigorous dental cleaning. He removes the film which makes teeth dingy.

There is now a way to every day combat that film. Millions enjoy its benefits. And a ten-day test will be sent you for the asking.

The film does this:

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways leaves much of it intact. And millions of teeth are wrecked by it.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You must combat it

To save teeth and to keep them white one must combat that film. Dental science has for years been seeking ways to do it.

Now efficient methods have been found. Careful tests have proved them beyond question. And leading dentists everywhere are urging their daily use.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And desired results are now attained twice daily by its use.

Acts in five ways

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere. Pepsin is another ingredient.

The object is to combat film daily, also its baneful effects. And to multiply the natural tooth protectors.

You'll see and feel

You'll see and feel these good effects and quickly know that Pepsodent is doing what nothing else has done.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Let the clear results show what this method means to you and yours.

Millions of teeth now glisten

Millions already use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere in cleaner, whiter teeth. See them on your own teeth and judge their good effects. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The 'New-Day' Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, bringing five desired effects. Approved by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

518

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 999, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clear mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind and courteous thru all the hours; to approach the night with the weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done; this is how I desire to use wisely my days.—Thomas Dewitt.

Tommy W.—Never mind about that beard of mine. You think there is field for a lawn mower? Nay, nay, Tommy; I'll need that drapery this cold winter. You will see Lionel Barrymore in "The Truth About Husbands." Some women think there is no truth about them. I can give out no facts yet about "Ramon the Sailmaker."

Gladys U. U.—Douglas MacLean was born in Philadelphia, has brown hair and brown eyes, and weighs 145. I couldn't tell you whether his father is a minister. That wont make him any better. Thomas Meighan's latest is "The Frontier of the Stars." Frank Mayo and Beatrice Burnham in "Hitchin' Posts." You're very welcome.

Movies Pictures.—Thanks for the fee. Rapid Transit. I notice your stationery contains a picture of an auto truck. That's driving it home all right. You'll see Vivian Martin very soon now. That's all right, you can write to me as if I were Santa Claus, and what's more, I look like his brother. You're not taking my time—I am getting paid to give it to you.

Gloria P.—Sawfully sweet of you, old man, to send me that bag of sugar. Now I can have sugar on my bread. Yes, I saw Charlie Ray in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Charlie is always good, and I liked him in this. His next picture will be "Scrap Iron" from a short story. Antonio Moreno is directing now.

S. E. C.—Are you D. E. F.? What is Mary Miles Minter's middle name? Ye Gods, man, dont ask such difficult questions. The words of "Annie Laurie" were written by William Douglas, a Scotchman, born about 1672.

Vera Tomas.—Why, certainly, a man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weeds for her. Earle Williams in "The Purple Cipher." Mabel Normand in "What Happened to Rosa." How do I know whether Mary Pickford keeps up supporting the Catholic Charities since she left the Church. I dont want to bring religion into this department. Yes, Gloria Swanson is married. Yes, what month and date? No, I am not sarcastic.

Our Darrin.—How's things down yonder? That's good stuff you are rattling off. Come again.

Lucy and Jill.—Yes, I am sorry indeed to report the death of one of the most beloved boys of the screen, Robert Harron. He was a prince of a chap, and was loved by everybody. He accidentally shot himself and died September 5th of the bullet wound. It is true that Wallace Reid plays a saxophone.

Dusty R. T.—That's quite a joke, but I couldn't tell it here. Naw, naw! Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption." May Allison and Wallace MacDonald in "Are All Men Alike." You say that the fact that a man's word is at a discount is no indication that his note will be discounted in a bank. Ha, ha, ha, he, he! and likewise ho, ho! You make me laff. Write me again when you have nothing better to do.

Bessie N. M.—You say you didn't know I liked chocolate, or you would have sent me some, but then you say "you wouldn't take candy from a kid." Yes, I sent the flowers to Mrs. Bushman for her anniversary. Write me from the South.

William S. Waudby.—You can reach Romaine Fielding at the Screenart Pictures Corp., 220 West 42nd St., New York City.

A. M. B.—Why the first declaration of war in the World War was that of Austria against Serbia, on July 28th, 1914. Germany declared war on Russia on August 1st, 1914. Faire Binney was born in New York City in 1901. She was educated in Concord, Mass. Has brown hair and hazel eyes, is five feet one and weighs 106.

Kate Connor.—Hello, Katie. Oh, I couldn't tell you here the joke Kittie Gordon tells about Madame Petrova. Madame Petrova stands five feet five, and weighs 130. She is now in Europe.

Henrietta Sue.—Thanks for the fee, little one. Tell you all the players who have been in Europe this summer? Oh, Boy! I couldn't name them all. There were the Talmadges, Dorothy Gish, Theda Bara, Mary and Doug, June Caprice, Marguerite Courtot, Mae Murray, Olga Petrova, Jack Pickford and Owen Moore, and so on and so forth.

Leda N.—You can reach George Le Guere at 8 W. 107th St., New York City. Oh, he's a blond. Well, it is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—and seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends. Yes, you may send along that bear. Think not all playthings are for boys; the oldest dotard hath his toys, and I have mine.

John Barrymore.—I'm well, thank you. No, I cant believe it. You say a well-known justice on the London Bench confesses that he had never seen a Motion Picture show, while a brother jurist declares he has never used a telephone nor ridden in a subway train. Then they are indeed curiosities and can get a job in any museum. Alma Rubens in "Thoughtless Women." Emily Stevens and Montague Love in "Place for Honeymoons."

Babe Ruth.—He's some home-run boy, all right. You want Fay Atkins' next picture. Cant give it to you. Well, I class secrets with lies, and cannot comprehend the moral standards that exonerate secrecy in human affairs. I dont know who was the author of "Evils anticipated are twice endured."

Smiling Stars

Who are they?

YOU will notice that all three of these Smiling Stars have good teeth. A motion picture star *must* have good teeth to be successful. Think how disappointed you would be if a close-up of your favorite motion picture actor or actress showed a set of bad teeth. Your admiration would vanish at once.

Write on the coupon below, your guess as to the names of these three popular motion picture stars, and mail it to us. If you guess *even one* of them right we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Because Colgate's is *safe;* because it is free from harmful acids and dangerous grit, and because it cleans teeth *thoroughly,* Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice. The flavor is delicious.

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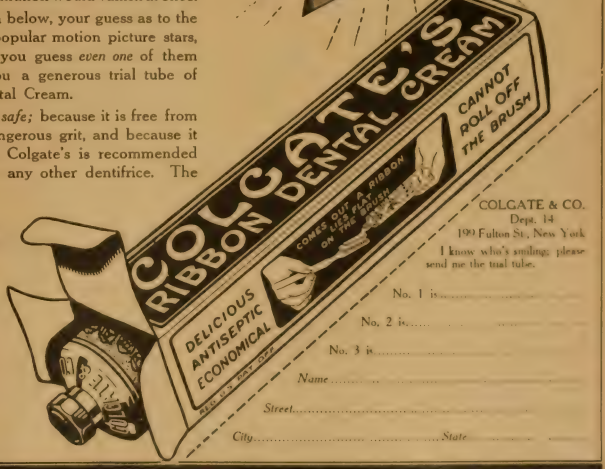

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I know who's smiling; please send me the trial tube.

No. 1 is.....

No. 2 is.....

No. 3 is.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The Answer Man

[illegible] You live my heard. So do I. You can [illegible] Dick Barthelmess at Mamaroneck, N. Y. For [illegible] Lee here to light."

F. W. B.—You want to know whether Edna Maison [illegible] to the seclusion of some quiet little [illegible]. No record here. Cullen Landis you refer to is still from outside. You hit the issue about right. William Desmond in "The Parish Priest." Anna Q. Nilsson in "In the Heart of a Fool."

Enthusiastic Pacific.—Hoot, mon! Glad to get yours. Now I ask, "Just see I to say to "What kind of toothpaste does Norma Talmadge use?" Do you expect me to know so to write and find out? I should say about twenty different sets of pictures. Run in again some time.

Miss K.—Well, there was quite a little excitement in the [illegible] this morning while I was answering your letter. I went down stairs to see what it was all about and I found there was a large funeral going on. An undertaker fellow stepped up to me and asked me who was dead. I told him I wasn't quite sure, but I presumed it was the gentleman who was riding there in the hearse. He looked at me as tho he thought I ought to be there myself. I have a natural dislike of funerals, and never want to attend one but even my own. Kenneth Harlan in "The Hindrance."

An Exotish Girl.—You remind me of the man who said he had a few moments to spare and guessed he would sit down and write a book. I enjoyed yours [illegible] the same. So you are all for Bill Hart. Stop in and see me when you are over to the States.

Miss L.—You can reach the players you speak of by addressing them at Los Angeles, Cal. I dont care to give that address here, so please send a stamped addressed envelope.

Jay.—Thanks, my whiskers are growing very nicely. Of course they are grey. Did you think I dyed them? "And he had no hair on the top of his head, the place where the wool ought to grow." Well, it is no disgrace to be poor, but it has other disadvantages. Douglas MacLean is in "The Jail Bird." Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are playing in the serial, "The Branded Four."

Mooseyend.—Yes, and when you see a player who is popular or a man who is successful, you can make up your mind that there is a reason. "A Rainbow Princess" was released October, 1916, Ann Pennington and William Courtleigh, Jr., in the lead.

Chantecler Purgatory.—Now that's a cheerful little place. You say "Somehow when I think of you, it brings the impression of a run-down Ford—an old maid's wedding day—Reno, Nevada, and Lew Cody's wardrobe. But you are all right and I like you." I never knew so many complications could set in on one person. You say Monroe Salisbury is the answer to every dream you have ever had. Dream on, little one, I cant tell whether J. Warren Kerrigan intends to take unto himself a wife.

Eugene B. Sonne.—That's a thought! You write such a clever and witty letter, I quote from it: "Revered Sir: Knowing you to be a walking compendium [illegible] of knowledge, a bewhiskered incarnation of the Encyclopedia Britannica and, I sincerely hope, a Moral Character, I think it strange that you are apparently unaware of the devastating fact that your favorite beverage, buttermilk, when fairly ripe, is something better than 3 per cent. What is more, you lose no occasion to boast of your addiction to this malevolent fluid. Aren't you afraid you will be investigated, or amended, revoked or Volstead, or something?" I'll say so. But dont tell the world.

Dorothea Southern.—Great Guns! You think I am an Irish lady! Pretty good guess. The only mistakes you made were, first, I am not Irish and, second, I am not a lady. You say you would be satisfied with health, wealth and fame. You didn't forget anything did you? Rosemary Theby in "The Little Grey Mouse."

Rita C.—Douglas Fairbanks is playing in "The Curse of Capestrano" and Fred Niblo is directing it. Yes, I saw "The Notorious Miss Lisle," and I must say Katherine MacDonald is very beautiful, as well as cold. No, I cant say much for the picture.

Robbie R.—Betty Brice was Ann in "The Sagebrusher." Birth, marriage and death in a photoplay! Since few of us know how we were born, why we were married, or when we are going to die, how are we going to do it in a photoplay?

Pauline Frederick's Admirer.—Well, I dont expect anything is going to happen to me unless it be enlarged condition of the cranium due to excessive flattery. Show me, dont flatter me. Charles Ray's next is "Nineteen and Phyllis." Eugene O'Brien in "The Wonderful Chance."

Ethel H.—No, child, I do not play in the movies, nor have I ever really been in love. Years ago I used to keep company with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. In fact, she was enormous. One night in the dim twilight I got sentimental and said some mushy things. I then embraced a part of her. Just as I began to warm up to the occasion, I heard something on the other side of her. I arose and walked around, and there found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was, of course, indignant and upbraided her for her treachery, but she laughed at my conceit, as if she were big enough to have two lovers at once. Ever since then I have had a decided preference for thin girls, but I never succeeded in finding one that just filled the bill.

Elizabeth C. Mildred, Pa.—You want me to name some of the players who live on Riverside Drive. To answer this requires a list of about 1,000 players in one hand and a City Directory in the other, one afternoon, and a little patience, and I have none of these on hand. The distinction between wit and humor may be said to consist of this: that the characteristic of the latter is Nature, and of the former Art.

Hal W.—So you are studying pen and ink, and you say you expect to turn out to be a cross between Bud and Harrison Fisher. Good luck to you. Why, Sanskrit is the language of the ancient Hindus.

M. M. D.—Yes, but dont be like those to whom success resembles a generous wine which begins by exciting the intellectual faculties, and ends by plunging us into a stupid intoxication. You bet I like Harold Lloyd's pictures. Many a good laugh I get out of him. Run in and see me again. Oh, yes, you want to know who played the part of the Prince in "The Dark Lantern." Why, Reginald Denny.

Billie A.—Barthelmess Fan; Myrtle; Pinky; Dill Pickles, and Hugh H. Answered yours somewhere above. Kindly hunt them up.

Unsophisticated Stenogs.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Yes, why dont you run over to New York some time? Earle Williams in "The Romance Promoters." He hasn't been in to see us for some time now.

Panky.—You say better be poor and needy, than gormandized and greedy. James Morrison is playing in Imp's "When We Were Twenty-one."

Phyllis M. M.—So you think you would miss me when I'm gone. But who said I was going? I haven't got my passport yet. You think Lillian Gish looks like an Easter lily passing thru the shadows. She is that, all right. You know, I met her. She is nearest to an angel of anybody I know. You say you sent Constance Talmadge thirty-eight cents for a picture and you haven't heard. Constance, what ye mean? Give the poor girl back her money and dont be so stingy. Zoe Rae is not playing now. Wesley Barry will soon be in Shadowland. Of course, Constance never received your money. Probably lost in the mails.

L. M. Fat.—You poor child. Nobody loves a fat girl. Will tell you some day what hapened to the fat girl and her lover. Read "Eat and Grow Thin" for yours.

(*Continued on page 109*)

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The Screen Time-Table

For the benefit of our readers, and by way of a screen review and critique, every month we will give, in this department, a composite opinion of our editorial staff which may be read at a glance.

When a play strikes twelve, it means that it is a masterpiece and should be seen by everybody. When it is rated below six it contains but little merit. The ratings are based on the general entertainment value, but include the story, plot, acting, photography and direction.

Underneath our own list, we will print a similar time-table compiled by our readers. Let every reader critic send in a post-card, from time to time, containing an abbreviated criticism of one or more plays. We will print the composite results here, but only when there are five or more critiques on the same play so that, in all fairness, a general opinion will be presented. Address the Time-table Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D	Drama
C	Comedy
F	Farce
E	Educational
SD	Society Drama
WD	Western Drama
MD	Melodrama
CD	Comedy Drama
SP	Spectacular Production

Superfine	12
Medium	6
Very Poor	1

EDITORIAL STAFF CRITIQUE

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY—MD-6.
Eugene O'Brien—Selznick.

ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

ATONEMENT—D-7.
Grace Davison—Pioneer.

BANDBOX, THE—D-6.
Doris Kenyon—De Luxe.

BEGGAR PRINCE, THE—D-6.
Sessue Hayakawa—Robertson-Cole.

BEHOLD MY WIFE—D-8.
Mabel Juliene Scott—Paramount.
Elliott Dexter—Paramount.
Milton Sills—Paramount.

BELOVED CHEATER, THE—D-6.
Lew Cody—Robertson-Cole.

BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-6.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.

BILL HENRY—D-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

BLACK IS WHITE—D-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

BLIND HUSBANDS—D-10.
Erich Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

BRANDED WOMAN, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

BRAT, THE—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith.

BURNT WINGS—D-7.
Frank Mayo—Universal.

CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES—D-7.
Edmund Breese—Hallmark.
Anna Lehr—Hallmark.

CHIMMIE MACBIRR, THE—MD-7.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.

CIVILIZE CLOTHES—CD-7.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.

COPPERHEAD—D-8.
Lionel Barrymore—Paramount.

COST, THE—D-8.
Violet Heming—Paramount.

COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE, THE—MD-9.
Pauline Stark, Niles Welch—Vitagraph.

DANCIN' FOOL—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DANGEROUS DAYS—MD-8.
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Goldwyn.

DARK MIRROR, THE—D-8.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

DARLING MINE—C-8.

DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS—D-5.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

DAWN—D-7.
Breamer-Gordon—Blackton Prod.

DEADLIER SEX—MD-5.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

DEVIL'S PASS KEY, THE—MD-10.
Von Stroheim Prod.—Universal.

DONT EVER MARRY—C-5.
Marjorie Daw—First National.

DOUBLE SPEED—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—MD-10.
John Barrymore—Paramount.

EARTHBOUND—D-9.
Basil King—Goldwyn.

EVERYWOMAN—Allegorical-6.
All Star—Paramount.

EXCUSE MY DUST—C-7.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

FAIR AND WARMER—F-9.
May Allison—Metro.

FEAR MARKET, THE—MD-7.
Alice Brady—Realart.

FIGHTING CHANCE, THE—D-10.
Conrad Nagel—Paramount.

FLAPPER, THE—C-7.
Olive Thomas—Selznick.

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL—D-8.
Clara K. Young—Equity.

FORTUNE HUNTER, THE—CD-6.
Earle Williams—Vitagraph.

45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National

GAY OLD DOG, THE—D-11.
John Cumberland—Pathé.

GO AND GET IT—CD-9.
Pat O'Malley—First National.

GOOD REFERENCES—CD-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

GREAT ACCIDENT, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

GREATEST QUESTION, THE—D-9.
All Star—Griffith Prod.

GREAT ADVENTURE, THE—D-6.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

HALF AN HOUR—MD-7.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.

HAIRPINS—CD-8.
Enid Bennett—Paramount.

HEART OF A CHILD—MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

HEART O' THE HILLS—MD-7.
Mary Pickford—First National.

HEARTSTRINGS—D-7.
William Farnum—Fox.

HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS—D-6.
Anita Stewart—First National.

HIGH SPEED—CD-7.
Edward Earle—Hallmark.
Gladys Hulette—Hallmark.

HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

HIS TEMPORARY WIFE—D-7.
Rubye De Remer—Hallmark.

HONEST HUTCH—CD-10.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN—CD-8.
Paramount.

HUMORESQUE—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.

HUSHED HOUR, THE—D-6.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

IDOL DANCER, THE—D-7.
Clarine Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

(*Continued on page* 90)

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New York

ANN MASON, in "The Accusation" says:

Multiwear Veils

"VEILED FACES"

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page 88*)

If Wife Kiss—D-8.
William Farnum. Fox.
Interior Sex, The—CD-8.
Mildred Harris—First National.
In Old Kentucky—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
In Search of a Sinner—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Jack's Knife Man, The—D-11.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.
Jubilo—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
Lady Rose's Daughter—D-5.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
Let's Be Fashionable—C-7.
MacLean and May—Paramount.
Little Miss Rebellion—C-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—D-7.
Jack Pickford—Goldwyn.
Love Flower, The—D-7.
Carol Dempster—Griffith Prod.
Loves of Letty, The—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
Male and Female—D-10.
Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Prod.
Man and His Woman—D-8.
Herb Rawlinson—Pathé.
Man Who Lost Himself, The—D-8.
William Faversham—Select.
Mary Ellen Comes to Town—CMD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
Master Mind—D-5.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.
Miracle Man, The—D-11.
Compson and Meighan—Tucker Prod.
Miss Hobbs—C-6.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
Mollycoddle, The—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
Moon Madness—MD-6.
Edith Storey.
More Deadly than the Male—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
Mrs. Temple's Telegram—F-7.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
My Lady's Garter—MD-6.
Sylvia Breamer—Paramount.
Notorious Miss Lisle—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.
Nurse Marjorie—CD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.
Old-Fashioned Boy, An—F-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
One Hour Before Dawn—D-5.
H. B. Warner—Pathé.
On with the Dance—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.
Passers-By—D-7.
Herbert Rawlinson—Blackton Prod.
Perfect Woman, The—F-6.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Pinto—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.
Pollyanna—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
Prince Chap, The—D-10.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.
Remodeling a Husband—C-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
Restless Sex, The—D-5.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.
Revelations—D, SP-11.
Nazimova—Metro.
Right to Love, The—D-8.
Mae Murray and David Powell—Paramount.
Right of Way, The—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
Rivels End, The—MD-10.
All-Star—First National.
Roughneck—D-9.
Doris Kenyon—United Artists.
Sacred—D-9.
William S. Hart—Paramount.
Scarlet Days—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Sea Wolf, The—D-9.
Noah Beery—Paramount.
Seeing It Through—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.
Sex—SP, MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.
Shore Acres—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.
Silk Husbands and Calico Wives—D-7.
House Peters—Equity.
Simple Souls—CD-7.
Blanche Sweet—Pathe.
Sins of St. Anthony, The—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.
Soldiers of Fortune—MD, SP-8.
All-Star—Allan Dwan Prod.
Something to Think About—D-10.
Gloria Swanson and Elliot Dexter—Cecil de Mille Prod.
Stolen Kiss, The—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Paramount.
Stop Thief—C-7.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
Street Called Straight—D-5.
Naomi Childers—Basil King-Goldwyn.
Stronger Than Death—SP, MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.
Suds—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
Third Generation, The—C-10.
Betty Bythe—Goldwyn.
Thirteenth Commandment, The—SD-9.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
39 East—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.
Toby's Bow—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.
Toll Gate, The—MD-9.
William S. Hart—Paramount.
Treasure Island—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.
23½ Hours' Leave—CD-10.
MacLean and May—Paramount.
Two Weeks—C-7.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Up in Mary's Attic—C-6.
Eva Novak—Fineart.
Victory—D-8.
All-Star—Paramount.
Village Sleuth, The—C-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
Virgin of Stamboul—SP. MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.
Virtuous Vamp, The—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
Way Down East—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
What Women Love—CD-5.
Annette Kellermann—First National.
What's Your Hurry—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
When the Clouds Roll By—C-8.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
Why Change Your Wife?—D-11.
Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Prod.
Willow Tree, The—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.
Woman Gives, The—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Woman Game, The—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.
Woman Who Understood, The—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.
World and His Wife—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Paramount.
Yellow Typhoon—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.
Yes or No—CD-7.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
Young Mrs. Winthrop—SD-8.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.

(*Continued on page 92*)

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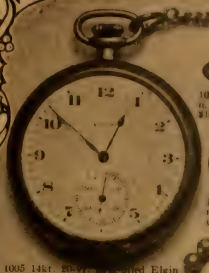
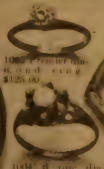
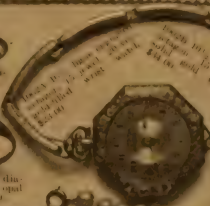


1005 14kt. 20-yr. guaranteed Elgin, watch and chain, special combination. Price $19.50.



1004 6 fine diamond ring, equal center $13.50.



1001 Platinum lavaliere, 15 brilliant Ideal cut diamonds $75.00.

1006 White Gold hexagon shape ring $105.50.

Black cameo $25.00.

1003 Pink cameo $42.50.

1009 Lady's Fancy platinum top ring, 3 diamonds $75.00.

1017 Solid gold sardonyx ring. $17.00.

1016 Lady's 3 diamond 10-pay ring $50.00.

1011 Platinum top diamond ring $127.50.

1018 Solid gold lavaliere, 1 diamond. $27.00.

1019 Genuine sapphire ring. $17.00.

1020 Solid gold bar pin, 1 diamond. $17.00.

1022 Premier ring. 7 ter diamond rng. $112.50.

1021 Cluster ring, 2 white diamonds $29.00.

1015 Platinum top bar pin, 3 diamonds. $100.00.

1012 Engagement 3 stone diamond ring $81.00.

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SELECT your Diamond and Jewelry gifts from our 128-page Catalog. Send your order for prompt shipment. Your credit is good. We trust you for all the goods you want on the

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guarantees you honest goods at lowest prices. If our Diamonds don't represent SUPERIOR VALUE, return at our expense. No obligation, annoyance, or red-tape. You don't pay a cent until you are pleased beyond your expectations. Send to Dept. 37-J for our 128-page Christmas Bargain Catalog. Investigate our REASONABLE OFFER. Let us explain how you can earn an *Extra Bonus.*

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1 Maiden Lane, Dept. 37-J New York

Country's Foremost Diamond Merchants

That's True

in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent. as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

To save $125 a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6½c per 1,000 calories, the energy measure of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop—9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some $125 per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy, repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As vim-food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutriment.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Cost Per Serving	
Dish Quaker Oats	1c
4 ounces meat	8c
One chop	12c
Serving fish	8c
Bacon and eggs	15c

Quaker Oats

For the children's sake

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These delicious flakes cost you no extra price. Get them for the children's sake. They make the dish doubly delightful.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3181

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page 90*)

READERS CRITIQUE

A LADY IN LOVE—D-7.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
ALARM CLOCK ANDY—CD-8.
Charles Ray—Paramount.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—MD-8.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
BELOW THE SURFACE—MD-10.
Hobart Bosworth—Paramount.
BLACK IS WHITE—D-9.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
CUPID THE COWPUNCHER—CD-8.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.
DANGEROUS TO MEN—CD-7.
Viola Dana—Metro.
DANCIN' FOOL, THE—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN—CD-9.
Alice Joyce—Vitagraph.
DOUBLE SPEED—C-9.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—D-11.
John Barrymore—Paramount.
EXCUSE MY DUST—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
EVANGELINE—D-8.
Miriam Cooper—Fox.
45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—CD-7.
Charles Ray—First National.
FROM HAND TO MOUTH—F-10.
Harold Lloyd—Pathe.
GARTER GIRL, THE—D-8.
Corinne Griffith—Vitagraph.
GRIM GAME, THE—MD-6.
Houdini—Paramount.
HALF AN HOUR—SD-8.
Dorothy Dalton—Paramount.
HEART OF A CHILD—MD-7.
Nazimova—Metro.
HIS HOUSE IN ORDER—D-8.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.
HUMAN DESIRE—D-8.
Anita Stewart—First National.
HUMORESQUE—D-10.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
IDOL DANCER, THE—MD-8.
Seymour-Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.
IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.
LADY IN LOVE—CD-6.
Ethel Clayton—Paramount.
LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-9.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
MADAME X—D-10.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.
MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—MD-9.
William Faversham—Selznick.
MISS HOBBS—CD-10.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.
PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH—F-7.
Eugene Pallett and Ruth Stonehouse—Metro.
POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.
REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-7
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.
RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-11.
Bert Lytell—Metro.
RIVER'S END, THE—D-12.
All-Star—Marshall Neill Production.
SEA RIDER, THE—D-6.
Harry Morey—Vitagraph.
SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES—D-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Selznick.
SHE LOVES AND LIES—CD-8.
Norma Talmadge—First National.
SICK-A-BED—F-10.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.
WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—C-6.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.
WORLD AND HIS WIFE—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE—SD-9.
Swanson and Meighan—DeMille Prod.

Wanted—5,000
Motion Picture Ideas
By the World's Leading Producers

THIS is in substance what the great moving picture producers are asking intelligent people everywhere today—"Why shouldn't *you* write as good or *better* picture stories than many you frequently see at the theatres?—why shouldn't *you* help maintain and *raise the standard* of this fascinating art while winning fame and making money?"

"Where have the present famous picture writers come from?—not from the literary field. They have come from *the ranks* of the theatre-goers, and we need *more* from the ranks."

"It matters not if you have never written a line for any purpose, or ever even thought of writing. Several beginners have sold their *first efforts* for hundreds of dollars."

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Director-General Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Cecil B. DeMille and Thos. H. Ince are leading figures among the producers of the country. DeMille is director-general of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Ince heads the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. These men act on the Palmer Advisory Council, and Palmer students therefore have the benefit of their experience, in the study of this course.

THOS. H. INCE
Head of Thos. H. Ince Studios

20,000,000 People Daily
Must Have Entertainment

WE must have 5,000 new stories to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that the present writers can prepare.

20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for *new plays*. We must keep their interest if the art is to survive.

The opportunity to aid is *yours*. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done?"

Your One Need

YOU—of the ranks—need to know but one thing to fit you for success in this new and wide-open field—how to put your ideas into *the proper form* required by producers.

For you have, and every person of average intelligence has, ideas that are good for stories. Learn how to arrange them in the accepted form and you can get your scenarios read by men who think nothing of money but are searching only for plays that they can use.

A Feature of the Plan

The PALMER PLAN also includes a vital aid to students—the PALMER Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, a recognized judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all PALMER students.

THE PALMER PLAN of Photoplay writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art.

The Palmer Plan

IT IS both a primary and finishing school, and it has discovered and brought out a number of star writers, among whom are: Mrs. Caroline Sayre of Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" (Kerrigan); George Hughes of Toronto, Can.; Paul Schofield, $10,000-a-year scenario writer; G. Leroi Clarke, who sold his first story for $3,000; Martha Lord of Salt Lake, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since his enrollment; Francis W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," purchased by D. W. Griffith.

WE maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Miss Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

Twelve leading figures in the profession have included special lectures for the course.

The PALMER PLAN is complete, efficient and vitally interesting—it enthralls those who take it up. There is no tedium, in fact one finds in it one of the best of all diversions from other lines of work. Don't say you can't follow it. Don't think you can't win because you have never tried to write. This is a *new and different* opportunity. Who knows who doesn't try?

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Get the free book now. Learn all about this new way to success. If you are of average intelligence, if you have ideas and ambition you have the complete fundamental equipment for the art.

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TO those who are choosing gifts that are useful as well as sentimental, we can offer no better suggestion than the new Christmas box of

HYGLO
Manicure Preparations

It will be doubly appreciated: first, because of the intrinsic value and usefulness of the outfit and, secondly, because of the introduction that it brings to the simplest and surest way to perfectly manicured fingernails.

In soft toned Yuletide boxes—at $1.50 and $3.00, according to size—are attractively packed all of the famous HYGLO MANICURE PREPARATIONS, including orange sticks, emery boards and other manicure requisites.

HYGLO MANICURE PREPARATIONS may also be purchased separately at 35c to 65c each.

Send and sample of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Powder sent on receipt of 10c in coin.

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HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
sucessor Agents
171 Madison Avenue, New York
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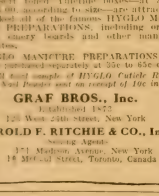

X-BAZIN
famous FRENCH Depilatory
for removing hair

A dependable perfumed powder; removes hair quickly and smoothly, safely; for arms, limbs, face. 50 cents, plus 10c to 30c, according to size, postage. $1 size containing complete mailing outfit. At shops and department stores.

Send 4 cents for trial sample and booklet.

HALL & RUCKEL, 102 Waverly Place, New York

Popularity Contest Closes

As this issue goes to press votes have poured in. When this number reaches the newsstands and the subscribers, the great popularity contest will have run its course and the final tabulation of votes will be completed. Decisions will be made as to what readers have won the rewards as soon as the last vote is put into place and announcement will be made at the earliest possible date.

The standings at the time of going to press are as follows:

Mary Pickford	158,257	William S. Hart	104,556
Norma Talmadge	94,142	Wallace Reid	59,824
Pearl White	38,925	Richard Barthelmess	37,460
Mme. Nazimova	21,316	Douglas Fairbanks	18,372
Constance Talmadge	16,922	William Farnum	10,908
Bebe Daniels	8,803	Eugene O'Brien	10,712
Viola Dana	7,660	Thomas Meighan	7,220
Lillian Gish	7,521	Tom Mix	7,105
Mary Miles Minter	7,347	Elliott Dexter	7,028
Theda Bara	7,309	J. Warren Kerrigan	6,974
Ethel Clayton	6,914	Charles Ray	6,315
Ruth Roland	6,225	Bert Lytell	5,460
Marguerite Clark	6,002	Tom Moore	4,811
Elsie Ferguson	5,928	William Russell	4,347
Anita Stewart	5,234	Gaston Glass	4,269
Dorothy Gish	4,911	Ralph Graves	3,908
Edith Johnson	4,303	Harrison Ford	3,870
Shirley Mason	4,017	Antonio Moreno	3,744
May Allison	3,922	Ben Alexander	3,583
Pauline Frederick	3,836	William Duncan	3,251
Alice Lake	3,560	John Barrymore	3,117
Olive Thomas	3,455	Harold Lloyd	3,064
Gloria Swanson	2,901	Charles Chaplin	3,011
Geraldine Farrar	2,742	Jack Pickford	2,603
Alice Brady	2,571	George Walsh	2,559
Dorothy Dalton	2,564	Kenneth Harlan	2,523
Mme. Petrova	2,489	Douglas MacLean	2,305
Mae Murray	2,418	Eddy Polo	2,238
Mildred Davis	2,365	Rodney La Rocque	2,214
Pricilla Dean	2,242	Earle Williams	1,966
Alice Joyce	2,194	Harry Northrup	1,657
Ann Little	2,186	Lloyd Hughes	1,642
Katherine MacDonald	2,166	Owen Moore	1,620
Wanda Hawley	2,147	Conway Tearle	1,605
Irene Castle	1,950	Monte Blue	1,426
Marie Osborne	1,847	Lewis Stone	1,214
Blanche Sweet	1,544	Bryant Washburn	1,150
Marie Prevost	1,463	William Desmond	1,143
Vivian Martin	1,416	Creighton Hale	1,128
Marion Davies	1,252	Robert Warwick	1,112
Doris May	1,204	Percy Marmont	1,059
Phyllis Haver	1,159	Cullen Landis	1,043
Madge Kennedy	1,140	Sunshine Sammy	1,028
Lila Lee	1,104	Francis MacDonald	977
Mildred Harris	1,063	Sessue Hayakawa	965
Marjorie Daw	1,002	Ben Turpin	906
Kathleen Williams	995	Robert Harron	849
Marie Walcamp	926	Albert Ray	841
Mildred Reardon	913	Marshall Neilan	833
Margarita Fisher	907	Tom Forman	810
Louise Lovely	887	Monroe Salisbury	802
June Caprice	872	Jack Mulhall	795
Clara K. Young	865	Harry Carey	788
Juanita Hansen	858	Theodore Roberts	781
Betty Compson	833	Louis Bennison	778
Corinne Griffith	811	Wesley Barry	761
Alma Rubens	760	Charles Meredith	755
Enid Bennett	746	Will Rogers	750
Mary Thurman	732	Lon Chaney	743
Constance Binney	726	Eddie Lyons	738
Bessie Love	719	George Fawcett	729
Sylvia Breamer	710	Jack Perrin	687
Jane Novak	702	Henry G. Sell	670
Louise Fazenda	668	Joe Ryan	656
Eva Novak	660	Milton Sills	622
Ruth Stonehouse	653	Francis X. Bushman	608
Marguerite de la Motte	634	Fatty Arbuckle	575
Dolores Cassinelli	621	Herbert Rawlinson	562
Rosemary Theby	614	Lew Cody	536
Gladys Leslie	603	Webster Campbell	532
Pauline Curley	565	David Powell	520
Helene Chadwick	557	Robert Gordon	504
Eileen Percy	546	Mahlon Hamilton	496
Hope Hampton	522	Harry Morey	492
Peggy Hyland	516	James J. Corbett	478
Billie Burke	510	Jack Holt	473
Winifred Westover	470	Emory Johnson	455
Mae Marsh	462	King Vidor	440
Lillian Hall	455	Lee Moran	422

(Continued on page 96)

PAGE

WORLD FAMOUS MUSICIANS WHO PLAY CONN INSTRUMENTS

Carrying the Cheer of Christmas Through the Year

AFTER all the joyous bustle over gay, mysterious packages comes the silver chime of bells on frosty air; voices raised in song around the glittering Tree. What would Christmas be without its music? How it warms your heart and thrills you with the spirit of good cheer!

That stirring in your heart is the spark of talent. Develop it. Brief practice will open the door to pleasures of which your present appreciation of music is only a foretaste.

The endorsement of world-famous musicians—only a few of whom we can picture here—will be echoed in your own experience when you learn how far a Conn instrument carries you into the pleasures and profits that lie in music.

Golden beauty of tone and remarkable ease of playing—these are Conn qualities, the basis of our supremacy.

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Keep Your Skin Youthful

To retain and enhance complexion charm through passing years is no longer a secret known only to a few. Year after year, the belles of yesterday become the still lovelier matrons of today. In D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream they find all that beauty requires to maintain its youthful softness and dainty clearness of skin.

The users of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream are steadily increasing year after year. This is because it is so delightful to use, so beneficial to the skin, and so effective in promoting facial beauty and complexion loveliness. Maids and matrons use and recommend it to their friends. Mothers praise it to their daughters as beauty's best aid. In tubes, 12c, 30c, 60c. In jars, 40c, 60c, $1.00, $1.65.

FREE trial tube sent with our compliments. Address: Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1415, D. & R. Building, New York.

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PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

FREE
BRACELET WATCH

Without sending us any money, you can get the beautiful O size lady's Bracelet Watch with standard movement. Absolutely FREE. The only offer of its kind. No questions or delays. Write, right now, about this free offer. HYGRADE CANDY CO., Dept. F 112 Nassau St., New York City

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian Ion. diamonds—its greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free, this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2c Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box, postage paid. For postmaster $1.35 to cover charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, etc. Wear ring 10 days and if from a real diamond return money will be refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 310 MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

NATIONAL DOLLY'S BOB

Going to dress up the old doll for Christmas or hay [illegible] to what case [illegible] Bobs that look [illegible] Write [illegible] of Dolly's hair and the Bob will be sent postpaid if you send money order for **$1**

NATIONAL BOB

Youth and Fashion is everything—that's why I wear The National Bob. It's too lovely for words with its soft wavy hair fall-[illegible] [illegible] that slip so easily into the hair. I attach the ends with invisible [illegible] and [illegible] and off in a jiffy. Everyone thinks it's my hair—it matches [illegible] and is so comfortable and I never sacrificed a hair, it's all there. I sent a strand of my hair with **$10.00** and it came postpaid.

NATIONAL EAR PUFFS with CURLS

Dress your hair becomingly with Puff Curls, matching so perfectly that they look as though they grew there. Fasten them in your hair with pins and the Puffs fall over your ears and the Curls coyly hug the neck. A set sent postpaid if you send a strand of your hair **$5** with money order for **$5**

The National Hair Goods Co., Dept. O, 368 Sixth Av., New York City

Popularity Contest Closes

(*Continued from page 94*)

Jean Paige	441
Betty Bouton	437
Dorothy Phillips	421
Doris Kenyon	412
Violet Heming	385
Marguerite Courtot	361
Grace Cunard	353
Viora Daniel	340
Virginia Lee Corbin	335
Ann Luther	329
Fanny Ward	320
Betty Blythe	313
Louise Glaum	301
Mabel Normand	264
Anna Q. Nilsson	259
Seena Owen	247
Carmel Myers	242
Gladys Brockwell	235
Marguerite Marsh	226
Mary MacLaren	218
Mary Garden	210
Mildred Moore	200
Valeska Surratt	191
Thelma Percy	188
Catherine Calvert	174
Mollie King	169
Lina Cavalieri	153
Madge Evans	144
Josie Sedgwick	132
Kitty Gordon	125
Kathleen O'Connor	116
Lois Wilson	108
Jewel Carmen	102
Lillian Walker	98
Helen MacKeller	91
Ruth Langston	78
Bessie Barriscale	65
Francis Ford	414
Jack Dempsey	407
Conrad Nagel	398
Antrim Short	386
Montague Love	365
Nigel Barrie	357
Raymond Hatton	342
Frank Mayo	333
Gareth Hughes	326
Walter Hiers	320
Norman Kerry	316
Neal Hart	287
Thurston Hall	262
Taylor Holmes	254
Frank Keenan	248
Henry B. Walthall	223
Dustin Farnum	215
Pell Trenton	201
Snub Pollard	197
William Scott	192
James Crane	189
George Chesebro	184
King Baggott	172
George Larkin	166
Elmo Lincoln	151
Lou-Tellegen	144
H. B. Warner	132
Lionel Barrymore	113
Cecil B. deMille	107
Edward Earle	102
Harry Depp	97
Robert Ellis	93
Edw. Langford	88
Art Acord	82
Charles Hutchinson	70
Irving Cummings	65

MOVIES REPLACE SALOONS

Sir Gilbert Parker, en route to the West, stopped over in New York to study picture producing. At a recent luncheon given by the Authors' League of America where he was the guest of honor, Sir Gilbert quoted Herbert Hoover as declaring that moving pictures have taken the place of wines and whisky, and that the discontent caused by prohibition is being offset by the lure of good pictures.

Wonderful Diamond Values Direct from New York

10 Months to Pay

A-100 Beautifully hand carved PINK cameo in Solid Gold hand engraved bezel. $12

A-101 SWEET'S engagement ring set with perfectly cut blue-white Diamond $125

A-102 Pretty hand-carved pink cameo set in Solid Gold mounting. $9

A-103 Cameo flanked by 2 fine Diamonds set in PLATINUM. Beauty $200 solitaire. $85

A-104 Genuine cameo in Solid Gold mounting set with 2 fine Diamonds $55

A-132 Pretty bezel is graved and pierced mounting of PLATINUM, set with 9 perfectly cut and matched blue-white Diamonds. $90

A-106 The beautiful lace-work design in PLATINUM is enhanced by the 19 brilliant, blue-white Diamonds $400

A-107 Seven fine, white Diamonds, millions in size, color and brilliancy. PLATINUM set in fancy White Gold mounting $80.50

A-108 Green Gold, octagon shaped, hand engraved Scarf Pin set with fine, blue-white Diamond. In mod. PLATINUM $22.50

A-117 Extra heavy 18K Solid Gold wrist watch. Carved and pierced mountings. A secret 14K lined inner-lever movement. Only $26.50

A-118 Same as A-117 with 20-year guaranteed Gold filled case. $12.50

A-113 SWEET'S engagement ring set with perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond $55

A-116 Perfectly cut, blue-white Diamond in beautiful, hand-engraved mounting of White Gold $100

A-123 Gentleman's Solitaire Cluster of 7 perfectly cut blue-white Diamonds set in PLATINUM $125

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Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

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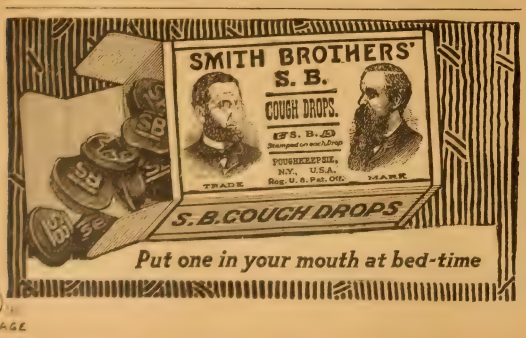

The Rainbow Chasers

(*Continued from page 38*)

stolen. Be sure and give my work carefull attention for you know I have to live even at writing."

Others, having read a great many books on brain power, were certain that they knew how to think, by gosh!

This from a little town in Colorado:

"Dear Sir:—

"I want to write scenarios.

"Socially I am a success. I quote from the Society column under large photograph: 'Before her marriage Mrs. ——— was Miss Doc, daughter of the late John Doc and Mrs. Doc, (Get the eminent respectability of this.) who have played an important part in the social and industrial life of this city."

"I want to write satisfactory scenarios.

"As a child I wrote a drama which was played. I graduated from high school with honors and delivered oration in theater; represented my home city in World's Fair, Saint Louis and delivered address in Festival Hall.

"I want to write successful scenarios.

"I attended large boarding-school in Washington, D. C.; have traveled in United States to large extent; my friends are from New Jersey to Portland, Oregon, and from New Orleans to Chicago, almost every state in the union.

"I have finished a course in short story writing and the editors have suggested that I am capable of supplying scenarios.

"I mean to sell scenarios."

This boy was not only ambitious but moral, tho he might impress you as being otherwise with his ninety-six "Suggestive scenes."

"Dear Sir . . .

"I submit a play that has 96, what I am pleased to call Suggestive Scenes. If this appeals to you I can work out these scenes from a carbon copy I have here at home. I had thought of putting more work on this play to make it of greater length, but decided to wait until I might hear from some one like yourself. My ideal has been to feature the home life. I have left out all shooting scrapes and impure thought scenes; perhaps this would not be thrilling enough for some, but might please others. If you return this, be kind enough to give me your criticism, or wherein I fell down. Any questions you might want to ask for further light on the snynopsis, I will be pleased to answer.

"Sincerely
———"

Not all were from would-be scenario writers. Some, of whom the following is an example, would do anything to get inside a studio:

"Kind Sir,

"I would like to know if you could give me work around the studio of any kind, even to (washing dishes) I would love to come to California to live and a year ago last July, I lost the 2nd finger on my right hand, at present am with my two and am keeping house for them. Will you kindly ans. Am sending a leaf from a book so you can see where I got your name.

"Resp yours, ———"

Then there are the young folk who will never be so serious at any other time in their lives. It isn't the money they want so much as the fame and glory. "Lenore," who wrote the next letter, undoubtedly

thought her life's happiness depended on the answer which she probably never received. Such letters come to the studios by the thousands. It would be impossible to answer all of them.

"Dear Sirs

"My one ambition is to become a movie actress and for me to think is to act. Will you tell me what qualifications are needed to become an actress? Has she got to be beautiful? I know she must have acting ability but that does not worry me; acting is my natural sphere. I love it, and altho inexperienced in public, all my friends and neighbors agree that I am a born actress. How much education is a girl required to have to act in the movies, also, what are some good books she can read to prepare herself for her future career on the screen?

"Yours in Hope,
"Lenore ————"

And she follows with this postscript:

"P. S. Please tell me is there any hope for a girl who is not homely or pretty and who has nothing but her name and people to which she can lay claim?

"Lenore."

Not only girls are movie struck. Here is a boy who has it bad and who seems to be possessed of some talent. Maybe he can even wiggle his ears.

"Gentlemen,

"Wishing to become a motion picture actor I take the liberty of applying for a position in your valued company. I believe I could make good in slow comedy requiring lots of face gymnastics. If you have no such position open at present you could perhaps favor me with other parts that require face work."

They might have found him a job as a masseur.

So they come, these letters; millions of them. Letters from boys and girls living three thousand miles away, asking for positions as actors and actresses, who have nothing but their "name and people to which they can lay claim."

Then there are the men and women who try to write scenarios. Their letters run up into the million mark too.

What chance is there for these people to sell their scenarios when, in order to understand them, it is necessary for the scenario editor to "read between the lines"? Or, as sometimes happens, when they send letters merely asking if the scenarios can be used which they have at home, carefully tucked away in some dresser-drawer for fear lest they be stolen?

Among the letters I haven't quoted was one from a mining camp, written, evidently, by the foreman. It was a good letter, too, written with pen and ink and full of explanations. It seems that he was sending a typewritten script. He had had it typewritten, but sad to relate, the stenographer had confused his finished story with the first synopsis, which, he said, accounted for the jerky continuity. He thought the scenario editor would be able to tell, however, whether the story was usable or not; if so, he said, he would have it retyped.

Rainbow chasers, you say? Yes, but think of the happiness they get from the pursuit! For instance, the woman who wrote "Is it trew that you pay as much as 50 dolars for a senerio?" You can almost hear her say: "I'll have enough money left from a new dress and hat to buy myself

"Find the Man!"

"We'll pay him $5,000 a year. Go over our list of employees—pick out those who not only have been doing their work well, but have been studying in spare time getting ready for advancement. That's the kind of man we want for this job and for all of this firm's responsible positions."

Employers everywhere are combing their ranks for men with ambition, for men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 30 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. More than 110,000 others are getting ready right now. Hundreds are starting every month. Isn't it about time for *you* to find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

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STATIONARY ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Marine Engineer	Railway Accountant
Ship Draftsman	Commercial Law
ARCHITECT	GOOD ENGLISH
Contractor and Builder	Teacher
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Concrete Builder	Mathematics
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Don't let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glistening with beauty.

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some nightgowns." The very fact that these people are attempting to express themselves, indicates that they are learning and growing.

The pictures they were satisfied with ten or eleven years ago, they would criticise intelligently today.

They have, themselves, made it necessary for producers to buy the best stories obtainable.

And so, very few of these Rainbow Chasers will find the much longed for pot of gold. But in looking for it, they will find something very much more precious; the romance that is in their own lives.

Big Little Blanche

(*Continued from page* 31)

Why, I always thought that the more influential I'd grow to be, the less I'd have to do, but it seems that success is a labyrinth of intricate self-dedication. When I'm supposed to be resting between pictures, I am getting future costumes ready. When I'm at dinner, I'm thinking about the cast. When I'm out riding, I'm figuring on the story. This idea about finding a player at home a radically different personality is an illusion harbored by the public. We literally retire with our work."

Straightway I questioned about screen people being different—off the screen. "No," Miss Sweet repeated. "You usually meet us as you've seen us. It is human naturalness which helps most. Publicity and personal probing are too great obsessions to be able to afford a pose. Once in a while I see people around the studio trying to make others believe them to be what they're not. They're only standing in their own way. They never get far."

With all her sincerity in not dillydallying, this diminutive star takes joy in holiday excursions, too. New York is her playground! Sometimes, she can journey Eastward for only a fortnight, but, as she vouches, "If I'm on Manhattan Island just ten days, I make it my point to see twenty shows."

She adores the theater—adores it! adores it! "I sit worshipping, just like a kid, before the footlights, always too spellbound to rationally criticize, yet intent on wondering how on earth I would feel doing the same thing." I surmise that what she was unconsciously thinking of at the moment was Mr. Hopkins's presentation of the Barrymore brothers in "The Jest"—a play she went to see as many times as opportunities were offered. Her devotion is not biased in the theater, either. She loves special matinée performances, is keen for a bright musical comedy, and for one whose days are mostly spent in California, she is remarkably aware of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau, George Gaul's voice, and McKay Morris's limbs.

She, herself, was on the stage when a wee lass and, for a short time, a while later, after she had left school. She boasts that therefore she honestly comes by the title of stage-child. I asked her if she has any desire to return and she hastily answered in the negative. I am sure that if she did not have to travel 3,000 miles to become more closely affiliated with the theater she would just as hastily answer in the affirmative. For she has everything that would be required for instantaneous popularity. Combined with the naïve intuition not to choose a failure as the medium for her début.

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Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

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M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.

Squaring the Round Hole

(*Continued from page 65*)

which his family could not understand —to leave positions they approved of and, to all appearances, lay no foundation for his business career.

The Bell system again quieted (and until now I marvel that his number was secured so often in so short a space of time—the correct number every time) he told me that he was one of the first men to enlist in the Naval Reserve—and was sent to San Pedro. When ashore he would stop at the Alexandria in Los Angeles, meeting with the film folk. They suggested that he try pictures and immediately after the war ended and he was released, he took their advice.

"Only," he interrupted, "it made me sore to think that I didn't get across. Lord knows, I didn't join the Navy for the hundred and some odd I made a month along with my commission. I wanted to get across—to do something to bring peace to pass."

He first played with Marion Davies in "The Dark Star"—remember he was the person in the picture you constantly mistook for Norman Kerry and he does look like him, even in reality—especially now that he has grown a mustache —one which he refuses to shave, even if it keeps him doing heavies with never a lead in between.

Then he did "The Luck of the Irish," and "Soldiers of Fortune," and after that his two pictures with Anita Stewart.

And his character part in Mayflower's "The Scoffer," an Allan Dwan picture soon to be released, is a rare piece of work. Strangely enough, too, in it he is called "The Albany Kid."

This then is his first interview—and it was gleaned amid difficulties, thanks to the unusual efficiency of one of Mr. Bell's operators. It will not be the last.

Today he is still possessed of the courage which sent him forth to seek his fame and fortune along paths untried. To predict anything of his future would be futile, for he will not, I think, at any time, do the obvious thing.

Quite capable of successfully playing leading rôles, he has shown a decided preference for character work—that in itself holds a broad hint of promise.

And, incidentally, the day, perhaps, is not far distant when his erstwhile neighbors in the little Albany suburb will vehemently proclaim to one another how they always did know the future held great things in store for Ward Crane—didn't the other remember that they had said he knew what he was doing—even when he left that good job in the railroad office!

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Persiflage. Compliments *à la Reine.*
Sheep's eyes.
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Send No Money

Just write us today stating style wanted and finger size. (To determine size, cut strip of paper just long enough to meet over second joint of ring finger.) This is all you do—send not a penny in cash. When ring arrives, deposit only $2.75 with the postman. Wear it 10 days. If you or your friends can tell it from a diamond send it back and we will refund the deposit. If you decide to keep it, merely send $2 a month for four months—$8 in all. Remember, you may return it any time before this special introductory offer is withdrawn.

Rosebrite Diamond Company
Dept. 412, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

A Thrilling Interview

(Continued from page 111)

everything to be comfortable and we take Patty, our bulldog, and go gypsying for a week or two at a time. It is the greatest recreation there is and I come home feeling like a prize-fighter."

Suddenly, another quake, more gentle this time, made the garden sniff before our eyes, while the trees seemed to be lifted to the sky.

One may not be exactly afraid of these little events, but it leaves a queer-ish feeling and we found it difficult to settle down to connected conversation, but chatted about everything—stage careers, Jack Barrymore's illness and our hope of his speedy recovery; of Doug's and dear little Mary's happy honeymoon in Europe. We compared notes on Jane Cowl's performance in "Smilin' Through," the current attraction in Los Angeles, finally coming back to our interview.

Niles Welsh was born in Hartford, Connecticut.

His great, great grandfather was a New England circuit-riding preacher, others of his ancestors were clock manufacturers in Hartford. His mother was a Carroll of Virginia, so it is a subject of debate as to where Niles inherited his desire and his talents for a theatrical career.

To begin at the beginning, the boy came very near being christened Elisha, after his grandfather, but he declares he rose right up out of his crib and objected so strenuously that the subject was dropped forever. Even at that early date he must have felt the artistic urge and knew that Niles would look better in electrics than Elisha. As a child he traveled extensively in Europe with his parents and his first schooling was in France. Returning to this country, he attended St. Paul's at Concord, New Hampshire, and later Yale.

His father having passed away, the mother dreamed that her son should be a great physician and with this in view, Niles entered Columbia.

It was here that he became interested in the University plays and one day, right out of a clear sky, came an offer of a small part on the speaking stage in New York. This meant good-by forever to therapeutics, for he suddenly knew that his career had been chosen and joyously he followed the Pointing Finger.

His mother, like all true mothers, bless 'em—buried her own ambitions and stood by her boy thru the early struggles against the uproar from the remainder of the family, who felt that their cherished New England traditions were being trailed thru the dust in this stage connection.

After three and a half years on the stage he visited the Vitagraph studio one day with a friend and a little later became a member of the stock company, playing a series of old men servants of every race, and he declares that he became an expert in opening doors, ushering in stars and answering 'phones.

This was followed by a year with Metro as juvenile lead and then he decided to free-lance. He played with Ethel Barrymore in "The Kiss of Hate"; Norma Talmadge in "The Secret of the Storm Country"; Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," in which we remember he carried off the honors. He was with Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out" and Bessie Barriscale in "Reckoning Roads." Co-starred with Ellie Shannon in "Her Boy," and with Frances Nelson in "One of Many" as well as with Grace Darmond. In all these pictures Niles Welsh's good

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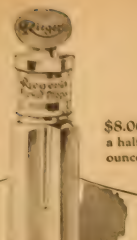

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looks and distinct ability have shone to advantage.

"Free-lancing is interesting, as well as better financially," Mr. Welsh told me. "Being with different companies and different directors widens your vision and I have been especially lucky this year, having played the lead in four big special all star productions. First there was the Vitagraph special, 'The Courage of Marge O'Doone.' I liked that role, for I grew a beard and wore a flannel shirt, something I have been wanting to do for a long time. I was tired of being dressed up like a doll and prancing thru a straight part; I was wild to try a character.

"Then, there was 'The Crime of Martha Queed,' Allan Dwan's last Mayflower picture; Selznick's 'Who Am I?'; and now I have a good role in this picture, 'The Spenders,' Hampton's special."

Talent is rewarded, for this young man now has the opportunity to form his own company and much is to be expected of his new pictures when he does so, for he has been seriously observing the situation and has many ideas which he intends developing.

"While I realize that the public will always demand their favorites and that personality is a powerful force, the star system as it has been used is on the wane," remarked Niles, warming up to the subject. "First, there must be a strong story, there must be a well-balanced cast. Directors are learning that even the lesser rôles must be filled by experienced actors, for the most appealing scene can be easily spoiled by one false move and this in turn breaks the illusion of the entire play, which no amount of work can re-establish.

"To succeed in this work you must always remain the student. When an actor reaches the point where he thinks he can no longer learn, watch out, he is on the decline. I am determined to go to the top. I am not speaking conceitedly, but as this is my profession, nothing short of the best will satisfy me. I shall never confine myself to one character, I want to play them all. If you establish a definite screen personality there will come a time when the fickle public will weary of you and your plays."

While Niles Welsh is exceptionally fine looking, with the bearing of the true aristocrat, he is absolutely unspoiled, being simple and very human in his tastes and he is thoroly likable.

Naturally, the good looks of this actor go a long way toward increasing his popularity with the screen fans, especially since he has the right manner with it.

He drives his own car, a nineteen-seventeen model, but confesses he knows nothing about the engine. He enjoys his garden but never mows his own lawn, and was bored to tears when Wallace Reid endeavored to initiate him into the joys of golf. At college he was an oarsman and belonged to the foot-ball team. He is a Delta Phi, (Columbia University), and belongs to the Lambs Club.

"A dramatic career is a hard one," Niles was saying, "and I am always reluctant to advise one to enter it, for it means continual sacrifice. Youth and health are the powerful assets, for the camera demands much and you can not fool it."

Then, came excitement number three. "By Jove," exclaimed Mr. Welsh, jumping to his feet. "I was arrested for speeding yesterday—really, I wasn't going very fast, and I should be appearing before the judge this very minute."

Hastening to the nearest phone, I left him eagerly imploring Wally Reid to hurry to the court and help him out.

Verily, my interview with Niles Welsh had not been devoid of thrills.

REEL CONFESSIONS

By W. B. Barr

When stately Elsie Ferguson delights us
With her charming personations on the screen,
No diversion more thoroly requites us
Than to watch her subtle treatment of each scene.
If she plays the living eyes for hero blinded,
Or to keep "His House in Order" is her part,
By the deftness of her touch we are reminded
We are gazing on the mistress of her art.

When dainty Ethel Clayton, quite entrancing,
Starts a flutter in the breast of Pettigrew,
The picture sets the hearts of all to dancing,
While the men without exception envy B. C.
Portrayal is so full of folksy feeling,
So arouses gentle currents in one's life,
That you overhear in whispers, sweet, revealing,
There's the girl to make the soldier-boy a wife.

When winsome Norma Talmadge comes on smiling,
Or in tears she strolls along her filmy way,
She's always just the creature most beguiling,
Let her manner be it either grave or gay.
If "She Loves and Lies" a-plenty in the telling
Of a story which can hold the pulses tense,
I assure you with a confidence compelling
That her audience is strong for her defense.

When clever sister Constance, bright and snappy,
As the silent drama's loveliest coquette,
Darts on the silver path, alert and scrappy,
There's a vision you're not likely to forget.
If a nervous woman's troubles be unfolding,
Should she hunt a daring sinner to defeat
The developing the tale you are beholding?
Is refinement in artistic shades complete?

The list I could compile, had I the leisure,
With the wit to put impressions into rhyme,
Its number would exhaust my halting measure,
Quite omitting, too, the paucity of time.
So I pass to them a friend's appreciation
For the many things in shadowland I view,
Awaiting with a keen anticipation
Their return again to bring us something new.

A little hot air now and then is relished by the wisest men.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and get caught with the goods?

The world's a stage, but life wont be a tragedy nor a comedy if you play your part well.

Dates and peaches never come in the same basket, but they are often observed in the same neighborhood.

Props and Propellers

(*Continued from page 49*)

black pupils, are distinctly Clyde's own. They're rather odd eyes, very wide awake and not readily fooled by anyone, intelligent, thoughtful.

"You look as if you had put in a good deal of time on sports, have you?" we probed inconsequently.

"Yes, out-of-door sports. I dote on tennis—but I play a rotten game. In fact, I dont care a thing about the game or about winning. I just like to chase about and miss the ball and fall all over my feet and get my opponent excited—just the glorious exhilaration of being out of doors is my idea of real sport," he answered with great enthusiasm.

"Do you have any parlor tricks at all?"

"No. I dont think you would call them that. I was with Cohan and Harris for four years, after I left Bermuda. Of course, I was on the road, but when in New York studied theory of music with Stephens, and for years I had practiced organ and piano, besides singing in the college glee-club in the old days. Now, I've come down to playing the victrola and ukulele for diversion.

"Anyway, I've always been greatly interested in musical composition, and have written a number of songs. They dont actually *pay* well, because you see they are so-called high-class parlor music, and it's jazz that brings in the money these days. However, I have been getting pleasant, tho small, royalties for the past seven years on my 'Aedh' songs. William Butler Yeats wrote the words, and they are somewhat like the Indian lyrics in style. One thinks of fire and incense, and of mysterious rites and passionate love and pomegranates, jewels——"

His rich voice died off suddenly. I began to see the wealth of imagination and artistry which this scion of the Filmores was bringing to the screen. Perhaps you remember that he was in Julian's "Fire Flingers"? Just recently, Mr. Filmore has been playing a lead with Stroheim in "The Devil's Passkey," in which the young man is more vamped than vampish.

"I am left quite alone in the cold, grey dawn after the wife and husband are reconciled. I think they might have given me a canary bird or a parrot or something to console me," continued Mr. Filmore, semi-humorously. "I was rather tired and busy the last few weeks, for I played a part with Ethel Clayton also, in 'The Ladder of Lies.'

"I came into films unexpectedly. Like most others, I had a horror of the screen. I had watched so many films by noted producers in which the actors and actresses seemed pantomimists solely, never speaking a sub-title even. I dont think it is natural. I want to bring naturalness to the screen first of all.

"Repression in the face of danger, lips that are constantly silent, mere mimicry and pantomime, may be screen traditions which appeal to certain directors and their followers among the fans, but to me they are but first steps in the real screen art which we are now evolving. I believe in the spoken word, in the doing that which any *natural* man would do in real life, not in what he is supposed to do on the screen."

"I had come to Los Angeles on the Maude Fealey tour in 'The Little School Teacher.' You remember that the flu closed theaters here, so I was suddenly left in a strange land without a job.

"My friends insisted on my going to Universal—and I had no difficulty in get-

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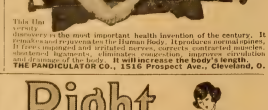

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tting into stock there. As I told you, I *walked* into a part.

"Of course, you have to strike a balance when going back and forth from stage to screen, as I did—because 'Civilian Clothes' had such a long run and I was doing work in both fields. I find that the screen polishes off cumbersomeness, and that the stage gives insight and memory thru the spoken word and I do not believe that it is well to be without experience in either.

"I was in a dramatic school for a time in my early days, but outside of the fact that it gives one some grace of movement, I cant see how a school of acting is going to be any aid to a man or woman with stage aspirations. I got into the work because they were *short* of tall leading men in New York—I guess that's all."

Mr. Filmore is as modest about his abilities as of his creations musical. He wrote a lovely setting of "Till I Wake," another to a poem of Richard Le Gallienne's, to one of Martens', and "Love's Eternity,"—the author of which he had temporarily forgotten. The very fact that the old and famous publishing house of Schirmer, in New York, had launched the young composer's works assured me that they possessed decided merit and charm.

"And do you prefer the screen now, that you know its possibilities, Mr. Filmore?"

"I confess that I was utterly mistaken about the screen. I'm won over completely. I think one has more opportunity for expansion, that while the cinema world is in its infancy, we are very privileged to be among those who can nurse it into a fine, big art. Even the greatest of the directors acknowledge that they dont know much about it as yet—and so we are all learning together. It is like the fun one experiences in navigating and exploring a new country, always finding treasures, contriving aids to expression, and creating as well as constructing a series of memorials for another generation. I think it is utterly fascinating—I'm glad I was shown the way."

Unmistakably, the creative element, which has given Clyde Filmore expression in song, will come to greater fulness in his screen career, for altho he is boyishly humorous, a man's man with intense love of horseback riding, swimming and hiking, a horror of being cooped up—save when he sleeps—he is very earnest, albeit emotional, and determined that acting shall no longer be a *casual* element with the present generation of Filmores, but that he'd rather be a national figure on the screen than in politics. And above all, he'd rather be *right*—in what he does—than be President Filmore, as was his illustrious ancestor.

RONDEAU

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ETHEL HOPE

Oh pictures fair, that silently
Bid me to wander fancy-free
Midst scenes that charm, ye somehow quell
The cares of life and cast a spell
Of mystic magic over me.

And often in my memory
Upon the screen again I see
The sights with which ye pleased me well,
Oh pictures fair.

Ye portray joy and merry glee;
Or else, perhaps, gay mimicry;
Again, of love and youth ye tell
And telling, lo! ye sound the knell
That bids all gloom and sorrow flee,
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First Fruits

(*Continued from page 45*)

direct me, but I feel it is a harrowing and a limiting thing for him, for any director, to confine himself to one star, and limitation is the one thing above all things to be avoided. Then, of course, there are the stories . . ."

"What sort of stories are you looking for?" I asked.

"Along the lines of light drama," she said, "with relieving touches."

"It must be quite charming," I said, "a husband-director."

"It is," she said, "especially when he is a *good* director. Fred never loses his professional sense. When we are in the studio he never addresses me save as 'Miss Bennett.' I never can bring myself quite to the point of 'Mr. Nibbo,' but we are essentially the director and the star when we are at work."

"It keeps you very much together," I said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Nibbo, "and I believe that being very much together is the best basis there is for happy marriage. I think the idea of being apart inciting interest and stimulating affection is all a fallacy. The more husband and wife are together the greater their chance of happiness. When people are very much apart, loneliness and a desire for companionship is inevitable. The seeking for it and the finding is just as inevitable. This seeking and finding is, must be, disastrous. If two people are really suited, the one to the other, really congenial, with work to do, there isn't any danger of an excess dose of one another. On the contrary——"

"What do you think," I said, "of the modern mode of living as a whole as regards men and women and their mutual relations. I hate to use the phrase 'New Woman,' but you know what I mean . . ."

"On the whole," said Miss Bennett, "I believe that it is for the greatest good. It is development and that must be for the good of the many, even tho there be unfortunate individual cases. I picked up a copy of the picture section of the *New York Times* (I adore that paper above all printed things) last week and was thrilled to see the pictures of women, just one picture after another, who had done and were doing big things. If anything suffers at all it will probably be the home *as we knew it*. Women will lose their knack for home making. I know in California mother can make more of a *real* home of her little bungalow than others can of endless rooms and acreage. The spirit of this generation is different, that is all. But in place of that home making we are gaining comradeship, men with women, women with men, and I don't know but that is an even deeper conception after all."

I asked her if she ever considered the speaking stage.

"Oh, I adore it," she told me, "even now when I go to a play the smell of the theater makes me stage-sick. I shall never get over that first love, never."

"Then why . . .?" I began.

Miss Bennett made a little gesture. "It wouldn't be wise," she said.

As we rose to go our separate ways I thought "it" might not be "wise" but Mrs. Nibbo is, will be, charmingly, tactfully, unerringly most of, if not all of, the time, with the wisdom that is the quintessence of women, and more especially the Modern Woman, Infallible Instinct. One feels that her instincts are true . .

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The Romance of Mildred

(*Continued from page 56*)

York and I was so afraid mother, who is an old fashioned dear, would not like it or want me to stay. She thought Chicago was terrible—but New York!

"Before the 'Follies' opened, I had a very flattering offer from Pathe to go to the Coast. So mother and I went. I did a lot of minor parts, then two comedies with Mr. Arbuckle and I did some Sunshine comedies. Then came my big chance—or it seemed big to me. I had worshipped Cecil de Mille from afar as *the* director I wanted to work for and when I heard he was looking for a brown-eyed blonde for 'Male and Female' I went to see him—scared to death, of course.

"'Will you work for me?' he said, when he saw me.

"'Will I?' I gasped—and he laughed and offered me a part in 'Male and Female.' And when he asked me how much salary I expected, I said hurriedly: 'Oh, never mind *that*'—and he laughed again.

"I'll never forget my first day on the set. Mr. de Mille had told me just what to do and I rushed on and went thru my part like a whirlwind. That was the way I had to work in comedies. Everyone simply roared. All but Mr. de Mille—he said it was splendid and that we would do it over exactly the same way, only I must go more slowly.

"After 'Male and Female' we did 'Everywoman.' I was Conscience you know. A thankless rôle—no one wants to be reminded of Conscience. Then I did a picture with House Peters, 'Silk Husbands and Calico Wives.' So I had seven months steady work doing really big things. Then, I decided to come to New York. I dont like the Coast—the heat is enervating, the constant sunshine squints up my eyes and worst of all, I get fat. But I never should have come back if I had not made at least the beginning of success.

"Since I came East I have done a picture for Fox—a mystery story called 'No. 17'—I played opposite George Walsh—had a big part and enjoyed it immensely. And then"—she blushed adorably, and hesitated for just a second "what do you suppose I did? I got married! It was a real romance too. You see 'Russ'—that's my husband—saw me on the screen about a year ago. His name is J. Russel Hollander, Jr. He's one of *the* Hollanders of Boston and New York. Harvard man—and the most ardent movie fan I ever met. Well, when he saw me on the screen he fell in love with me—or so he *says*. Did you ever hear of anything more ridiculous? He also says he wrote me and that I paid not the slightest attention, which is probably true. But he followed me in every picture I did.

"After I came to New York, he found out I was here and saw me at different places. Finally, one day I was lunching at the Claridge and he sent a note to my table, asking me if I would come out to the lobby and speak to him. The name was unfamiliar, but I thought it might be some one I had met—so I went. And this perfectly strange young man stepped up to me and proceeded to take my breath away by telling me how he had watched me in pictures and followed me about New York, wanting to meet me, until he decided to take matters in his own hands and tell me frankly.

"The result was that I made a tea engagement with him for that afternoon. I was working on the Fox picture and had not much time to see him, but we had dinner together every evening. His family came on from Boston and met me and seemed to approve and at the end of six weeks we were married. It was rather sudden for me, but 'Russ' says it's not at all sudden for him because he made up his mind the very first time he saw me in a picture that he was going to find me some day and marry me!"

"And so," I said, "another of your dreams have come true."

"Oh, no," she said, very seriously. "My coming East was not a dream at all—my intentions were very practical and business-like. I wanted to do something very good in pictures and still intend to do so. Perhaps I was 'led'—I dont know about that. But I do know," she continued, with a shy, happy smile, "that if it is a dream, it has been a very happy one with a most unexpected and satisfactory ending—and I know, too, that I will never wake up to find it untrue."

An Actor By Chance

(*Continued from page 37*)

Brooklyn is his home town and when he was a boy a sudden wave of theater going struck that city. Theaters sprang up at every corner overnight. Young Stanley, whose father was a very well-to-do iron man, formed the habit of going in the gallery like the other boys. In time he began to want to try his hand at producing plays, and this he did in his side yard and the barn. Then he rented a hall and gave shows on one side and ran a roller rink on the other.

When he reached manhood he actually intended to take up architecture, but when one has played in amateur productions in Brooklyn and New York, the step to the professional stage is practically accomplished. One of Stanley's first notable appearances was with Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata." Shortly after that Morosco signed him for an eleven year contract as his leading man in Los Angeles. He has been very happy out here. The players have been congenial and he has sought no greater opportunities in New York, but fate has forced fame on Forrest Stanley in the picture game and I expect to see him bring a new element to the screen, a certain strange blend of refinement, sophistication, wholesomeness, manliness and humanness, now that his real chance has come with that master artist of the shadow emotions, De Mille.

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Only a horse with days near done,
Whose fields of clover were dearly won,
Just horse!

Laughter—
Wistful laughter and aching tears,
Wonder of what the coming years,
Will mean to this child of hopes and fears,
In—Suds.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

CHAPLINITE.—Well, I am going to offer a prize of one large green cucumber for the best answer to the following question: What is the biggest fake in the motion picture business, present company always excepted? Why, there are different divorce laws in every state, even in the state of matrimony. Look up the ads in the back.

THELMA T.—Glad to hear all about your vacation on the farm with the chickens and cows. Speaking of cows, think of all the good words and hints she has given us. How could we get along without the parable of the cow that gave a good pail of milk and then kicked it over? One could hardly keep house without it. Or the parable of the cream and the skimmed milk, or of the buttered bread? We know, too, thru her aid, what the horns of the dilemma mean, and what comfort there is in the juicy end of reverie. Grace Cunard is playing in Hollywood.

MOVIE FAN.—Glad to welcome you, newcomer. How can I help you get in the Sennett bathing pictures? I give it up. However, I wouldn't mind seeing one of your pictures. You say you have thought it all over, and are sure you want to go in pictures. A woman never does her thinking until her mind is made up.

CHEROKEE.—So you think that some of the parts of "The Jinx" were very embarrassing, especially to a young girl with her friend. There is too much of this sort of thing. I didn't see it, sorry to say. You should complain vigorously to your theater manager. Oh yes, "The Jackknife Man" will always stand out in my memory as a simple, charming little picture, beautifully acted, with clever photography and directing.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.—*Prenez garde*. Well, you are wrong—Great Britain has the largest merchant marine fleet in the world, amounting to about 18,000,000 tons. The U. S. is next with about 11,000,000 tons. Madge Kennedy is playing in "Help Yourself." It was the original short story "Trimmed with Red."

JANE LUCILLE.—Nope, no woman can reform her husband by the continual lecture process. Your letter was very clever. Why do you call me Shorty? You say it is so hot where you are that you feed the chickens ice so they wont lay hard-boiled eggs. I suppose if you gave the cow ice, she would give ice-cream. You must be in the place where so many people are told to go. I enjoyed every word of yours. Lionel Barrymore in "The Master Mind."

BILL HART FAN.—No, I never get tired reading letters from my readers. The more the merrier—so dont be afraid to write. And be sure to tell me what you like and what you dont like about our magazines. Mr. Brewster has always been the editor-in-chief of all our publications.

BILLY BUNNY.—Oh, there is nothing like buttermilk this kind of weather. No, I have no electric fan in my hall-room, for the simple reason that I have only one gas-jet, and I need that for light. You're on, Billy. Edith Roberts and Jack Perrin in "The Adorable Savage."

JOHN FINCH.—You are a little late. No, Richard Barthelmess did not go to Oshkosh on his honeymoon. He was making a picture, and got married in the middle of the picture—that is to say, he was married while making the picture.

IMA GIRL.—Did you ever stop to think that self-inventory will show many a clerk a cause for his or her pause. You must go on, or you will go back. Why, the original purpose of this magazine was to publish stories of films to be released.

ANNA M. B.—Tell you about Edward Gibson, better known as Hoot. Well, he was born in Nebraska in 1892, was with Bud Atkin's circus to Australia, and played in "Hazards of Helen" for Kalem, and now he is playing with Virginia Faire one of our Fame and Fortune beauties of 1919. By the way, Virginia has left Universal, she writes us.

CLIFFORD S.—None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of spending it. Yes, indeed, many a seed worth sowing has proved a weed in growing. Well I should say that Mary Pickford, of all the players today, is making the most money.

MAMIE MC.—Ye gods and little fishes! A fellow cant make a mistake in this department without being raked over the coals and then jumped on. We are not all infallible, and that Mulhall answer was just one of my mistakes. I'm sorry, indeed, and apologize to Jack himself.

LOYDE K.—Chatty letter of yours. You want Mahlon Hamilton on the cover. We seldom use men. I believe Hope Hampton is on the December cover. She will bear watching, mark my words. Well, there are two times in a person's life when he should not gamble: when he cant afford to and when he can.

L. M. M.—I wish I did have time to cut out and send you all of our canceled stamps, but really this 's asking a little too much. Why dont you come in and cut them off the envelopes yourself? Sessue Hayakawa is playing in "An Arabian Knight," the adventures of a mischievous knave in Old Egypt. *A bon droit* means "with good reason."

MARIE.—Mildred Davis is with the Rolin Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and Juanita Hansen is with Universal. Oh, yes, I met Mary Pickford and she is wonderful.

CARLITA.—Cheer up, it may not be that bad. Anybody can see the silver lining in the other fellow's cloud, but it takes a super-optimist to see his own silver lining. You want me to tell you Richard Barthelmess's ideal type of girl. Well, I suppose his wife, Mary Hay, is. No, I dont know of a star with freckles. Freckles can be covered up with make-up.

CATHERINE H.—So you dont think I am an old man 80 years old. And you think I flirt with all the girls. Well, I never hesitate to look at a pretty girl and I hope nobody will deprive me of that pleasure. Never too old to yearn. Dorothy Dalton in "The Man's Eyes." Ralph Graves is to play opposite Ina Claire in "Polly with a Past" for Metro. You want more about Mae Marsh.

SONIA B.—You say you like all the Blackton productions, and you think they are all good human interest stories. Master Charles Blackton is coming along fast, too. Ruth Clifford has just signed a two-year contract with Frohman Amusement Co. She is assisting the judges in our Fame and Fortune Cont st. Dont mention it.

JUST ME.—Doug Fairbanks Greek? What next, I ask you? Max Linder is filming "Seven Years' Bad Luck." The Pantheon is a famous ancient building in Rome, originally consecrated to the divine ancestors of the Julian family in 27 B.C. The Parthenon is the celebrated ruins of the official temple of Pallas in Athens.

(*Continued on page 123*)

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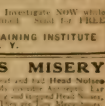

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Miss Ibsen

(Continued from page 68)

to do anything until I heard from her—and upon her return, I did hear from her, with a very attractive contract and offer and here I am on the wing."

"How do you really feel about it?"

"I really feel happy and full of anticipation. Naturally, it was difficult—leaving California and all my friends there. I have only been out of the state once in my life, and then not very far, and Sweden, even tho the land of my *forefathers*, seems very far away and very different—but this sadness, this reluctance is, I feel, a part of the adventure, the growth, and without growth what are we? I expect to develop very greatly thru this trip and the experience it will mean.

"Then, too, it will gratify my ambition in more ways than one. Besides playing Ibsen, I am to play the works of Bjornson and there will be many opportunities to play stalwart, plain-appearing peasant girls and women who are doing considerably more *thinking* than *looking*. I have no desire to do the 'pretty girl thing' all of my days. Pretty girls are not the only species inhabiting the globe, and one is not merely a 'pretty girl' for any considerable length of time. I will be able, in this work, to grow as well as, I hope, to *act*. I will feel that I am really creating characters along with pictures, and the characters will live long after the pictures, the youth pictures, have become impossible. Then, too, I may not return . . . . for, oh, ever so long!"

"But how is that?" I asked.

"We are going to live with Miss Holm, you see, mother and I. While there I am going to study singing, and if I do with my voice what I hope, I may remain . . . indefinitely. Then . . . " Miss Westover's wide and charming smile appeared; "Swedish money is ever so much more than the American in which my contract is drawn," she said, "and when the exchange is made I shall be really quite affluent for once in my life. I am inclined to believe that I shall like that."

"How was it?" I asked, "that with all of Sweden to comb thru for the right type, they came to America and went to all the added expense of transportation and the rest of it?"

"We are going to release in America, too," she said, "and they wanted some one who was known here and who had, or could easily acquire, some sort of fan following."

"It will be good publicity," I said.

Miss Westover agreed. She has, it is quite evident, a very practical head on her graceful shoulders. She gives the impression of tempering Art nicely with Ambition.

"I have come to the conclusion," she affirmed, "that one has to step aside from the beaten track, has to attempt and achieve the Unusual in one form or another before the Great American Public will actually and enthusiastically 'fall.' One has to give their curiosity a pin prick. Open up some sort of new trail . . . . do something . . . . almost anything that isn't done, seen or felt every day. Now really, there is very little known over here of Swedish scenery, and habits, the fjords, the farm country, the inland and all of that. We are going all over the country to take our exteriors, making our headquarters in Stockholm. The rest of my company is already there, all but one camera man who was to go with mother and me, but who has been delayed and I following on the next steamer. Dramatic Ibsen on his native heath with a Swedish cast is something hitherto undone.

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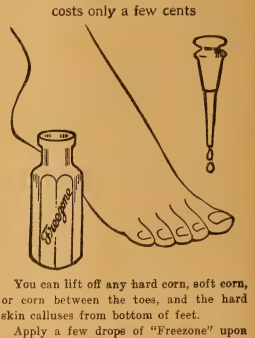

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To do the hitherto undone . . . ." Miss Westover smiled, "well, we shall see . . ." she said.

"And the singing?" I prompted.

"I believe in having resources," she told me, "life isn't a one-track affair and we cannot safely plan one-track careers. One, two, three things are apt to fail almost any one of us. It is the wise virgin who keeps her lamp trimmed with oil or other aims and hopes . . . ."

Living in the inspirational atmosphere of Thora Holm's home, working on the very scenes wherein moved the figures of Ibsen's plays, doing the sort of thing she has always and most wanted to do, feeling, no doubt, on Swedish ground, some sort of throw-back to her own people, there will doubtless come to us here in a very complete and enlightening form the "hitherto undone." The dramatists of Sweden will live for us on their native heath, interpreted for us by one of their own blood and our own breeding. It is something to pique anew the epicurean of the screen!

Her Beloved Villain

(*Continued from page 43*)

aside, his bibulous rôle to eagerly explain that the characters of the elder Bergamots had been given him by their estimable son-in-law, Monsieur Blythe.

Blythe, with the walls of his rearing crashing to about his head; with Suzanne lost to him and worse than lost, staring at him with abandoned laughter; with Martinot his enemy—what did it matter now?

"I confess . . . I confess!" he shouted above the din and confusion.

He maneuvered an escape. He wanted to get out in the garden which Suzanne, with his help, had made like the little garden outside the city limits, where first he had wooed and won her.

He wanted to be alone. They would never understand, the crowd in there, even supposing they should stop gesticulating long enough to permit of an explanation, which was incredible. . . . And Suzanne . . . Suzanne would never understand . . . Fate had brought Martinot and her together despite him and, more than all, had made true the horrible image he had conjured up for her that he might have her. . . . His misrepresentation had become a gruelling, torturing actuality . . .

He had his hands before his face, or he would have seen Suzanne before him, clear-eyed, her lips touched with a faint tenderness transmuted into a smile.

When he did see her, he made no move toward her. He groaned out his story, instead. The way he had wanted her . . . the way he had feared Martinot . . . the story of Miles Standish and John Alden, from whom he was descended . . . Thru his fingers, then, his tears stole . . .

Suzanne ran to him, unable to bear his distress. She pressed him to her heart and told him it was all a hoax, a plot, a plan . . . that Madame Poulard was already pacified . . . that she had been making believe . . . that Mère and Père Bergamot were, at that precise moment, convulsed with mirth at the subterfuge now they understood the motive, and that, as for Martinot, there was a certain Francine . . .

"But as for you, Suzanne . . . ?" whispered Blythe. Never had she been so dear . . . the flower of his world . . .

"Ooooh . . . !" Suzanne held up her finger and laughed at him. "I . . . " and then she couldn't speak any further word because her head was on his heart and nothing but an inquisitive little breeze heard the murmured, "*Mon cher . . . mon cher . . . je vous aime!*"

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At Dawning--

(Continued from page 63)

reasons for nervous breakdown, and then most women never like what they buy after they do buy it. They exist. They're too tired out with the mere search. It doesn't pay. One time I wanted a special type of nightie for a scene in my picture. I looked and I looked. I tried on and I tried on. Finally, my colored maid, who was about to commit matrimony, told me she thought she had the very thing in her trousseau! I laid my eyes upon it and knew that she had 'spoke true'! It was the thing I had been looking for, and I accepted it with gratitude and tears! My philosophy come home to roost!"

I asked Miss Hampton her controlling interest.

"*My work*," she told me, with the enthusiasm that shines from within, clearly, like a flame; "I live and breathe and wake and sleep solely for the screen nowadays. You see, I never thought a thing like this would happen to me. I wasn't a stage child, nor in any sense affiliated with the stage. There was a beauty contest in my native state of Texas, and I won it, and the screen was suggested to me . . . and, of course, at once New York became the Mecca toward which I turned my face and my ambition. Finally, I entered the Sargent Dramatic School, intending to remain for a year, but the year halved itself, for at the end of six months I had an offer to do a picture—*A Modern Salome* which was adapted by Leonce Perret from Oscar Wilde's exquisitely done poem, *Salome*—and I couldn't resist. No . . ." Miss Hampton added, slowly, "I shouldn't say I *couldn't* resist, because I like to think that I could have resisted had I believed in doing so, but I really believed that, for me, experience would be the best teacher. After all, I was training for the screen, not the speaking stage, and I felt that I had got all I could get for the screen in that six months, so far as schooling went. I needed the work-a-day experience of actually *doing*. It seems to me that experience is the only teacher that makes of one's mistakes subsidiary tutoring, too. I learned more of what *not* to do after seeing myself in my first picture than ten schools could have taught me. Oh, so many things . . . make-up . . . and lighting . . . my good and bad points . . . I felt that I had hewn down a whole forest of 'false oaks' when I had done with that. And yet, disappointed as I was in myself, it gave me confidence, too. That must be my natural and unquenchable optimism. Probably I was helped by the enthusiastic support of others and the fact that a producing company of my own was organized for me and given my name. The reliance of others is the firmest rod and the most able staff one can have, I think. And I am simply avid to learn. Everything I can see, hear, read, inhale, beg or borrow on the subject of pictures I *do*. Camera, story, lighting, directing, all of it possesses a thrill for me. I dont believe I ever think of another thing, awake or asleep."

Here, methought, in this weary and enmuyé age, where few are eager and all are sated, here is freshness, a veritable gushing fountain of quintessential youth for you. For only youth is thus enthused . . . first youth with the flush on the morning and the stardust on the star!

I asked her whether she had in mind any particular type she wished to evolve.

"I am a tremendous admirer of Pauline Frederick," she said, "but I dont know that I believe a person *can* deliberately

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evolve a type if they are being themselves and putting themselves into what they are doing and get merely an imitative smattering of other selves. One is largely what one is, and one gives what one has got to give. Which is as it should be. We are all original designs if we but had the courage to follow our own design and not somebody else's. Natural things are best. But, generally speaking, I should like to create the type of work Miss Frederick does."

"Not an ingenue . . . ?"

"Lordy . . . *no!*"

"How about sacrificing beauty to ugly make-up?"

Miss Hampton was unshakable. "I want to create. There is distortion in the world as well as form and color. Creation is all-embracing and not single-tracked."

Luncheon was over and I rose to go. "I'll take you down," my hostess volunteered, with the consideration of the comfort of others characteristic of her. En route she did a bit of involuntary shopping, confided in me that she always sleeps with her feet uncovered, even when the mercury registers zero and worse, and gave me swift and vivid pictures of her trip abroad . . .

I finally departed with my first impressions unblurred . . . first impressions . . . first things . . . all the dawning, lovely, starry things . . .

California Chatter

(*Continued from page 78*)

in Marshall Neilan productions. Mr. Neilan has completed "Dinty," starring Wesley Barry, and is now at work on "Pards." This photoplay is based on Ben Ames Williams' story which apeared in *Collier's*, under the title of "Not a Drum Was Heard." The whole company are making preparations to journey to Glacier Park, Montana, where most of the exteriors will be filmed.

Albert Smith, head of the Vitagraph Film Company, paid Los Angeles a visit in early September. Unfortunately, his stay was marred by the necessity of instigating a legal battle against Larry Semon whom Vitagraph is suing for $404,338.22. Damages are sought because of Semon's alleged failure to carry out his contract for twelve pictures a year, and alleged expensive methods used by the actor in an attempt to force the company to release him from the contract. Semon is paid $2,500 weekly, the complaint stated.

One of Mr. Smith's pleasant duties was the confirmation of the news that our splendid Tony Moreno will be starred hereafter in five-reel features instead of serials. For which we are all thankful. Tony is a fine actor and should be cast in dramatic features.

It is rumored that lovely Betty Blythe will be chosen to play the Queen in the Fox super-production of "The Queen of Sheba," but I could get no definite affirmation. This production will be directed by J. Gordon Edwards, famous for his spectacular pictures, including Theda Bara's "Cleopatra," "Salome," "Du Barry," etc.

'Tis said that Jesse D. Hampton intends to combine his picture enterprises with productions of the spoken drama. This would mean a return to the stage of H. B. Warner and Blanche Sweet. Miss Sweet first appeared on the stage when she was four years old and remained there until she began work in pictures with D. W. Griffith.

It looks as if it were going to be a good season for Carmel Myers. Universal has just purchased Edna Ferber's famous story,

(*Continued on page 115*)

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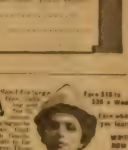

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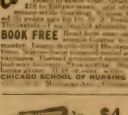

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California Chatter

(*Continued from page 113*)

"Fanny, Herself," as a starring vehicle for the beautiful brunette.

At that most historical hotel in California, The Mission Inn at Riverside, I ran into May Allison the other day. She was looking very lovely in a rose-colored organdie and was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Latlhem, and her mother," who live with her in Beverly Hills. Another sister, Mrs. Wright, who was a delegate from Tennessee to the Democratic Convention at San Francisco was with them. Mrs. Wright and her young son remain the guests of Miss Allison, for the boy is so thrilled by Auntie May and the movie studios that Mrs. Wright just cant get him home.

Edward Earle and Florence Turner will be seen in the first picture starring Doraldina which has been retitled "But Yet a Woman." California first saw Edward Earle in August. Now it has got hold of him as it "gets" us all and he says he hopes he can stay here for ever and ay.

The other day Bertram Bracken narrowly escaped serious injury while filming some scenes for "Kazan" at the Selig studio. The gate protecting him from a pack of wolves became unfastened, allowing the animals to get out on a snow set where he was arranging some props. Fortunately, Jack Laver, his assistant, saw the gate slip and succeeded in barring it again before more than two of the pack got free.

At length, King Vidor has announced his future plans. Not only will he make special productions, but Florence Vidor will be starred in her own right, under the direction of J. W. McDermott and the supervision of Mr. Vidor. Craig Hutchinson is also scheduled to make a series of comedy dramas under Mr. Vidor's supervision. The officers of the King Vidor Production Company include: President, King Vidor; Vice-president and general manager, his father, Charles Vidor, who is a wealthy Texas lumber man; secretary and treasurer, B. L. Graves; and Harrison Cassell, attorney.

Mr. Vidor is now at work on "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor.

Robertson-Cole is erecting a new $1,000,000 studio in Hollywood, at the corner of Gower Street and Melrose Avenue. The plant will occupy twenty acres and would seem to indicate that California still reigns supreme as the home of motion pictures.

MOVIE ADVICE

By HELEN FIELDING

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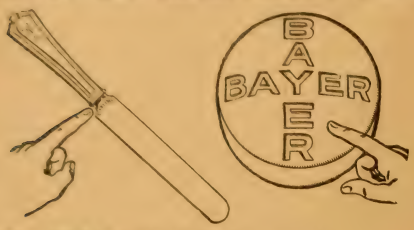

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Women who have used even the most expensive face powders say La-may stays on better than any other; they say they cannot buy a better powder than La-may anywhere at any price.

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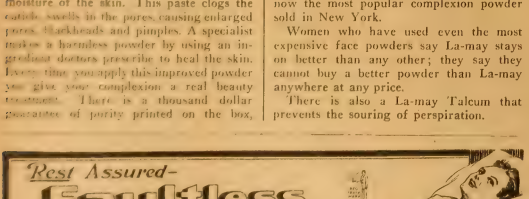

Unchanging

(*Continued from page 66*)

vealing upon occasion. My goal was Bobbie Harron.

There is nothing inconsequential about Bobbie. Nor about his talk.

There is little, if any, possibility of ambling byways of talk with him.

He is positively adamant on the matter of self-revelation.

His soul and his heart may work upon the screen for all who come to see, but the drag-net of the interviewer drags over a shale of consistent reticence.

The indubitable fact that behind those frank and serio-smiling eyes, under that broad and thoughtful brow, a worth-while philosophy is evolving, not for your pen to catch, makes the prospect none the less difficult.

Upon our arrival we found him immediately. He was seated upon the broad front porch with Dorothy Gish. The M. E. promptly departed with Carol Dempster in tow. I sat down between Bobbie and Dorothy. I had met them before and, methought, this will be easy. But then "before" I had not met them in my then interrogative capacity.

Bobbie regarded me with genuine affright. Had he been a less genuine, a less open person, the affright would have savored of suspicion, too. But there is no room in Bobbie Harron for the canker of suspicion.

His is the heart of the boy. Healthful. Trustful. Unshorn of illusion.

Dorothy at once informed me, with some emphasis, that Bobbie was chronically difficult to interview. "He'll never talk about himself," she informed me, affably.

I sighed.

Bobbie balanced his hat on the tip of his head and suggested imminent flight. At random I fired a question. He made a random reply. I tried psychology. It is being so much done these days.

I said: "Do you always say what comes to your mind?" I said this with a sort of sinister, Freudian suggestion.

Bobbie surveyed me . . . was it with scorn?

I hoped not. One wouldn't like Bobbie's scorn. It would be so generous and so well-deserved.

Dorothy whooped. She had evidently been trying to restrain herself, and at this point the restraint snapped. "Whereupon she interviewed him for the rest of the afternoon and nothing came to his mind," she said, gleefully.

It was to laugh. Of the three of us, Bobbie laughed the hardest.

"I'll put that in the interview," I said; "I have devised a new and ingenious method . . . that of always writing an interview 'verbatim.'" I had done one, I told them, in that fashion with Constance Talmadge.

Dorothy relapsed and Bobbie collapsed. He might have said something ag'in' the School of Realism. But he didn't. Bobbie doesn't care anything about "schools." And if he did, he wouldn't hold forth on them. You feel in him a sense of simple and very definite opinions and beliefs without being in the least opinionated.

At this juncture he suggested that we look about the studio, at his sets and Dorothy's, and then go to the restaurant in conjunction with the studio and have something to eat or drink.

On our tour about the place, during which Bobbie displayed his thoro working knowledge, his thoro practical information of the work he is doing, I gleaned the fact that he would like to "strike a

popular type." That is, hit some particular line pleasing to the public and distinctive for himself.

He doesn't care for comedy.

He didn't ever mean to go into pictures in the first place. They happened to him and he to them. But now he is in them, he is in them for what success he can achieve, and success is, inevitably, molded by public opinion. He did not enthuse over art for art's sake, but then he *wouldn't* enthuse over abstractions . . .

He says he believes that people just *do* what they are, in some wise, destined to do. Believes that we fall, as it were, into our predestined molds and are probably not equipped to do anything else and do it well.

"Things *happen* to us," he said, with his wholly unornamented simplicity.

He lives in New York City, from whence he sprang, and cannot quite see living elsewhere. He has, probably, a large share of the hearthstone instinct.

He believes that sheep raising on some pastoral slope is the ideal life, not to say profession, and that the man who so lives, lives most fully and most happily.

He bought me ice cream, served in cantaloup; chewing gum, life-savers and candies.

Into the restaurant there came, presently, Miss Dempster and the M. E. We joined forces and talked pictures.

He is the realest person doing the realest things I have met, to my recognizance.

He has a bully handshake. Convincing. Especially when it is to a departing interviewer with a tendency to be frank.

* * * * *

. . . In the vast industry of the Screen, when the half gods go and the whole gods stand, so shall he stand, a light that cannot fail.

THE POWER OF GOOD PICTURES

By Frank A. Powell

When courage seems to flag a bit,
And faith ebbs low;
When life seems all a crude misfit,
Or fulsome show;

Then forth to pictureland I fare,
And leave behind
The world's mad rush, and blinding glare,
And scorn unkind.

And on the screen I see the strife,
With aid of art,
Reveal the hidden springs of life
Within the heart.

I see divided ways that meet,
With strange design;
And compensation, full complete,
Her scales incline.

Thus Art beguiles me unawares
To realms of peace;
And so from worries, frets, and cares,
I find release.

JOTTINGS

It is said that Tom Mix will endeavor to accomplish the difficult feat of portraying the role of a Western sheriff without the use of a flowing mustache.

Because of the shortage of white paper, fewer masterpieces will be produced by the publicity departments this year.

It is expected that "Little Red Riding Hood" will soon be brought to the screen under the title of "The Dreadful Sex," with some wonderful shots of Broadway at night as the feature attraction.

Ethel Clayton
Star in Paramount Pictures
—one of the beautiful screen favorites who uses and recommends Maybell Beauty Aids
Other Maybell Beauty Aids
Face Powder $1.
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Brings out the beauty of your eyes
Just a wee touch of the little brush over your eyelashes and eyebrows with
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Maybelline comes in a dainty purple and gold box containing mirror in lid and a brush for applying. Perfectly harmless. Two shades—Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.
75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us in plain cover. To avoid disappointment look for and accept only the box bearing name Maybelline and picture of Maybell Girl as shown above.
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FREE 42 PIECE INITIAL OR EMBLEM ART CHINA SET
Here is the newest creation in fine China making—a beautiful 42-piece set made of exquisite ware. Each piece is full size, decorated with the popular Old Rose floral design, and edged with gold. In addition to these decorations each piece will be decorated with your personal initial as per gold, or the emblem of any fraternity, Masonic, Odd Fellows, K. of P., Woodmen, Elks, Moose, etc.
This accomplishment is absolutely new in fine china making, and gives your set an added personal value—handsome and exclusive as an heirloom. Just think, we give it to you absolutely free for selling your friends and neighbors a can of
KIBLER'S ALL 'ROUND OIL The Oil of a Thousand Uses
It is truly the perfect furniture polish, cleaner and brightener, rust preventive and leather preserver. It's the universal standby. Takes the drudgery out of cleaning—makes cleaning a pleasure in over two million homes. It is so well known that it sells on sight. To get this beautiful dinner set—or cash commission—simply order and sell 10 bottles of this wonderful oil at 60 cents each. Return the $6.00 collected and the dinner set is yours. Or you may have choice of Silverware, Rugs, Lace curtains, etc.
SEND NO MONEY. We trust you and take the oil back if you cannot sell it. Order today, giving your nearest express office. Be the first to enjoy the luxury of these new, novel and beautiful dishes.
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Is the Perfect Furniture Polish
Lubricant
Leather Dressing
Rust Preventive
Cleaner

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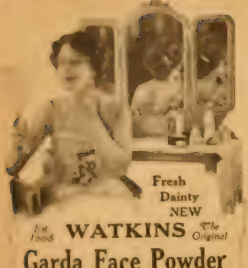

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Send in stamp and your address and receive liberal supply of GARDA FACE POWDER and information we have got about GARDA, the newest secret of beauty, and the dainty NEW GARDA BOOK.

Men and women needed at once to demonstrate to your friends. Write today for plan

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The J. R. Watkins Co.
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Real Photographs of Motion Picture Stars (clipped) for your album or desk or for your friends. 8 cents each, 6 for 25 cents, 50 for 75 cents. BATHING BEAUTIES 1 to 5 (nearly) other. Write for list. Send your order today with name and address with money order or currency to

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For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color.

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Mary T. Goldman's
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Make This Test

Send to the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. It will bring you a free sample of the remarkable hair color restorer and our special comb.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Read scores of letters from old-fashioned ones from all over the country.

Mail the coupon today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1847 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 1847 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb, and booklet, all in plain wrapper. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help pay postage. This does not obligate me in any way.
My hair is a shade of your hair. Note the names. Read scores of letters from old-fashioned ones from all over the country.
Name
Address
Town
State

Satin and Pearls

(Continued from page 55)

dress, and anything even subtly Spanish awakens a new self within me. Of course it all means something. That's why I am so delighted with my first Vitagraph picture, "Dead Men Tell No Tales." I fairly revel in the beautiful Spanish things I wear."

"You are about to rest now?" I asked.

"I am," she replied. "Tonight I leave for the summer house on the shore of Lake Champlain, where my family waits me. My family," she explained, "being my son, Paul Armstrong, aged six; his nurse, and the cook. I'll get there at five-thirty to-morrow and find a great fire burning in the fireplace, flowers everywhere and that wonderful boy of mine waiting for his mother. I can hardly wait. I've missed him so, but I just couldn't have him in the city during the summer months. Life has been empty without him,—quite empty. If I only hear his prayers when I get back from the studio in the evening it makes the day count somehow. Without him nothing has meant very much. But he's coming back with me now and everything will be quite all right again."

She paused to smile ruefully.

"Prepare to be bored to death," she laughed. "I'm like every other woman who has borne a man-child."

"Tell me about him—your plans for him," I urged. "Will he be an actor?"

"An actor," she repeated. "I hope not. And he has a sense of humor, so I feel almost safe in saying I think not. First I want him to have a splendid education—the very best I can find for him. Then if dreams come true and my plans materialize, he'll be a diplomat.

"Oh, if I had been a man," she went on, "I would have wanted to have been a diplomat. The glory of it—to play with men and with nations. It would be wonderful—wonderful."

Her eyes smoldered with ambition's fires . . .

"As it is," she said, "I shall be quite content to be simply his mother, a quiet figure in the background—happy to know I play a part, however small, in his great work among the nations."

"And if a girl comes into his life, what then?" I asked.

"What can be then?" she wanted to know, stretching forth her hands, pearl-jeweled, helplessly. "I came into his father's life. I can only hope she will be what I would have her be. If not——"

"If not," I prompted.

"I shall not permit myself to criticize," she said slowly and very deliberately. "I shall invite her to my home and give parties in her honor. If she fails in my testing process, my comparison, as she would undoubtedly fail, and he will not see, there will be nothing more that I can do for him. I think," she said, belief of her son triumphant in the very tones of her voice, "I think that he will see."

There is something vivid about her, and more than just that, she is vital, every fibre of her being gloriously alive. When her husband died, leaving her with the year-old boy, she raised her head from out of the pitiful chaos of the dreams they had dreamed and the things they had builded together, to stand erect and go on, rebuilding—picking up the threads of the old life, piecing them together that they might serve in the new—carrying on.

"Paul Armstrong did not leave me poor," she said valiantly. "He had taught me to do everything I did the best I knew how to do it. Life teaches no more valuable lesson. And he left me little Paul."

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Minor skin troubles—itching patches, bits of rash or redness—so easily develop into serious, stubborn affections, that every home-maker should have Resinol Ointment on hand to check them before they get the upper hand. We recommend Resinol for this with the utmost confidence because of its harmless ingredients and its success in healing eczema and similar serious skin diseases.

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which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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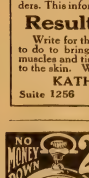

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ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. 297
Let us prove it. St. Louis, Mo.

Shadowland *for* December

Evening and soft shadows! A cozy room, an easy chair, a table and a shaded lamp. And a magazine in harmony with the approaching star-crowned night.

It is the witching hour!

It calls for a magazine that cheers and brightens with stories and illustrations. The answer is SHADOWLAND, with its stars of the silverscreen, their hobbies, whimsicalities, and successes.

The greatest season of the year approaches! Vibrant with life and color and festivity, it is the time for laughing and playing and giving and receiving.

The spirit of this season shines forth from the pages of the December issue of SHADOWLAND. There is starlight of the photoplay, the jingle of Russian sleigh bells, and special color and beauty throughout the number to celebrate the holiday.

There is Mordkin, now in Russia, still on "the light fantastic" to the joy of thousands. Oliver M. Saylor, who knows so many captivating sides of Russia, will tell how, despite carnage and massacre, Mordkin is still "carrying on."

A career of absorbing interest and an unusual profession is that of E. O. Hoppe, "the unique genius of the camera." Frederick James Smith gives a splendid portrayal of the man and his achievements in the December issue of SHADOWLAND. A reproduction of his posters in color accompanies the story.

Now that the whole world is delving into spiritualism, "Ask Ouija" is advice that is getting as familiar as how to cure a cold. In the holiday number of SHADOWLAND it is the title of a clever one-act play by Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell.

A master of stagecraft at the age of 23! That is the distinction won by James Reynolds through his work with the Greenwich Village Follies and other successes. The story revealing the personality and achievements of Mr. Reynolds will prove inspiring.

For you
A lovely holiday number
Special color plates
Starlight of the moment
And a message of good cheer
in

Shadowland

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"With your wedded life so happy," I said "what do you think makes for such happiness?"

"Camaraderie, first of all," she said. "It is up to us women mostly. I would say. Men want to be amused or they want to be left alone when they seek the home hearthstone after their days battle with the world. The wise wife knows when to amuse and when to disappear. Men are boys grown up—that's all."

She fingered the ropes of pearls which fell from her neck to the black folds of the satin dress she wore . . .

There was an Irish whimsy in her face . . .

She looked out over the gardens . . .

"What is that they say, Buddha?" she asked with a smile . . .

". . . a sweetheart at home and a wife in public . . ."

I cannot be sure on account of the shadow thrown by the pigeon as he flew overhead—but I think I saw Buddha smile.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 75*)

she hasn't accepted Willie's caveman antics favorably—that is, up to the time he demonstrates them upon the captain. Then they win favor and the fade-out shows them arm in arm, swinging on one of the halyards of the sloop, while a subtitle informs us that it is the caveman's methods directed at another that women love.

Judging the production merely by the story would not be fair, as the story was undoubtedly designed to permit the beautiful Annette opportunities to swim and dive, and of these opportunities she does not fail to avail herself. There are, too, a number of scenes photographed beneath the surface, which are exceptionally beautiful and worth seeing.

HALF AN HOUR—PARAMOUNT

"Half an Hour" should have been a very good picture. It was no fault of Dorothy Dalton's that it is not. The main fault to be found with it are the subtitles, which are so very stilted that they spoil the story.

The story is, as everyone knows, Barries', and has every element of good drama.

Dorothy Dalton plays Lilian, the daughter of a nobleman, who after the fashion of noblemen, is impecunious—impecunious to such an extent that he is forced to sell his precious paintings to a nouveau riche, who is really a nice person except for the unpardonable fact that he worked to win his gold and has no family tree. He asks for Lilian's hand, really caring for her, and she permits a marriage, altho she feels he has purchased her, even as one of the paintings, not loving her; and in this belief she continues to do him a great injustice. There follow a series of misunderstandings until she finally decides to run off with a former lover who is sailing for India. Leaving a note for her husband, she goes to this man, who agrees to take her with him. When he goes out to summon the cab which is to take them to the boat, he is killed and a doctor who returns to the rooms with his body questions Lilian, to learn that she is not the wife. She returns home to find that her note has not been discovered, and when she comes down to dinner later, she finds that her husband's guest is the doctor she met earlier in the day. He realizes, however, that she has learned her lesson and keeps his peace. And they live happily forever after.

FADED HAIR
Now easily Renewed

PREMATURE gray hair that falsely proclaims the passing of youth is not more unpopular today than it was two thousand years ago.

All through the ages, in every land, women have sought and chemists have tried to perfect a satisfactory preparation for coloring and renewing gray, faded and streaked hair.

In the short time that "Brownatone" has been on the market it's sales have increased so rapidly and to such a tremendous total as to prove that it is giving perfect satisfaction to more women than anything previously discovered for this purpose.

BROWNATONE

If you have not tried "Brownatone" and compared it's simple, clean, easy method of application, it's instant results, and it's truly remarkable reproduction of your gray hair's original color, there is a delightful surprise waiting for you.

Any good druggist can supply "Brownatone" 50c and $1.00. Two colors: "Light to medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Guaranteed absolutely harmless.

For a free trial bottle of "Brownatone" with simple directions send me to pay packing postage and war tax, to

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— is the result, not of the application of cosmetics, but of the general bodily health. It is clear blood which imparts the blush of youth to cheeks.

Experience has taught the discerning beauty to rely upon a good aperient to clear the complexion. A dainty box of NR Tablets is her helpful agent. Each tablet acts pleasantly to insure better health, to keep the skin clear and free from blemishes, to help restore and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All druggists sell the 25c. box of NR Tablets

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FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY—FIRST NATIONAL

Undoubtedly many dollars disappeared from the company's coffers in presenting Charles Ray in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," his premier production for his own company. It would seem, tho, that it might better have been spent in another direction, as this is by no means a Ray vehicle, altho he makes the best of his role.

However, the atmosphere of the pretty, even tho slow, little town forty-five minutes from the bright lights and wicked ways of the city is conspicuous only by its absence, and Mr. Ray's characterization of the priceless ingredient is very different from that drawn by George M. Cohan. Rather, he has created his own character, and while this deserves a word of credit, thanks to several old, yet ever-new Rayesque tricks, we must admit that he is seen to better advantage in another sort of portrayal.

The story is badly cut, in some instances causing the characters to move so rapidly that it resembles a slapstick comedy. Too, the continuity is bad and the picture is half over before the players are clearly placed in your mind.

There is little plot to the story and it seems a pity that there is such a dearth of screen material that they are bringing productions to the screen which were popular on the stage because of catchy musical tunes and clever dance steps. Paying huge prices for them because of a commercialized name and expecting them to entertain. It doesn't seem logical.

Charles Ray plays the role of an ex-boxer who shares with his friend, a n'er-do-well sort of person, the huge fortune inherited when his uncle dies and fails to leave a will. The ex-boxer, Kid Burns, foils the plans of a chorus girl, who is marrying the heir for his wealth, and at the same time falls in love with the maid, Mary, to whom the uncle threatened to leave his fortune. The day after Mary has promised to marry him he finds the uncle's will in an old suit of clothes, which makes Mary wealthy, and this he leaves for her with a farewell epistle, betaking himself to the station. Just before the train pulls out, Mary joins him, and when he questions her she proves her love by tearing up the will before his very eyes.

Here the story ends, but one's imaginations takes them to Broadway forty-five minutes later, where they arrive practically penniless. Anyone knowing Broadway does not doubt they soon wish for uncle's lucre.

LITTLE MISS REBELLION—PARAMOUNT

This new Dorothy Gish production has but one thing to recommend it, and that is an episode where Dorothy, as the princess of one of Europe's tiny principalities, escapes from the guarded castle and enters into a baseball game with some American doughboys. Her gift of mimicry here enjoys full play and she is very amusing. However, this occupies but a very small part of the five reels.

Naturally, one of the doughboys, played by likable Ralph Graves, falls in love with the little princess, not dreaming that her head is one of those few, left to the world, that wear a crown. As a matter of fact, he does not learn of her royalty until the eve he is sailing for home, and his departure leaves them both broken-hearted.

But the Bolsheviki enter the plot and chase the little princess to America, and when her funds give out she seeks employment in one of those restaurants where pancakes are flapped behind the wide expanse of a glass window. The ex-

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A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

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Lablache pays homage to the complexions of millions of fair women, who in appreciation say: "We use Lablache and always will until something better is found." Lablache has been the standard for nearly fifty years.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White or Pink or Cream, 25c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c for sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 66
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

doughboy recognizes her and comes into her life again just in time to rescue her from the Bolsheviks who have followed her to New York.

It is a weak story and the most enthusiastic Gish fan will admit that even Dorothy could not save it from seeming far more pathetic than funny.

THE NOTORIOUS MISS LISLE—FIRST NATIONAL

Katherine Macdonald is the notorious Miss Lisle, and besides being notorious, she is beautiful, very beautiful, even as she has always been. Every time we go to see her we resolve that we will watch her closely and decide as to her histrionic ability, but resolutions prove futile things and we leave, deciding that her ability must be adequate, because we are never irritated by any lack of it, deciding this, and in the same breath pronouncing her ravishing.

Nigel Barrie plays Peter Garstin, who falls in love with Miss Lisle when he meets her in a little Brittany village where her parents have fled to escape her notoriety. They marry, she keeping silent about her past, in accordance with her parents' demands, and it is not until they reach Paris on their honeymoon that Peter, who has been away from the news of cities for months in his travels, learns that there is a notorious Miss Lisle; that his wife is she. Unable to bear his scorn, she runs away. Repentant and believing, he follows her. Then the man who used her as a dupe in his divorce case, so that he might shield the real corespondent, who is the woman he had planned to marry, repents and the evening papers carry the story of her innocence. Thus she is freed from the unpleasantness she has borne so long and is once more happy in her husband's love.

The story is well-told with the suspense maintained thruout, and it is, taken all in all, an enjoyable picture.

CIVILIAN CLOTHES—PARAMOUNT

Again Thomas Meighan buttles—this time that he may bring the society girl he married abroad during the war to an acceptance of democracy. She returns from Over There believing him dead when his identification tag is found on the battlefield. On the evening she is giving a reception, he comes to her home, and fearing his frightful clothes and apparent lack of culture will disgrace her, she pleads with him to go away, inasmuch as she has told no one of her marriage. He accepts a position as butler in her home, much to her chagrin, and it is only after a friend, realizing the butler to be a gentleman underneath his livery, shows a fondness for him that she discovers she really cares for the boy who won her heart near the din of battle.

The end of the picture finds her completely won over to all that democracy means and about to start with him for Panama, where he is to be chief engineer on a new railroad which is to be built there.

Martha Mansfield plays the girl, and while she is very often quite beautiful, it must be admitted that she fails to make the most of her opportunities. Thomas Meighan is as attractive as ever, and he is quite likely to take his place among the screen's foremost male stars if he continues along in the way he has been going.

The picture starts off poorly, but along about the middle of the story it takes a trend decidedly for the better, only to fall down again at the end. The scenes laid Over There especially are very poor, as judged by the other trench scenes the cinema has afforded from time to time.

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Although my way of teaching piano was laughed at when I first started in 1891, yet I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have taught my way up a quarter of a century, unless my method possessed REAL MERIT? *Investigate*, is all I ask.

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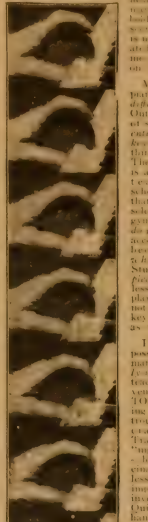

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely *different* from all others. Out of every hour of study one hour is spent entirely alone. From the *beginning* you play real music—nothing about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an age of efficiency. Teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is seldom prudent of things gymnastics. When you do get to the keyboard, you accomplish more in *much* because you *understand what you are doing*. Studying this way is a pleasure. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

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DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From an oil painting by [illegible] exhibited at the [illegible]

ments from MEMORY, as you do from [illegible] you watch [illegible] COLORO-TONE and [illegible] DEX [illegible] by [illegible] using them by and [illegible] scientific easy manner by [illegible]

Men and women who have failed in all other methods, after wasting much time and money, have success with me. In my [illegible] many men and women who had put [illegible] and who [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

AN OLD FASHIONED BOY—PARAMOUNT

"An Old-Fashioned Boy," Charlie Ray's last picture for Paramount before branching out in his own company, might well be called "Much Ado About Nothing," except that it would perhaps be disparaging to that bard Shakespeare who, with a genius stroke, made nothing of interest. There is no such stroke in this picture, which even fails to offer Ray opportunities in which he might delight his audience.

There can be no reason for the release of such a picture except perhaps a scenario house-cleaning.

THE BRANDED WOMAN—FIRST NATIONAL

Again the woman neglects to bare the family skeleton before she marries, subjecting herself to blackmail and a scandal which will wreck her husband's career. Again a cinema husband places the worst possible construction upon his wife's actions. But, of course, the last few feet of film find things rapidly adjusting themselves.

We wonder what the scenario writers would do without this time-worn plot. At least fifty per cent. of the stories would cease to be.

Norma Talmadge is "The Branded Woman," and while she is excellent in some scenes, we have seen her to much better advantage. She has been greatly handicapped by trite melodramatic stories of late. It seems a pity, too, for she has both beauty and ability.

Others in the cast are Gaston Glass, who has but a minor rôle; Percy Marmont, who is excellent, and George Fawcett, who, as a matter of fact, does the finest work in the entire production.

BEHOLD MY WIFE—PARAMOUNT

"Behold My Wife" is based on Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Translation of a Savage," and is one of the most interesting pictures which has found its way to the silversheet in many months. The plot has proved ideal material for the screen.

To Mabel Juliene Scott goes praise for the delicate and artistic manner in which she portrays the little Indian girl who is slowly transformed into a graceful and charming society woman.

This transformation is occasioned when the ne'er-do-well son of an English family marries an Indian girl on the reservation where he is a fur trader, sending her home to disgrace his family, against whom he harbors resentment. His older brother educates the girl so that when he returns home after a few years he finds her all that anyone could desire his wife to be. Milton Sills, as the ne'r-do-well son, and Elliott Dexter as the older brother, are both seen to splendid advantage in their respective rôles, while Ann Forrest is pleasing in the character of their sister.

The chief charm of this production probably lies in the fact that it has been logically presented, making no strenuous demands upon the imagination—this, and the fact that it is well directed and well acted, makes it a far better offering than has been glimpsed in some time. It is a George Melford production.

TSURU AOKI

By Sylvia Cushman

The tinkling of temple bells,
In the evening wind,
Memories of other days,
. . . The Buddah, free from sin.

The purple nights of Japan,
In ghostly lantern's light,
Cherry blossoms, sighing lute,
Dreams of love and life.

Vernon Preps was born with deformed feet. When he was eleven years old he was brought to the McLain Sanitarium. Less than six month's treatment secured the results shown. His mother says:

Vernon and his father arrived home and we were surprised to see Vernon's feet looking so good. Anyone who has seen him so tortured can hardly believe it.

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E. S. WELLS, Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 109*)

It was begun about 450 B.C. Write me again, but next time ask me something easy.

YOU'RE MY GIRL.—Cheer up, I never saw so many gloomy people. Be like me, always happy. You say a self-made man needs a woman to put on the finishing touches. I guess you are about right. Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?" and "Always Audacious."

ERNESTO O.—Jane Novak is playing in "The Golden Trail" for Arrow. You want Mary MacLaren on the cover. Pose are doing "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," from the poem by Will Carleton. I knew Carleton well.

ANTHONY.—So glad to hear from the crowd once more.

A SINGLE BLONDE.—Oh you blondy! You say you are strongly against divorce. Some people claim that either there should be no divorce at all, or divorce on the most liberal grounds conceivable. Now, which is the greater sin—adultery or living together in hatred? Which is the worst, marriage relations with one you love or with one you hate? Perhaps marriage should be made harder. Perhaps people marry too quickly—marry in haste, to repent at leisure, but since I have never tried either one, I should not be taken as an authority. We wont argue any more about that.

ISLE OF VIEW.—Thanks for yours. It was mighty interesting.

KISME.—Horrors! Are you good-looking? If so, that's different. No, I never send out my pictures. Did you see the cartoon of me recently in one of the back issues? Dorothy Davenport and Anna Nilsson, Conrad Nagel and Bertram Grassby are the players for Chambers' "The Fighting Chance." Write me some more.

MARY MILES MINTER MAD.—You say you nearly die laughing at some of my answers. I hope I will not be the cause of your decease. That would be a pretty kettle of fish. Well, I have never really measured my beard, but—it's a load to carry around in the summertime.

MILDRED P.—You certainly must have time on your hands, for I had to take time to read your long, lengthy, lustrous letter. Jack Pickford, when he had his citizen's papers taken out, also changed his name from John Charles Smith to John Charles Pickford. Marshall Neilan is starring Wesley Barry in "Dinty." Some kid.

OLGA 17.—A voice from the tomb! They are all asking for you, and I'm going to publish your letter to let them know the true situation from your own lips:—"Dahlink, I know your heart is grieving, your soul is depressed and your eyes are tear-stained! But I understand. You loved me, adored me, worshipped me, and I went and married another! But then, Rippy, darling, I just *couldn't* marry a man wot would get soup spilled all over his spinach-like beard. It goes against my grain to see suchlike things. So I went in search of the most wonderfulest man in all the world and now I am the luckiest lady in the universe.

"But dear, my love for you can *never* grow cold. We mean too much to one another to let a husband stand in the way. We will meet often, love, and converse on the topic of movies and movie actresses, and in those hours of bliss we will forget that I am a wedded wife, and just glean every bit of joy from our meeting. You will not, I warrant, order soup at dinner, nor corn on cob, but you will feast thine eyes on the one and onlee Olga wot loves you in spite of everything.

"When shall it be, dear? And you dint answer me in the Mag. It's comin' I'm married, I guess! Anyhow, was Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K" done for the movies, and if so, by whom. Who played the part of "K" and who played Sidney? I would love to know, Rippy, bald one.

"I think Will Rogers deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame. His acting—or rather his non-acting—is just too thrilling. His pictures are bubbling over with human realities, and they are so well done. And I simply adore his little wittie son.

"Goodbye for now, divine one. Remember that I love you, and pay a wee bit o' tenshun to your Olga 17."

PRIM SIS, HAWAII.—Just be patient, and some day I will run in and see you. Not Evelyn Shaw, but Evelyn Thaw. So you want to hear more of Helen Gibson. So do I.

CORA SIT.—Yes, I was born poor, and I hope to die poor. I am glad that I am not bothered with a lot of money, houses, mortgages, bonds and securities except to leave to relatives. What are they good for? Yes, I have met several of my correspondents. Certainly, Lamar Lane is, indeed, a clever chap. He is not stationed in these offices. Dont call me an old cobweb.

ANOTHER FAN.—Blow away! June Caprice is to appear with Marguerite Courtot and George B. Seitz in "Rogues and Romance." Eileen Percy in "Beware of the Bride.'

C. J. R.—Referring to Lois Meredith.

MONTAGUE LOVE ADMIRER.—All rigit, sing out. You want a chat with Montague Love, Roy Stewart and Casson Fergusson. Yes, I am about as happy as I can be, but you must remember that there is no such thing as a long happiness.

CURIOSITY.—Your story reminds me of the sad experience of my little friend William; Little Willie with the shears, clipped off both the baby's ears; it made the baby so unsightly, that mother raised her eyebrows slightly. Now wasn't that sad? Viola Dana did not marry him. Try Los Angeles. Yes, I liked "Go and Get It." Write me again.

THEDA.—Billie Boy; Gertrude A; Catherine D; Minnie P; Le D; Verna L; Helena K; Marjory H; LeRoy; Francis P; Vicky; Nimrod; Agnes M. Thanks for yours, but see elsewhere for yours, in these columns.

KENNETH ARCHIBALD.—Charmed! You must have the eyes of Argus to see so many virtues in this department. William Farnum in "Drag Harlan." George Walsh in "Dynamite Allen." No, Bebe Daniels is not married. So you think she ought to be. Evidently, she does not. Cannot give you the cast for "Birth of a Nation" here.

RICARTH.—Howdy. Why, last time I heard, Mary MacLaren and Katherine MacDonald were sisters and I presume they still are. I agree that the moral and economic status of the world is in a chaotic condition. But it was ever thus—the poor learn their vices from the rich.

HOODLUM.—Whom the gods love, die young. I am 75, so you know what that means. I haven't bought my new winter suit yet. I am waiting for someone to throw out his old awnings. All rightie. I would just like to spend my vacation with you, but this January I am off for Bermuda. Whooppee! You say you must have a career and you dont care what kind it is so long as it is a career. Watch your step! Pretty slippery around here too.

(*Continued on page 127*)

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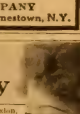

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An Old-Fashioned Boy

(Continued from page 72)

Davis, grew pitiably abject with fright, as he met the unwinking gaze of three pairs of round eyes. "Sybl! I have a heart —I'm all alone here. The housekeeper went yesterday. Besides what can I tell 11 about."

But already cold certainty that he would yield gripped him. An hour later he stood in the diamond paned room, looking down at the three small figures on the bed—Bob Boy at the bottom. Diamond shadows lay across their small, upturned sleeping faces, a moonbeam, stealing in, found Mary's tossed curls and turned them to light gold. "Darned if they dont look a— they belonged!" David mused aloud, and then unexpectedly a sob caught at his throat and he turned away and stole out of the room, clumsily on tiptoe.

"Sick," he told Herbert briefly over the telephone, and then hurriedly, lest his partner's solicitude find expression in a hurried visit to the suburbs to smooth the fevered brow. "I'm afraid it's something catching. Going to have the doctor and find out. Better not come around till I'm sure."

He did not guess that his fib anent the doctor was to become a very truth by nightfall. But a taffy-pull, begun in the early morning and continued stickily thruout the day ended in three uncomfortable stomachaches, which in David's experienced eyes took on dire possibilities. Appendicitis,—Bright's disease—lumbago! What did one do for kid-pains anyhow? He conned over vague memories of his own childhood as he searched frantically in the 'phone book for a doctor's number,—Jamaica ginger—or was it castor oil? Hang it! How did you find a doctor among a million names? With a sigh of relief, he remembered that Betty's father was a physician, and turned to the telephone, the old familiar number coming automatically to his tongue.

"Calomel," prescribed Dr. Graves, briefly, after the whole affair had been confided to him. His eyes twinkled as he measured and administered. "What kind of a father do you call yourself, David, my boy, eh?"

From the darkness outside sounded a silvery laugh that sent the sheepish grin slithering from David's lips. "Betty!" he gasped. "She came with you—"

The doctor nodded, carefully avoiding the boy's haggard eyes. "Yes. Ferdie brought us out in his car. Ferdie is the latest victim—he's at the acute Huyler stage now."

David's young jaw set. He was quite still until the doctor and he were down stairs again, leaving three well-dosed children sound asleep in the gable room. Then he burst into words, many of them, to which the doctor listened with growing appreciation, until at the end he laughed, soundlessly and long. "You're coming on, Davie, my boy—famously!" he chuckled at last, wiping his spectacles. "Keep on the way you're going and in another month you'll qualify for a politician. But I dont know but what I'll do it. Cant say I care for Ferdie for a son-in-law—not enough chin, nearly. I liked you, David, and that little girl of mine was a fool. Perhaps—if I did as you suggest, she might come to her senses. No harm to try, but while we're about it we wont call it measles. That's too tame. Scarlet fever—much better! Now you disappear while I call her in and put the case up to her."

Herbert Allen, stopping his car at the gate of his partner's house the next afternoon, was in a pessimistic mood. Not, he assured himself vigorously, that he gave a damn what Sybil did, but she couldn't steal

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The December CLASSIC

Stars wax and wane—some stars do. Others wax and wane not, and such is the case of Theda Bara, siren of the silversheet.

Homewrecker, heartbreaker, vampire, she flashes across the scene with her fascinating wiles, leaving in her wake empty hearts and ruined lives. After assuring yourselt that it is just "make-believe" after all, you prepare to enjoy the tragic features of the play.

How would it seem to see this tragedienne as an honest-to-goodness person, sans "make-believe," sans make-up. Just the real natural girl or woman?

Can you picture Theda Bara as a kiddie, with curls or pigtails? Dont try to. It would be difficult and it is unnecessary. Just read the December issue of the CLASSIC, in which there will appear

THE REAL STORY OF THEDA BARA

By

MRS. PAULINE BARA,

Mother of the famous screen siren.

It is an unusual story of an unusual personality, and is sure to win the interest of all devotees of the photoplay.

Photographs of this Lorelei of the silversheet which you have never seen before will accompany this two-part story of her life.

How stars win their fame, what their hobbies are, their romances and private lives are subjects of increasing interest. Thru interviews many things are learned which throw illuminating side lights on these personalities.

Otis Skinner, who is at present doing Kismet on the screen, tells new phases of his life and work in an interview by Hazel Shelley.

An attractive story for the holiday number of the CLASSIC is told by Gladys Hall as a result of her interview with the famous screen comedienne, Madge Kennedy.

Frederick James Smith writes about Jerome Storm in a manner that holds your vivid interest as he tells how this director-discoverer of 1920 climbed the ladder of success. Mr. Storm is now directing Lillian Gish.

Read about them in the CLASSIC for December.

The Classic

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

his children. He'd show her! He'd hire detectives, he'd see whether fathers had any rights, he'd—

He stopped short on the path, staring in pale horror at the card sum tacked to the porch pillar, "Scarlet Fever." So poor old Dave had been right yesterday. He was sick, alone and sick. By Jove, he had had the beastly thing once. He'd stay and nurse the old fellow, that was only decent.

In the library, Bob-Boy balanced awkwardly across his shoulder, David was reading and re-reading the note he had found pinned to the dotted dimity curtain ten minutes ago. "When father told me about Sybil's babies and asked me to stay and nurse them 'till he could send out a nurse from town I agreed *for humanity's sake*," the note ran in indignant little pen jabs, "but I am going back to town. I am a doctor's daughter and besides I found the molasses candy all over Mary's pinafore. I may have no sense of humor, but I fail to see the joke. You are still taking too much for granted. Elizabeth Graves."

The bell, jangling persistently below, penetrated his consciousness by degrees. He tiptoed to the window, peered down and backed away hurriedly. The two older children were still sleeping off their taffy orgy. Casting a haunted look about the room for something to occupy Bob-Boy, he discovered the sticky remains of the candy in a saucer. A smear on each small fist, a feather from the pillow and Bob-Boy was so absorbed in the problem of getting rid of the feather that he made no protest when he was abandoned.

Thru the door, David argued heatedly with his visitor. "I'm breaking out," he moaned, "you cant come in, Herb! You'd get it and die!"

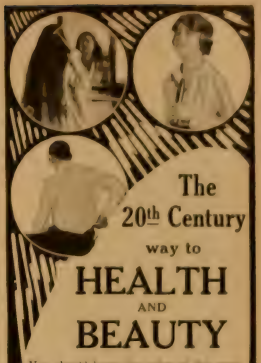
"I'm breaking in!" retorted his friend, and followed up the words by shoving up an unguarded window and stepping within, where he surveyed David with something akin to suspicion. "I must say you dont look it! What's the big idea, anyhow?" He cocked a knowing ear towards the stairs, closed one eye slowly, "Aha! So *that's* it! I'd never have given you credit, Dave! A totally new idea, that scarlet fever alibi, you old rascal!"

David writhed. His straining ears caught sundry sounds from above. He had promised Sybil—he dragged Herbert, protesting to the kitchen, closed the door and nobly sacrificed his character with a sickly smile. "You guessed it! But now be a good sport and go away. The—the—ah lady—" he choked over the word, "doesn't—naturally want anyone to know she is here." To his amazement he detected real admiration in his partner's gaze; with growing surety he went on to hint at a long intrigue, carried on in secret, painting himself black with broad strokes under Herbert's fascinated gaze.

In the middle of the conversation sounded, on the other side of the door, the rustle of skirts. A hand laid hold upon the knob, turning it. Thru David's brain flashed the truth, the terrible truth that was so innocent, and looked so black. Betty had repented of her note and come back. She was there, on the other side of the door, and Herbert could not help thinking—

"No! No!" said David hoarsely, clutching at the knob. "Go away! You cant come out here! Go—"

"Davie dear!" Paralyzed, David released his clutch of the door-knob and fell back, as Herbert Allen with a single stride, reached the door and flung it open on—his own wandering wife, Sybil! In the stunned silence that ensued, David Warrington remembered vividly all that he had said



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to Herbert about the long intrigue he groaned aloud. For a man who had never so much as taken a single footstep from the straight and narrow pathway he had allowed his vain-glorious tongue, inspired by the admiration of his friend for his wantonness, to lead him into an inextricable bog. Gone was reputation, gone all hope of ever winning Betty, gone everything!

Sybil opened her lips to speak, but Herbert for once in his married life, did the talking. He spoke loudly and long, he became quite dramatic and used some gestures that the Barrymores could copy to advantage. He wound up by stating that he intended to start suit for divorce within the hour, naming David as co-respondent, and stalked from the room. The front door banged hollowly upon him before Sybil found her tongue, and then

"He's gone! I've lost him—the best man in the world, the handsomest, the only man I could be married to for five minutes! And it's all your fault! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" Five minutes of hysteria completed the wreck of David. How could Herbert be such an ass as to believe that he or any other man would steal a wife like this? He was fanning her frantically with the tea strainer when another voice brought his wild gaze to the doorway, and then, without warning, the strainer clattered from his nerveless hand and he was at Betty's side, saying her name over and over, clutching her close in shaking arms.

Over his shoulder Betty was speaking to Sybil, "I met Herb in the yard, and explained. He's got the children out in the car—they're waiting for you. Dont you think you'd better—hurry?"

But the last words were superfluous, for Sybil had flown.

It took fully half an hour for Betty to forgive David, but she did it very thoroly. And presently they were wandering happily thru the Little House, which suddenly stopped looking like a mere house of four walls and a roof and took on the look of a home. By the window David stopped and drew her to his side, "I've planted dahlias there, sweetheart, so you'd have them to look at next summer, when you sit here sewing——"

Wide-eyed she gazed up at him, "David!" gasped Betty, "David! You took it for granted I'd forgive you?"

He nodded. "Of course, I knew you'd come back, Betty!" In the last months David Warrington had become not only a sadder but a wiser man. He stooped now, and kissed the faint crease between her brows, "I knew you'd come back," he finished simply, "because I loved you so, Betty, and needed you so."

The Little House gave a creak of satisfaction, and the casement windows closed over a scene that was nobody's business except David's and Betty's and its own.

AND NOW THEY DONT SPEAK

Theatrical Star: What would you do if your face should be disfigured in an automobile accident?

Film Star: Oh, I suppose in that case I'd have to take a position as your understudy.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so will the turning from one subject to another, as the varied types hit the eye, make the mind sparkle.

A kind word, a pleasant smile, a glad Good Morning, are searchlights on the Road of Progress, that light the way for many a weary soul, and they are lights that never go out, for their influence shines on forever.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 123)

GIRL FROM LONESOMEVILLE.—My dear, what you need is something to love. There are more people who wish to be loved than there are those who are willing to love. Marjorie Hume is playing in "The Great Day." Write to me any time.

ALCOHOL.—What's this? You think I look like one of the Smith Brothers on the coughdrop boxes. I dont belong to that clan of be-whiskered gentlemen. Nor am I one of the seven Sutherland sisters. Lottie Pickford and Irving Cummings in "Diamond from the Sky." But you know that women go further in love than do most men, but men go further in friendship than women.

JUST OLGA.—Surely I always put my whiskers up in curlers before going to bed. Vanity is the only intellectual enjoyment of many people. Oh, I like all the girls. I have no choice. Not Elsie, but Helen Ferguson in "The Challenge of the Law" opposite William Russell.

L. E. P.—So you want more about Irene Castle. Hazel Simpson Naylor is not in these offices now, but on the Coast. And we all miss Hazel, yes, we do. You see she has a hubby now and a baby.

PEGGY.—So you think something should be done to prevent people coming in the middle of a reel and disturbing everybody. The early bird catches the plot, and the late bird spoils it. Yes, I enjoyed your typewritten letter. It was funny—like the Greek alphabet.

CLARENCE B.—Thanks for the verse. Sorry I haven't room to print it. You say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Not so. It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliating calamity to be loved no more. Write me some more.

AVOIRDUPOIS—Yeast for yours. Do I believe in it? Why, they're all doing it and think they are thriving on it. I understand that Fleischmann is making a mint since prohibition and since the ladies are getting fatter. Eat and grow thin is my motto. Where there's a wont there's a way.

RICARDI.—But a man with a bad heart can never love deeply nor well. Marcellina Bianco played in "Cabiria" as Cabiria. Why, I always like Norma Talmadge, but I didn't think a whole lot of "The Branded Woman." Norma is always good, however.

CLARISSA OF MISSOURI.—Yes, most girls want nothing but husbands, but when they get them they want everything. Tom Mix's next picture will be "The Texan." He is supported by Gloria Hope. Edna Purviance is playing with Charlie Chaplin.

F. H. B.—So my department is widely read at Yale. Good for you, my dear old college chumps. You want to know if Theodore Roberts bought Wally Reid's house. You will have to get in touch with the gentlemen in question if you must know, for I dont make a specialty of searching titles.

MARY MAY.—Bobbed hair is all the rage, it seems. I'm right in style. I wonder if bald heads will ever be the rage. Corinne Griffith really has bobbed hair. Send on the lock—I may have the key—oh, you mean hair.

MARY V. W.—Well, the ideal player is the one who has not yet arrived. Kind suggestion of yours, Mary. I dont mind. Constance Binney in "The Stolen Kiss." Eileen Percy in "Beware of the Bride." Before marriage you are beware of them, after marriage you are aware of them.

JEAN L.—Thanks, thanks, and with a low bow, thanks. Well, we cant always choose our work, but we can choose the way we do it. You can reach Norman Kerry at International Film Co., Second Avenue and 125th Street, New York City. Be sure it isn't a costume play, they dont sell well now.

GREENHORN B.—I condole with you in your present serenity in domestic affairs when one comes women as a calm westerns a sailor. So sorry you dont care for this department. I would suggest that you send a stamped envelope and then you wont have to wade thru this nonsense. Ruth Stonehouse is playing for Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. You want Juanita Hansen in the gallery. You want to see "The story of Juha Page" done in pictures. Sorry I cant accomodate you.

IDA MAY.—George Larkin and Frances Edmonde in "The Unfortunate Sex." Howard Hickman in "The Cast Off." Every one to his or her opinion.

L. E. S.—Your description is good. Woman is an overgrown child that one amuses with toys, intoxicates with flattery, and seduces with promises. Why the most famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci is the "Mona Lisa" or "Gioconda" now in the Louvre museum in Paris. You want more of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Thomas Meighan.

ROBERT.—You want to be discovered. Wait until I get in touch with Thomas Edison. Be patient, child, and wait until you are a little older and then try the movies.

MAUDE B.—Very interesting, and do write me again.

REBECCA F.—The royal palm is the highest of the palm trees. It is native to the tropics. Little Lillian Roth, who played in "Shavings" on the stage, posed for the subtitles of the Fanark picture "The Crimson Cross." So you think I am a strong pillar for our magazine, and you enjoy reading our letters. Tell us what you want, and we will try to serve.

THEDA BARA ADMIRER.—So you thought I was in the Wall Street disaster. No, child, I was safely tucked away on Duffield Street in Brooklyn in my little cell. Benjamin Franklin was buried in Philadelphia, in the graveyard at Arch and Fifth Streets. Valeska Suratt is playing on the stage, and Theda Bara is expected to alternate. You want more of Creighton Hale.

BLONDE.—Those who always speak well of women do not know them enough; those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all. You think we ought to do more for Robert Gordon, Wallace Reid and Charles Ray. Perhaps.

VITAN.—So you think I ought to get married. You say the human soul needs to be mated to develop all its value. Well, I'm going to buy me a cat. So you like Constance Talmadge. You say next to Mary Pickford you like her better than anyone, and that you always feel full of pep after seeing Constance.

X BRUNETTE.—My motto—whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might—no indeed. May McAvoy is playing in J. Stuart Blackton's "Forbidden Valley." You bet I have my buttermilk every day.

TOOSY TOOTSY.—Of course I have my wisdom teeth. Who did you suppose had them? Neither of the Gish girls is married. I understand that Dorothy and the late Bobby Harron were very brotherly and sisterly, but nothing more.

KATHLEEN, N. Z.—But, you know, Kathleen, they say there is no fool like the old maid. Charles Ogle was Jumbo in "The Unhung Colleen." Forrest Stanley opposite Vivian Martin in "His Official Fiancee." So you didn't think that William Farnum was suited for "Riders of the Purple

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Dawn." Sorry I didn't see it. I manage to get to the Strand Theater here in Brooklyn every Monday night. Run in again when you haven't anything to do.

ELEANOR W.—Said she smilingly—the friendship of a man is often a support; that of a woman is always a consolation. So you can't figure me out. Goodness knows I cant support a fly on $9.25 per. I'm going on a strike the first of the year, but I wont turn Red. Wheeler Oakman is "Mickey." Mahlon Hamilton in the Pickford play.

OLIVE OIL.—Hello, Olive, how's vinegar? You're all wrong, yellow takes black in the pictures and not white. News about Thomas Corrigan? Step to the front Thomas, you're paged. Shirley Mason and Raymond Mickee in "The Girl of My Heart." Guess Shirley has made many a heart flutter.

ROBERT L. W.—You enter at the wrong door. You know that every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. So you think "Passers By" was a mighty fine picture. Hats off, commodore.

CARRIE M.—Phillis Haver is not married to Mack Sennett. Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in Devonshire, and died in London, and J. M. W. Turner was England's greatest landscape painter. You're very welcome.

VYRGYNYA.—What ho! The guards! The trumpets! Blare a blast, for Royalty doth approach. Come in. You take exception to what my friend T. J. L. (as you interpret Terribly Jaundiced Lunatic) thinks about me. You think I ought to hand over this department to T. J. L. and let it become a bureau of sane, sensible, and incidentally, terribly UNinteresting and UNreadable stuff. I'm glad you're my friend, Vyrgynya.

DUSTY R. TAYLOR OF SAN FIEGO.—Welcome. Yours is some letter. You say Bessie Love is staging a come-back, and that she will be better when she ages a wee bit—like wine. Write me soon again.

ELDER BERRY BLOSSOM.—You say I remind you of an overgrown cabbage head. What's that! You think my head ought to be fertilized with herpicide. Never use it. Wish I had your sense of humor.

STEPPLING.—Yes, nonsense makes the heart grow fonder. That's why I write it so much. Harry S. Myers, Rosemary Theby, Charles Clary and Charles Gordon are playing in "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." You must write to me again.

S. T. O. K.—Thanks.

JIM.—Yes, you can reach Wallace Reid at Hollywood, Cal. No, our Brooklyn stenographers do not always chew gum. Yes, I have seen a bicycle race. I just cant remember how I felt the first year I didn't go back to school. If there is anything else, Jim, just command me.

A DIXIE GIRL.—I always make love while the moon shines. It seems to take better. Shirley Mason was not married. Gloria Swanson did play in comedies. Grace Cunard is playing now. I liked your billy doux.

C. L. M., BRIDGEPORT, O.—You wont need a book on New York if you come to this office. Yes, see ads in back of book.

IAN MACCLARREN.—Dont do it. They cant help you any. Better wait a little longer.

BERTHA, HOBOKEN.—You want to see a picture of Pauline Frederick in the magazines. She is in pictures. So you liked the tall players, like Warner and Reid. That's all right in these cases, but you know that tall men are often like high houses, wherein the uppermost rooms are worst furnished. Not so in these cases, however.

BLACKTOP.—Never call a man a blackguard call him an African sentinel. Broncho Billy Anderson is still in New York promoting stage plays. Yes, Bill Hart is a real Westerner.

ANXIOUS.—Write to Brentano's, 28th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. They carry all kinds of books, and what they dont carry they will get.

SNICKLE FRITS.—Yes, Anita Stewart has a little brother. You can reach Ralph Bushman at Hollywood, Cal. No, but we have a few jitney buses around here, and we have more public conveyances, called taxi-cabs which have a gas meter attachment that registers miles for feet.

CLARA H., ERIE.—Oh, no you dont—you cant bribe me on my age—70 winters, that's straight. Harrison Ford, Charles Meredith, Emory Johnson, Ralph Graves and Mahlon Hamilton are not married. Thanks for the kind things you say about me. Tickle me thus and I blush, then gush.

G. W. R.—No, to both of yours.

MARGUERITE S., N. J.—You want to see Theda Bara's picture on the cover. It shall be did.

KID MACK; STANLEY; VELMA; A WESTERN GIRL; KRITZ K.; D. H. T.; ELANEY.—See ans elsewhere. Ask me something unique or original if you expect an individual answer.

RETA ROMAINE.—Yours was 100% and then some more. Great stuff!

S. S. M.—Have no fear, child, I wont reveal my identity. You say you prefer to write to me as a mystery. I've been a mystery to myself all my life, so how could I be anything else to you? Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton are on the Coast, but not playing together.

CISSY.—I never saw so many demands to see another person's property as you-all's demand to see Norma Talmadge's husband. Dorothy Dickson, the famous stage dancer, is playing in "Money Mad," to be directed by George Fitzmaurice for Paramount.

AGNES B.—You call me out of my name. As some wise man saith, "Genius is an infinite capacity for overcoming the opposition of mediocrities." You want an interview with Kitty Gordon. She with the beautiful hair, and—back. Rod La Rocque—we have had interviews with him.

VYRGYNYA.—I read your clever verse with ticklesome delight and passed it around for everybody else to enjoy. Please do it some more.

CLARENCE A.; DIMPLES; ALVERTA M. K.; ISABELLE S.; A. B. O.; JOHN P.; KENNETH A. P., YONKERS.—Your questions have been answered somewhere. Next time I hope I wont have to put you in with the alsorans.

EDITH E.—I really do not know whether J. Warren Kerrigan plays and sings, but if it is important for you to find out, I'll wire him. No, he is not married yet. I have not heard either Cox or Harding. I like a good, ripping political speech, but for real spellbinding there are none to compare with the dictionary makers.

GLORIA S, ADMIRER.—You can get back numbers of all three of our publications by writing to our circulation department. Allan Dwan produced "In the Heart of a Fool." Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley."

DOROTHY L.—You will never be satisfied. How many sick ones wish they were healthy; how many beggarmen wish they were wealthy; how many homely ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many benedicks wish they had tarried; single or double, life's full of trouble; riches are stubble; pleasure's a bubble! Yes, Theda Bara has returned from Europe.

JULIUS.—Better join one of the correspondence clubs.

EIGHTEEN.—*Fort bien.* Sorry I cannot

help you on that name. Can't you give me a better clue? You should read a book at least once a month, and that's only 120 in ten years. Readers are of two sorts. There is the reader who carefully goes thru a book, and there is the reader who as carefully lets the book go thru him.

MYSTERY 13.—So you think I am a caveman and a man of mystery. Right! Well, now, I never was a rug collector, so it is quite out of my line to tell you what is the age of the oldest rug in the world. Yes, Curwood's "Nomads of the North" is being filmed by First National.

H. C. R.—You suggest that we run a department of the married players with pictures of their children. That would be quite out of the question, because most of the players would not support it. Earle Williams is not dead. What's worth the cost of gaining is worth retaining.

NAVY NURSE.—Good-night, nurse! Norma Phillips, the Mutual Girl, you say is playing in stock at Newport. Gaston Glass is at the Talmadge Studios. So you were married in an aeroplane—an example of high-tied. Call again.

AILEEN P. S.—Dont fool yourself, you are not worrying me. I like to answer questions. I believe it was President Wilson who started the business of making the world safe for the Democratic party.

M. E. S.—You just bet I drink as much buttermilk as ever. There is nothing like it. Gotham is a colloquial term used to denote the City of New York. It was applied to the city by Washington Irving in his humorous work, "Salmagundi." Yes, Doubleday, Page & Co. published the biography of O. Henry.

MARY.—Of course, I use my beard to swish away the flies in the summertime. Yes, indeed, everybody should read "Don Quixote." The object of Cervantes in writing it was, as he himself declares, to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in the book of chivalry.

MISSOURI GIRL.—For your benefit, I am not young and good-looking, but old and decrepit. A divorced actor told me the other day that he had lived long enough to learn that one woman was as good as another, if not better. I told him that I had lived long enough to learn that one man was just as bad as another—if not worse.

D. B. J.—Write to Wallace Reid at Lasky, Los Angeles, Cal. Nazimova at Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. Very interesting letter of yours.

ANNA DUNN.—Heap much thanks for the cigar. There are two kinds of cigars—campaign cigars and those that you smoke. Yours was the latter kind, thanks. No, William Duncan is not married now. Carol Holloway is with Vitagraph.

MEMO.—No, Neal Hart is no relation to Bill Hart.

ROMANY.—That's Greek to me about the Joyce affair. Must be bunk. *Nom de guerre* is French for "war name," but it is now applied to an assumed name under which a person writes, plays, fights, etc.

POLLY.—No, I am not represented in the Poets' Corner. It is a corner in Westminster Abbey where Chaucer, Spenser and other poets are buried. Poetical column of newspapers. Charles Ray has no brother that I know of. That would be funny, me in the movies. Run in again, Polly.

SWEET NINETEEN.—Them was the happy days. When you get as old as I am, time flies. House Peters is in California and Vivian Martin is with Gaumont Co., College Point, L. I. Speaking of ZaSu Pitts, she was married to Tom S. Gallery not so long ago. May Allison in "Held in Trust." No, I didn't care a great deal for "What Woman Loves." If it wasn't for Annette Kellermann's stunts, there would be nothing to it.

K. J. L.—No, no, no. William Duncan, Marguerite Courtot in "Private Gold." But here in America we are all educated now except the educated classes.

MALPAIS VIXEN.—How do you do! I'm feeling well, thank you. I cannot need to be, but not any more. Robert Gordon is playing in "Three Women Loved Him" for J. Stuart Blackton. I'll say they all do. Mabel Normand in "Head Over Heels." But then, one doesn't mind seeing Mabel head over heels. You want a lot of news about Vivian Prescott, Bessie Eaton and Dot Bernard. I say you ought to have it too. I would like to have it myself.

NED C. M.—Your letter was a mighty interesting and clever one. Do write me again some time soon.

MARIE J.—No, I dont think that love is dying out in the world, but I have noticed that the consideration for most modern marriages is a matter of money rather than matrimony and for social position rather than for heart-interest. The cry is no longer "Give me a hut with a heart that I love," but rather, "Give me a palace with a man that I hate." Love in a cottage seems to be going out of fashion. Your letter was indeed bright. Your only hope is that some day there will be a Norma II to take the place of her beautiful mother, when her most glorious career and wonderful work must end. I second the e-motion.

L. M. FAT.—You poor child. Nobody loves a fat girl. Will tell you some day what happened to the fat girl and her lover. Read "Eat and Grow Thin" for yours.

ANNETHA GETWELL ADMIRER.—You can get her photo by writing to her at this address. She will be glad to hear from you. Billy Rhodes in "Nobody's Girl," by the National Film Corp. The cast includes Mary Alden.

TRIPLE W.—You say:

"I've been reading your answers for over a year,
To sensible questions, but most others queer.
Some folks sure do treat you rough,
With sarcastic and uncalled-for stuff.
My sympathy I extend to you,
For there's nothing else that I can do;
I am sorry for you, and that's sincere,
But how can you last for another year?
I do not see just how you can,
If you continue as the Answer Man.
Tho maybe the good stuff offsets the bad;
If that's so, for your sake I'm glad.
I read your columns from start to finish,
My interest in it never seems to diminish;
Your good nature, it surely pays,
For you sure are there in a million ways
They ask you about your beard and age,
And also of your weekly wage;
You've got their number and it's sure a blessing;
The way you've got those people guessing
Just keep it up, there, dear old top,
I hope to (*you know*) you never stop.
For I'm an everyday movie fan,
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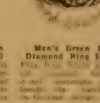

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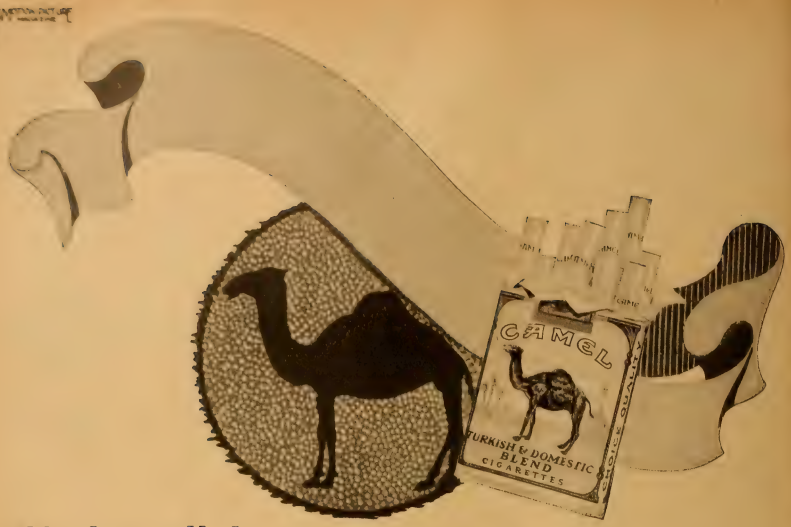

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Belasco.—"One," with Frances Starr, Edward Knoblock's opus of twin sisters with but half a soul apiece. Neither sister can get along without the other, hence the drama. Miss Starr plays the twins. Mr. Belasco's handling of this play saves it from slipping over the line from serious drama.

Booth.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay, O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the bailiff's bibulous aid.

Broadhurst.—"The Guest of Honor," with William Hodge. A typical sugar-coated Hodge vehicle, in which virtue is shrickingly triumphant. Nowhere near life, but pleasant bunkum.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Century.—"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the lines of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan.—"The Tavern," with Arnold Daly. Delicious and at times screamingly funny satire upon all the melodramas ever written. A jazz mystery play, brimful of laughs. Mr. Daly is delightful as the mysterious vagabond.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing—dramatically speaking—in New York at the present moment: a vivid study in artistic temperament; the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

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Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Winter Garden.—"Broadway Brevities." Another typical Winter Garden revue, sans satire but plus girls. Bert Williams furnishes most of the real fun, altho Eddie Cantor and George LeMaire are also present.

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(*Continued on page* 8)

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Stage Plays of Interest

(*Continued from page 6*)

"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

"George White's Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out musical revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of the revue.

"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else from the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another musical revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kittie MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomly are prominent.

"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmar and an excellent cast.

"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire.

"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. June Walker and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles.

"The Girl in the Limousine." A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the farce.

"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring.

"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

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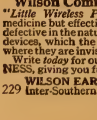

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Yes, all the world goes to the Movies! All humanity wants its thrill! Thousands of Movie shows in thousands of cities daily, nightly, are packed with throngs of eager people with a keen appetite for realism, romance, tragedy, pathos, humor—they want to see and feel every human emotion it is possible to portray!

AND all this Movie madness sweeping the world has revealed startling things! Do you know one strange thing the Movies have done? THEY HAVE PRODUCED THOUSANDS OF PROMISING NEW PLAYWRIGHTS—men and women photoplay writers who get their ideas merely from seeing photoplays night after night!

These people not only produce wonderful scenarios, construct vivid plots, weave romantic, tragic, serio-comic or humorous situations, but they also write many of the wonderful little magazine stories you read. For to learn the one thing automatically teaches you to do the other. And now the big rush is on! So many men and women are beginning to write photoplays successfully! IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY—IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A STORY! It's no longer a mystery. *The secret's out! And hosts of bright people are eagerly taking advantage of it and learning how!* With the right instruction, they become thrilled and fascinated by the lure of scenario writing, and eagerly concentrate all energies on it at every opportunity—for the scenario and magazine editors are ever calling for more plays and stories—more and more are needed daily, weekly, as more photoplay houses are built, and more film companies organized—and wider grows the fascination of the photoplay.

SO right here is your big, vital, gripping, romantic opportunity—in an irresistible profession that carries with it a world of surprising new possibilities, that lifts you up to new honors, new environment, fine friends, exalted purpose, and the admiration of all your family and fellowmen. YOU may learn to write photoplays and stories—yes, you! YOU who have always doubted you could—YOU who thought it was some mythical, mysterious magic that only geniuses dare attempt.

All the ideas, all the material, all the suggestions, the spur to your imagination, you can get at the Movies, by a method described in a wonderful New Easy System of Story and Play Writing published at Auburn, New York. It is called THE IRVING SYSTEM and is for the millions who go to the Movies and want to learn how to write photoplays and stories. In a word, THE IRVING SYSTEM is for you.

It teaches you: How to attend the Movies and adapt scenes, incidents, motives, titles, characters to your own purposes and plans for photoplays; it shows you how easily you may get ideas for photoplays every time you go to a picture play; how to switch around any play and make it a realistic story totally unlike the one from which you adapted it; how to take characters you see in any picture and reconstruct them for your own photoplay; how you can easily rebuild any plot you see; how simple it is to revise and rebuild dialogue; how to begin writing photoplays in the easiest, simplest, surest way; how to demonstrate to yourself it doesn't take genius to write them, but plain common sense and earnest effort.

The wonderful Irving System also shows you *how to make an interesting test of your own ability after the next photoplay you see*; how to familiarize yourself quickly with every rule of writing photoplays; how to learn all of the interesting terms used in photoplay production, such as close-up, semi-close-up, iris and diffuser, masks, vignette, the hand-some, double exposure, the flash, recognition, and many others; how to quicken your creative imagination; how to spur your ability to adapt ideas from plays you see; how to lift yourself out of the rut of life and do something fascinating as well as profitable; how to develop all the finest and best there is in you—how to win your way to public recognition; how to thrill and entertain thousands; how to take the short cut to success!

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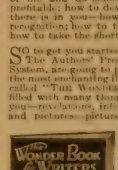

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The face that one remembers in a crowd

SUDDENLY—out of the crowds of faces—one face so exquisite, so flower-like in its charm, that it stamps itself forever upon the memory.

Innate distinction — daintiness — breeding — are nowhere more clearly expressed than in the possession of a fresh, beautiful skin.

Don't let your skin become pale, sallow, lifeless—marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes. Every girl owes it to herself to keep her skin so clear, so soft and smooth, that at first glance it awakens admiration and delight. Remember—you yourself are responsible for the condition of your skin—you *can* make it what you will. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the right treatment you can free this new skin from the defects that trouble you and give it the lovely clearness it should have.

What a skin specialist would tell you

Perhaps you are continually made uncomfortable by the appearance of little blemishes which you attribute to something wrong in your blood. But a skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria and parasites, which are carried into the pores by dust and dirt in the air.

To free your skin from this distressing trouble, begin tonight to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

The first time you use this treatment you will notice it leaves your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This means your skin is responding, as it should, to a more thorough and stimulating cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments, the drawn sensation will disappear. Your face will emerge from its nightly bath soft, smooth and glowing. Use it every night and see how much clearer and lovelier your skin becomes.

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Motion Picture Magazine

Photograph by C. H. Manton, L. A.

BETTY BLYTHE

The luxury and extravagance of the distant East in the days of the ancients . . . this Betty Blythe possesses in abundance. Perhaps that is why she has been chosen to enact the title rôle in the Fox extravaganza, "The Queen of Sheba"

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

AGNES AYRES

Agnes Ayres has been selected out of the hosts of beautiful ladies of the cinema to succeed Gloria Swanson in the silken dramas of Cecil B. deMille. She is now busy on "Forbidden Fruits," her first picture under his direction

KATHERINE MacDONALD

Katherine's work in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" brought stardom to her door. And she has been successfully holding the place she won in public favor in this production in pictures of her own company, recently among them "Curtain"

GEORGE
STEWART

George is not contented to belong to the "Only Their Brothers Club" and shine in the reflected glory of sister Anita. Recently he has appeared with Douglas Fairbanks, Mildred Harris Chaplin and William Russell

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Dick is about to accept the stardom his consistently artistic characterizations have won for him. Right now, however, his audiences are enjoying his portrayal of the country boy in Griffith's epic, "Way Down East"

Photograph by Victor Georg

NAOMI CHILDERS

In the old days, Naomi used to star for Vitagraph. Since then she has been flitting from one company to another, showing partiality to Goldwyn. And her work in their "Earthbound" promises to mark an epoch in her career

Photograph by Clarence S. Hall

MABEL NORMAND

Mabel was the first comedy queen to desert in favor of the feature production when she left Charlie Chaplin and the short-length farces to be featured. Starring for Goldwyn, she has done many things to delight her admirers, especially her recent "Slim Princess"

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

ALICE LAKE

Alice is another fair deserter of the farce comedy. In fact, she left Roscoe Arbuckle to accept a starring contract with Metro. Her next picture will be "Mother Love"

Photographs for Theatre Arts

ANNA Q. NILSSON

For months Anna has been waiting for the opportunity to visit her native heath, Ystad in particular, but, despite the fact that opportunity is said to knock once always, it has failed to do so. She is engaged for another picture before she finishes the one upon which she is working . . . Such is fame

Christmas Morn

Posed by

MARY MILES MINTER

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1921

Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

Cinema Realism

YOU all remember the fable of the woman who visited the taxidermist's shop one day and saw an owl perched stolidly upon one of the window ledges. She berated the proprietor somewhat in this matter:

"My good man, you have ruined that owl. Such a posture. It is most unnatural — the right wing is atrociously bent and look at that eye. Why anyone could tell it is a bead. You haven't left the poor bird the faintest resemblance."

Just then the owl cocked his head wisely on one side.

"Madame," said the man, unnecessarily perhaps. "That bird is alive."

Many people who frequent the cinema are not unlike the woman in the taxidermic shop. Remarks of a similarity are often rife; for instance:

"Oh, that is a trick. I know how they do it."

"That isn't real food—it's make-believe."

Those tears — humph — nothing but glycerine."

If there is one thing to which those of the silent drama dedicate themselves whole-heartedly, it is realism. Great sums of money are spent in securing that which is needed whenever possible. Research is carried on by the most learned men in the country, so that even the buttons on the costumes of the players may be correct.

Stars have risked their lives in numerous instances that a thrill might be supplied. Emotional artists have subjected themselves to tense imaginings of agony that the tears might come.

The stage is rarely branded with the stigma of tricks and fakes—why then should the hot iron of criticism be applied to the shadow-screen where infinite care is exercised that realism may be secured.

It is true that those who believe find life abundant with treasures.

It is foolish to fear being fooled.

The scoffer is apt to find that his owl, too, is alive.

To enjoy the greatest benefit from the cinema, books, art and friends, one must believe.

"According to your faith be it unto you."

The Man Who Came Back

Photograph by Northland Studios

ELLIOTT DEXTER burnt the candle at both ends.

In that simple statement lies a tragedy which ended happily.

A little over a year ago this prodigality and other things of which I am going to tell you caused the complete paralysis of Elliott Dexter's right side. Today he is a well man but the story of the intervening months is perhaps one of the most dramatic ever told of real life. It is the story of a man who fought for his life 'mid the crushing wheels of hell and conquered by the might of God alone.

Going back to the very beginning from the time when, a baby of five, he ran away from home and toddled on until worn out, he fell asleep on the steps of the Galveston Opera House where he was found by an anxious family, Elliott Dexter told me he cannot remember a time when he was not pushing, working every nerve and muscle in order to reach a goal which he saw just ahead of him, just eluding him, almost but not quite within his grasp.

When he left his home in Galveston as a youth, and with another boy sought a start on the stage in New York City, all the home folks laughed at him and predicted that he would come back within a month.

Their predictions were wrong.

Having won a small stage part, Elliot Dexter worked nigh and day for stardom. After his evening performance he used to study in bed, sometimes until the first faint flush of dawn stole thru his window and he used to hide his watch beneath his pillow that he might not know how much sleep he had lost.

And out of this grinding mill of work emerged the stage star Elliott Dexter, an accomplished actor, a polished gentleman with a voice, like the violin of a Heifetz, capable of swaying the emotions of thousands.

Then came his great love match.

It was while playing in "Diplomacy" that Elliott met, loved, wooed, and won that physically beautiful and mentally superb Marie Doro. It was a tempestuous wooing whose barrage would have fired the fortress of any girl's heart.

But the years of incessant endeavor would not let Elliott Dexter rest content even then. He must have new world's to conquer and when at length the ways of the stage world separated them, a stage play bringing Miss Doro to New York; a picture contract taking Mr. Dexter to Los Angeles, he became absorbed in his new game of conquering the world of the silent drama.

Again he put into play every ounce of energy he possessed, this time to make good

Out of the melting-pot of his past years a new Elliott Dexter has been born, a happy man of perfect poise . . . seeing good in everybody, with the peace of utter contentment permeating his being. Top, a camera study; left, at the Famous Players studio, and bottom, on the veranda of his bungalow

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

in pictures. The few hours that were free he spent on the go. He had become obsessed by a vast restlessness. He dashed here, there, everywhere in search of a new sensation, a new pleasure.

And then when he was at the height of his career, when he had just been made a star by Mr. Lasky, he was stricken. Mown down like a golden spear of wheat at its most glorious height.

Is it any wonder that as he lay in his white hospital bed, robbed of all his arrogant strength, unable to move his entire right side, that he descended into the depths.

Visions passed thru his mind hour after hour of everything slipping away from him. Over and over again he visualized his loss of success, of friends, of money, until a prey to these thoughts, he felt there was nothing left for him to do but pass on.

When Elliott Dexter confessed his temptation, he added: "It would have done me no good, you know. I should only have had to carry on the struggle in another world—you see?"

I admitted I did not see and so in a corner of the Lasky stages built to resemble the terrace of a summer home, Mr. Dexter told me of his conversion to Christian Science and explained its principle to me.

If it were not for the fact that the Miracle Man has been quoted so often and Elliott Dexter deserves an entirely original appellation, I should call him the Miracle Man. I have given you a fairly accurate word portrait of the restless artist and the man-about-town he used to be. I shall now try to picture for you the Scientist he has become. Besides uring him of a paralysis despaired of by doctors, faith has made Elliott Dexter a new man.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

When Elliott Dexter found he had to hypnotize a man in "The Witching Hour," he refused to take the rôle unless that episode was omitted, in as much as this is against his principles, . . . something of a sacrifice for a man who loves his work and is again building a career. Above, another portrait; center, in his coupé, and left, at work in his garden

Out of the melting-pot of his past years a new Elliott Dexter has been born: a happy man of perfect poise. A man who sees only the good in everybody. The peace of utter content permeates his being. He lives for today, the past is past, the future will be cared for by God. No longer will Elliott Dexter struggle for some evanescent might-be or some flighty will-o-the-wisp of pleasure. He wishes only to be free to do each day the things he wishes to do. He will act only in plays of which he approves, he will not countenance one which does not hold a moral.

A proof of this is given in an incident relative to the producing of "The Witching Hour." Mr. Dexter had been chosen to play the leading rôle and William Taylor to direct. Going thru the script one day, Mr. Dexter saw that he would have to hypnotize a man in the picture. This is against his principles and so he went to Mr. Lasky and said:

(*Continued on page* 102)

Photograph by Annie Dupont Studio

Woman, Primitive

I knew that in persisting in likening her unto a cameo I would be trite. But I knew of a certainty I would do so. She is a cameo, a living cameo, a cameo with a soul

Photograph by Lumiere

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG came into the room, a great cluster of varied flowers caught up against the sheer white of her dress, one small hand outstretched in greeting, a warm welcome on her lips—

Resolutions notwithstanding, I thought immediately, "She can only be described by likening her to a cameo. Others have said it before? Then I will say it again. She *is* a cameo, a living cameo, a cameo with a soul."

I felt very sure of the soul part of my mental declaration every time I looked at her eyes, softly brown and partly curtained by her drooping lashes. I knew, too, that in persisting in likening her unto a cameo I would be trite. But I knew of a certainty I would do so. The thought obsessed me.

I have done it.

"I humor myself," she said in her quiet voice, as she went about arranging the flowers in several vases. "They remind me of home. I sent for them when I awakened."

Then in answer to my unspoken question.

"I ordered these myself. I did really. Others may come later from here, from there, but these are the kinds I like best."

She curled her white slippered feet beneath her in a rose tapestried chair and looked over at me. The shadow of a smile touched the corners of her lips and rested there for a fleeting moment. She is by instinct friendly. You feel this is a short time, and there is something in her very acceptance of you which makes you want to prove your worth. No one, I think, would ever knowingly fail her.

"By home you mean California?" I asked. "Is it then an adopted home?"

"I think," she replied, "that in finding California I found my rightful home. At any

By
ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

rate, I found myself. The primitive woman slumbering within awakened——"

"And the vastness of it all—the mountains and the sea—have they kept her alive?" I asked.

"Yes," she nodded her head. "Life there always seems a series of impressions—the sunsets I love, when we stand in the doorway of my father's house, which is right at the foot of the canyon, and watch the hills turn from silvers to purples. During such a moment I was reborn. Oh, I feel very sure of it. I came to understand this and that which had puzzled me. Life ceased to loom before me strange and complex. California! It will always seem home to me no matter where I go. I have adopted it, if you will. Rather I might say that it has called to the self within me—and that self has answered the call."

She told me about her own studios there—how they are built in the mission style with gardens all about. She believes in the inspiration of the beautiful and she went on to say that everyone in her studios is creating, from the carpenter to the writer and director. She feels that she has proved that the influence of surroundings, however subtle they may be, is effective and makes for more artistic results.

"When woman has explored all of the forbidden ground and tasted of all the forbidden fruits she will probably find them much overrated and return to the realm of things to which nature has suited her," said Clara Kimball Young

She, perhaps, best describes herself in saying that she is primitive. This is true in that she is without any modern affectations—she achieves the primitive in many little ways—not flagrantly but nevertheless completely.

I asked her how she felt about the New Woman who is supplying material for magazines and newspaper syndicate stories the country over.

She fingered one of the flowers in the bowl at the table by her side and smiled.

"The New Woman, as they call her," she said, "is really the woman of all time, you know. Woman is the same and will be the same down thru the ages. Yesterday different circumstances made her seem different—she is an adaptable creature, woman. Once she bore a yoke, figuratively speaking—bore it patiently because of necessity. I do not think she enjoyed the burden of that yoke. Today shorn of it she is able to do other things.

"In this new phase of things then, to put it that way, woman gains a point here and loses one there. I do not think she is entirely happy or contented with the new regime either. When we have explored all of the forbidden ground and tasted of all the forbidden fruits, we

(*Continued on page* 104)

Where Ruth Reigns

Ruth now reigns at her own fireside, even as she has reigned for years on the silversheet, first in Western productions and now in serials

When we saw the picture of Ruth's new abode, we were tempted to quote Ibsen and term it a doll's house . . . so it appears, with its quaint entrance and trim flower-beds. However, it is Miss Roland's dream house come true and one of the quaintest dwellings in the film colony

The illustrating pictures are far more peaceful than any in which Miss Roland has posed in sometime. In "Ruth of the Rockies," the Pathé serial in which she is appearing, she leads a strenuous life. Perhaps that's why she appears to be so happy and contented with her favorite magazine and flowers

Alias Edgar

Boyhood days—hookey, the ole swimmin' hole, baseball in the corner lot, puppy love and, when impossible to avoid them, the three R's . . . All of this has been brought to the silversheet thru the delightful Edgar series of Booth Tarkington

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Above, a camera study of little Johnny Jones, alias Edgar, and left, two informal pictures at gym.

Johnny Jones and his fellow-players keep the studio hours that some think all stars keep. Instead of reaching the Goldwyn studios at Culver City at nine and working all day, they do not appear on the scene until afternoon. That's because they attend school. During vacation time, however, all is different.

Alias "Modesty" and "King Love"

perfect wholesomeness and, in a way, of surprise. I must have, in a way, unconsciously associated Dorothy Philips with her impersonations. Her screen personality is peculiarly vivid and physical. Without realizing it, I undoubtedly expected to find her surroundings bizarre—startling. Her entrance into this pleasant room served to intensify the impression I had from the room itself—one of perfect wholesomeness.

She is, I think, even more beautiful off the screen than she is on. She gives the impression of being small—she is about five feet, two or three, I should say. Her eyes are blue-grey and her hair a golden brown.

Allen Holubar is tall and certainly fine looking. You would fancy from the keen expression of his face and the clear bluish-grey of his eyes that he loves to analyze things; taking them apart to "see what makes the wheels go round," as it were—then putting them together again.

"At the studio everything is impersonal," said Dorothy Phillips Holubar. "I am not myself to my husband. I am a character in his story"

Unlike the majority of those in the theatrical world, the Holubars have never been separated by their profession. On the contrary, it has brought

Photograph by Paul Grenbeaux

I HAD met the Holubars before. Dorothy Phillips and I had talked at some length, but Allen Holubar I had seen only for a moment at a time when he was busy working night and day on "The Heart of Humanity."

And in looking back on this other time I remember that I noticed, above all else, the homelike atmosphere of their bungalow. There was a child's book on the table, suggesting the nursery; a doll on a chair. These I discovered later belonged to Coyen, their little girl. The quietly furnished room was softly illuminated from inverted globes tinted pink. You may imagine that my impression was one of

By
ELIZABETH
PELTRET

them into closer companionship than the average husband and wife ever know. But in order to enjoy this state of affairs it has been necessary for them to sacrifice many splendid opportunities. They found that the sacrifice of opportunity in order to remain together was unavoidable, immediately after they married. They had been appearing on the stage together in "Everywoman," he as King Love and she as Modesty. They were married at the close of the season. Looking around for another engagement, they both received many splendid offers, but in each case the acceptance meant a separation, as apparently no one had room for them together. They talked things over and joined the Essanay Film Company, leaving here to join Universal. They have been together ever since. Miss Phillips feels that she owes much

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Unlike others in the theatrical world, the Holubars have never been separated by their profession. But in order not to be, they have often sacrificed opportunity. This, however, they have done gladly in view of the companionship it meant. Above, a camera study of Dorothy Phillips, and left, her daughter, "Gwen," and her mother

of her success to her husband's direction, and she told me that she did not intend to jeopardize it by working under anyone else. And recent developments in their affairs prove that she meant what she said, for she is now happily at work under Mr. Holubar in his first production for his own company, "Man, Woman and Marriage."

I met the Holubars, by appointment, on the "magic carpet" in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria and we went directly to the dining-room. As we crossed the lobby, a little boy came up with his autograph album and asked Miss Phillips for her signature. It appears that he has quite a collection of celebrated auto-

(Continued on page 105)

New Stars Dawn As Contest Closes

THE 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest has closed, and the decision of the judges has been rendered after a great many dissenting votes. The discussion was caused by the fact that there seemed to be an endless variety of beautiful girls who photographed well and had fine screen personalities. It was like trying to decide whether a swan or a peacock is the more beautiful, as each contestant was possessed of an individual loveliness and charm.

Lumiere Albin and other photographers made tests of the gratifying contestants who appeared early in the contest. Also numerous motion pictures were made of them. When they had been photographed fore and aft in numerous poses and under various conditions and lights, it was decided that many of them possessed all the necessary attributes to make them ideal screen stars. Prominent among these were Lucille Langhanke who came from the West, but now resides at 419 West 115th Street, N. Y. City; Beth Logan, of 22 Maple Street, Bronxville, N. Y.; Helen DeWitt, of Queens, N. Y.; and Erminie Gagnon, formerly of Canada, but now of 244 West 109th Street, N. Y. City.

These contestants are awarded first honors and each will be presented with a gold medal and all will be known hereafter as Gold Medalists of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

We have already secured a five-year contract for Lucille Langhanke with the Famous Players-Lasky Company. She is a remarkable looking girl, with a bright glow to eyes and hair, and possesses grace, beauty, and photographic perfection. The star of her destiny points out great heights to her, and you will soon hear much of her under the name of Mary Astor.

Helen DeWitt, whose classic beauty, sunny hair and large baby blue eyes make her conspicuous anywhere, has already been engaged by the Metro Company to play in the Bert Lytell Productions. She will be remembered by thousands as the talented young violinist who has appeared on the concert platforms of the world as soloist with Gadski's and Sousa's bands. She is about 20 years old.

(*Cont'd on page* 111)

The decision of the judges in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest brings two new stars to the shadow-screen. The winner is Corliss Palmer of Macon, Ga., and the other winner is Allen Ray of San Antonio, Texas. In the informal picture to the side Miss Palmer is seen at the right, while she is at the left in the picture below

The Little Frail Lady

By
JANET REID

CECILIA stopped pirouetting. She was conscious of eyes upon her. If there was one thing among many things that she did *not* desire, it was eyes upon her. Especially the eyes of man. To evade this, to evade many things, she and Omar, her dog, her sole companion, almost her sole belief, had come into the leafy stillnesses of the woods to live alone. Alone! What glint and glamour meant to most girls her age, the word "alone" meant to Cecilia. It held all the music her ears needed, all the beauty her eyes could stand, all the satisfaction her spirit craved.

Crowds . . . she had been so hurt. People . . . she had been so defiled. And now, when she had thought herself remote, eyes again . . . a man's eye . . . intent upon her . . . amusedly . . . not unkindly, she conceded this grudgingly . . .

"Dont stop," a voice said. Like the eyes, a kind voice. Young men, she knew from varied and hurtful contacts, young men seldom had kind voices.

She stood stiffly still.

She had come to this formerly disused mansion straight from the little general store in the village. The storekeeper had refused to take any more of her paintings in exchange for food. Had, indeed, refused her so much as the gratuity of a puppy biscuit in exchange for a gem of limpid light and shadow seen at dusk. How low had come high art!

Then she—she and Omar—had betaken themselves of the mansion on the hill. Once before when the storekeeper had been very grudging indeed, they had come to this place, and had found, in a pantry, all sorts of treasure trove, such as canned meats and biscuits, sardines and soups. They had feasted sumptuously for all of seven days. Perhaps they had not quite evacuated the contents.

In the mansion they found changes. Painters and plasterers had been at work. A hinged package on the back door-step bore witness to the immediate presence of some son of toil. Cecilia had pilfered the meat from the sandwich and had given it to Omar. Then they had gone within. In the great drawing room Cecilia's sense of beauty had been so smitten she had forgotten her inner cravings. Before the great mirrors up and down the fine spaciousness she had swept, momentarily a court lady, Omar, humble, at her heels. An imaginary train swished

[illegible] silvery sheen her arched ankles. A diadem gleamed in her hair. She wore her royalty greatly, as became her rank and place.

The young man who was the architect, Saxton Graves, [illegible]

Whatever he had imagination he heard the frou-frou of the silken train, saw the glitter of the diadem; knew for a certainty the puppy cringing at her heels.

Cecilia poised for flight. Her eyes were terror-wide. She eyed hastily one means of exit, then another . . . her lips formed tremulous questions. . . . The young man looked as reassuring as he could. He felt very much as tho he had intruded upon some shy bird in a woodland cranny, sacred to her own rites.

She seemed a child wild-flower that night. As she sat upon the grassy terrace small hat for fit. Upon closer inspection, Graves saw that a troubled soul was in her eyes

"Please dont go," he said.

"Do you . . . do you live here now?"

The young man shook his head. "Oh, no," he said, "I'm merely the architect. This is Judge Carteret's home. The Judge, Miss . . . ?"

Cecilia did not supply the deficiency.

Judge Carteret bowed. "A neighbor-lady of mine?" he inquired, pleasantly. He concealed his surprise.

Cecilia gave a nervous swift laugh. "So to—to speak," she said.

She had decided upon her exit. Before either Judge Carteret or Saxton Graves could think of another befitting speech, she had leapt to the nearest French window and was gone.

The Judge turned to Graves.

"So wildflowers grow here?" he smiled.

Graves shook his head.

"I didn't know it," he said, "or I'd have been even more assiduous in my visits. I came down the stairs and found her here, sailing grandly up and down your salon. She appeared to be terrorized at my modest appearance. You now know as much as I do. Let's go. My sister is awaiting us at luncheon, with anticipation."

Luncheon consisted of Saxton, the Judge, Saxton's sister, Mrs. Barrett and her small son, Bobby.

Saxton and the Judge were full of the adventure of the morning.

Mrs. Barrett looked at her son. "Sounds like your 'Fraid Lady,' son dear," she said.

The boy's eyes lit up. "Yes," he said, "she lives all alone, Uncle Saxton, in a cottage in the woods. She says she grows there. She has only a dog. No mother, no daddy (I guess he's gone to Heaven like *my* daddy) no nurse, nor anythin'. She's not lonesome nor fraid-cat, tho, she loves it so she could hug it, she told me." The child consumed a large spoonful of ice-cream, "I love her like that, too," he said, "like I could hug her. She's as pretty . . ." He sighed, being inadequate to the occasion.

The grown-ups laughed. In the boy's story they had found corroboration of what they had seen.

"A wild-flower," said the Judge.

Saxton Graves sighed, something in the manner of the small boy, as tho he, too, felt himself inadequate to the occasion.

Saxton Graves walked that evening to the tiny cabin inhabited by Bobby's 'Fraid Lady.

She seemed a chill wild flower that night. As tho she had rather the passing breezes would let her be. Upon closer inspection, Graves saw that a troubled soul was in her eyes. She had been hurt.

That same week Bobby lured his nurse to the environs of the tiny cabin. He loved the 'Fraid Lady, and he also loved the 'Fraid Lady's Omar. Omar played with a chap better'n any dog *ever*. It was fun to watch the 'Fraid Lady paint, too. Flowers and bees and birds, the stalk of the mullen, the delicate lacery of the maidenhair, all came to fragile life beneath her rapid brush. Bobby could watch forever, he felt.

On this visit Cecilia was not painting. She was troubled. She had thought to be so safe from intrusion, and now intrusion had come to her. Pleasantly, but that did not make it easier. Rather, it smote her the more painfully. . . . Oh, she had seen enough of men and the ways of men . . . what had she to do with men, who had been healed by the spikenard and balsam of the woods, the woods asking nothing in return . . . ?

It may have been because she was abstracted, or because Bobby's nurse was, or because Omar was more than usually frolicsome, whatever the reason, Bobby flirted too near the edge of the cliff nearby and before any one of them sensed the fact that he *was* too near, had gone over.

The nurse, after the manner of nurses, lost her head. Omar yelped and whined. Cecilia maintained herself. "Go at once for his mother and the doctor," she told the frantic woman, "at once, you know. I'll bring him up, and care for him." She did not say, "if care will help," altho she felt it. She did not want to increase the hysteria already apparent in the nurse's demeanor. That worthy, as she ran was beseeching Heaven to remember that Mrs. Barrett was a widow, oh, God, and Bobby her "only."

"How can you," she said. "how can you allow her to talk like this to me . . . to me!"

Cecilia, with her firm hands, brought up the limp little object, stretched out at the bottom of the declivity. All thru the ascent she believed him dead. He was cold and he hung against her.

Inside the cabin he moved and the girl strove over him. With every aid she could summon to memory she fanned the small spark of life within, and when the doctor and the poor mother appeared, the one small hand was clasped in hers and a regular flutter of breath parted, every so often, the bluish lips.

When they tried to move him, he cried out for his "'Fraid Lady."

"Wont you, please?" the mother implored her, "fever . . . " she added.

Cecilia was silent.

She had come here to be silent; had smothered ties and broken bonds. She had demanded silence of late, demanded to be let alone. Now, by a child's hand, he was inveigling her back again. It didn't seem fair. She felt momentarily chilled. It wasn't fair. Then she looked at the mother's face, all the pretty color gone; at the child so recently close to life's outer extremities at Saxton Graves, in the background, not uttering the plea he felt. She could not make of her self-exposed hurt scourges for others.

"I'll be glad to go," she said.

Judge Catlett came

THE LITTLE 'FRAID LADY

Fictionized by permission from the Robertson-Cole production of the scenario by Joseph Farnham, adapted from "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods" by Marjorie Benton Cook. Directed by John G. Adolfi, and starring Mae Marsh. The cast:

Cecilia	Mae Marsh
Her father	Fully Marshall
Mrs. Barrett	Kathleen Kirkham
Saxton Graves	Charles Mermaid
The Judge	Herbert Prior
Sarata	G. Harrison
Bobby Barrett	George

the next day. Cecilia had not been able to leave Bobby. He clung to her, begged for her in her brief absences, hung on her every word.

Mrs. Barrett shared her boy's love. She begged Cecilia to allow her to dress her up, and when Saxton arrived and the Judge appeared for luncheon on the day following the accident, they professed to be stricken dumb by the vision she presented.

"She's a fascinating personality," the Judge said, watching her leave the room.

Graves took his eyes away from the retreating girl. He saw the Judge's absorption, and his own eyes dimmed with a swift pain. He hadn't thought of this . . . of Carteret and Cecilia . . . and still, why not . . . ?

That night Graves came back from the village with a small parcel. He presented it to Cecilia. "It's a small token of our appreciation," he told her, "I thought you cared about pictures."

Cecilia tore open the wrapping. Some instinct had warned her of the result. The painting stared up at her, sun and shade, stroke for stroke. She gave a ringing laugh, the first they had heard.

"Why, it's mine," she said, "it's one of mine. I did it and sold it to the store for food. Isn't that funny . . . and . . ." she saw Graves' suddenly sobered face, fallen, like Bobby's at a reprimand he hasn't at all expected; "and . . . and we've" she finished, "the very nicest thing you could have done, Mr. Saxton. I—I have every artist's appreciation of his own work. Thank you . . ."

That night Judge Carteret and Saxton Graves paid a second visit to the village store. They bought up all of the paintings Cecilia had done, and instructed the winking store-keeper to purchase and pay liberally for any others she might bring to him.

On the way home the Judge said: "That child is the very one to do the mural friezes in my music room. She has all the elements. The job is going to be hers and I'll pay her a thousand dollars. What do you say?"

"I agree," said Graves, "architecturally, I agree. Cecilia has a marvelously delicate gift."

"A genius," the Judge amplified; "I wonder about her."

"I dont. She's just Cecilia."

The Judge nodded. "Of course, she's one of those rare persons who do not need a background. She's fundamentally right, somehow. Still, I do wonder."

At the end of the week Judge Carteret and Saxton Graves left for New York.

"How's the Demson-Giron case coming?" Graves asked, en route.

"Cant lay our hands on Giron," the Judge said, "he seems to be a slippery one. There's pretty much of a certainty that he fired the shot killing Revenue Officer Kelly, and of course we cant indict Demson or Carroll without him. It's a tie-up."

On the same day, on a train following the Judge and Graves, was Cecilia.

If the woods she loved for their secrecy had yielded up even so much as a part of one, they would have told that a rough looking man, accompanied by a woman and one other man, had been seen in a punt on a small lake near Cecilia's cabin; that one of the men had tracked Cecilia down and talked to her with gesture and bravado and that, coincidentally, Cecilia had left her woods a day or so later.

Cecilia went straight to her destination. It was evident she had been there before. A sort of studio room, with, here and there, the traces of misuse. A man and a woman lounged over chairs, smoking. Cecilia stood between them. Her wistful eyes took in the details of the room. Here she had painted her first picture, dreamed her first dream of glory and fame; love, too—how tainted it all was now!

The woman was shrieking something at her, something unspeakable, accusing her of some interest in the

Bobby and Cecilia and Omar proved an inseparable triumvirate. Cecilia told him fairy tales she knew would never come true . . . and wondered whether Saxton Graves would ever come back

man who stood silent. Cecilia shrank from the anathema. She looked at the man. "How can you," she said, "how can you allow her to talk like this to me—to *me!*" The man shook his head, sneered. "Oh, *women* . . ." he said, and made a gesture.

Cecilia tossed her head as tho to free herself. She disregarded the termagent, still gesticulating in her general direction. "Giron," she said to the man, "I want you to promise me you will not go near the court-room today. If you promise me, I will pay you well." She extended, for the man to see, the thousand dollar check given her by the Judge in payment for the mural work. Giron eyed it. He eyed the woman. A dumb show passed between them. Then Giron held out his hand. "I promise," he said.

An hour later Cecilia was in the court-room. From behind the crowding spectators she watched, with bated breath, the procedure. Not for nothing had Giron warned her that he would "get" the judge . . . she knew what to "get" meant to Giron. There would be no quality of mercy. "I'll get him, mark you," he had said to her, "he'll never get Demson and Carroll. She had pleaded with him, up there in the cathedral aisle of the wood, pleaded for him to admit his crime or else confess his innocence, and go away. She had offered then to help him get away. "If you are innocent, then go," she had pleaded; "if you are guilty, confess . . . you want peace . . . you must want peace . . . we all do. Confession is your only hope. Please—"

The man had mocked at her; pushed her from him with harsh hands. "Dont want the Judge to know Giron had anything to do with you before he was your lover, eh?" he sneered and had left her, white there, in the gathering gloom. He had left her so many times before.

In the court-room, Demson was turning state's evidence, and the name of the man who shot Revenue Officer Kelly was about to be forthcoming.

It never was. It became unnecessary. Before the words could leave Demson's lips, Giron sauntered into the court-room, came to the rail, sneered at the Judge and at the expectant audience and still sneering said, "His Honor is afraid to hear me speak. Such being the case, I will not temporize. I was a waiter at the Union Club. I heard the Judge accept a bribe to dismiss this case. And the Judge himself paid me to keep silent as to what I had heard."

The evening star pricked the deep blue of the low-curved sky. . . Cecilia looked up at him, his eyes veiled across with rainbows of tears . . .

Cecilia took a step forward. A premonition so hideous as to wipe her face clean of color or expression took possession of her. She became evident to Judge Carteret and to Saxton Graves among the onlookers. The Judge's immobile face twitched, imperceptibly to all save Cecilia and Giron. The latter produced the check he held in his hand and gave it to the prosecuting attorney.

"This check," the attorney said, "is made out to Cecilia Carne."

Cecilia gave a little cry.

Giron nodded.

"Cecilia Carne is Judge Carteret's mistress," he said, "that is simple."

"Ohhhhh!" Cecilia's cry hurt her throat; hurt, too, the listening ears. It was — outraged as it was — inconclusive. It hurtfully hurt.

She disregarded the pounding of the gavel, and, when she was sworn in, the formality was not over.

(Continued on page 114)

Look Pleasant, Please!

YOU wouldn't expect George Walsh to be gallant——
Yet he is——
You wouldn't expect him to philosophize——
Yet he does——

But in every other conceivable way he is just as you would expect him—with a vim, wit and vigorous vitality (even in the heat of an Indian summer day) peculiar to the Irish American.

We were in his car, George ensconsed in the middle and his press agent, otherwise known, especially in the profession, as a P. A., on one side and myself on the other. I had just met him and at a loss what to say to this athlete of the cinema, I asked him if he liked the summer.

He said he did, because he could watch others play baseball and play it himself. I subsided—and wondered if there was ever a man with silver-screen boyhood so dead that he wasn't a baseball fan. At the same time I was glad of the mental throes I had suffered endeavoring to make second that natural science of a man dashing madly to some designated place on the field that he might reach there before the ball. And while I sat there congratulating myself, George Walsh was explaining how he had his own team and played almost every Sunday.

"It's simply essential, you know," he said.

And, of course, realizing that he does nothing during the week but climb up, pounce, jump, chase and do a few other little things like that, one is to marvel that he spends his week-ends exercising.

However, George Walsh takes unlimited precautions that life shall not grow uninteresting. To wit, his chauffeur. He had the most amazing faculty of piloting the car, at breakneck speed, thru the tiniest spaces between other vehicles that I have ever witnessed. The thrills Mr. Walsh has offered me thru his pictures have nothing—nothing whatever—on the thrills I experienced on that memorial ride from Manhattan to the magazine offices in Brooklyn. And my accident insurance had expired the day before! Even the efficient P. A. sat forward in her seat, with one hand balanced on the door that exit might be speedy. However, George himself seemed quite comfortable and at ease.

A policeman saluted him when we were stopped in the traffic at a main crossing—he was to ride at the policeman's Field Day the next week.

"I'd do anything for those boys," he explained with enthusiasm. "Policemen and firemen—they're heroes if there are such things. To the boy who goes to a hero's death on

"It is all a question of keeping fit," said George Walsh, in reference to his thrilling stunts. "Your physical condition is the thing, and for this reason I have a trainer . . . go to the gymnasium every day." Above, a portrait study, and right, "keeping fit"

By
BETSY BRUCE

the battle-field I give all credit and the glory which is his—but, incidentally, I dont forget the men who go into burning buildings when the structure may crash in at any moment—the men who patrol the streets, even in the dark hours of the night. Everyday heroism is the sort that tries you out and finds you wanting. I'm for those fellows every time."

And he would have gone on endlessly, paying tribute to those men who dedicate their lives to our safety, had I not forced conversation to another channel.

"How do you feel about the risks you take in your picture work?" I asked. "Do they worry you beforehand or do you fail to consider them until the moment arrives?"

"That depends," he said. "Some stunts have to be figured out carefully, while others, the majority in fact, are enacted spontaneously.

"It's all a question of keeping fit. Your physical condition is the thing, and for this reason I have a trainer who watches every muscle, every tendon. One little tendon not up to snuff and I wouldn't get by. I have a gymnasium and every day finds me going thru a routine."

"But how did you come to attempt stunt pictures in the first place," I wanted to know.

"It was all my brother's fault—blame him," grinned George. "And, by the way, what do you think of him as a director, aside from the fact that he's my brother?"

I settled that question and repeated my desire to know how he came to win stardom thru hair-raising stunts.

"It was like this," he explained. "In college I played on the foot ball team and Raoul thought I could kick that ball better than anyone else. He was always hoing on me, and after a while I got so that I knew I just had to get across, for his sake, if for no other reason. Then when I started out in pictures, under his direction, it was the same way. He never stopped to figure that I might not be able to do a thing. He just went ahead, working the worst stunts he could think of into my stories, and when the time came he'd tell me what to do and I'd do it."

He is no longer with Fox and is enthusiastic over his new plans, which, in summary, mean that he will do features on his own. Too, there will be some basis for his stories, which will not depend entirely on stunts to "get over," so to speak. Above, a character portrait, and left, on location

(Continued on page 109)

Starring Nature

Above, a forest ranger in camp; right, a character in Chicken Aristocracy, and below, a camera crew at work

ANOTHER producer has entered the field! And the star presented in the new productions is one we all know—and revere.

More than five years ago, a long time in motion picture history, the Federal Department began to make and distribute films experimentally. It was not, however, until after the country entered the World War and the Department turned its whole attention to the business of increased agricultural production that its motion picture activities were placed on a practical basis.

With the coming of peace and the problems of reconstruction, the results of efforts for increased food production as war measures lent themselves admirably to the country's post-bellum needs, and the film work needed only a slight readaptation to enable it to take its place among the important factors of the reconstruction program. Now this work is undertaken in earnest and during the past two years the film section of the Department has issued 26 subjects in 35 reels, bringing the total number of available subjects in its film library to 56.

Agricultural films are apparently leading the educational field. The films devoted to subjects broadly designated as agriculture easily exceed in number and variety the films devoted to any other science or art, if we exclude from the category ordinary scenic and travel pictures.

The wide appeal of these subjects and those having to do more directly with the fascinating story of the nation's supply of food and raiment—the vast wheat fields of the Northwest where great combines, each drawn by as many as thirty-three horses, harvest, thrash and bundle in one operation; the fields of snowy cotton in the South, with their armies of darky pickers; rolling bands of sheep drifting over the mountains of the West, explains in part the leadership and popularity of films on these subjects.

The plan of film production in the department calls for concentration on camera work during the summer, while the laboratory is devoted entirely to maintenance. During the fall and winter, the cameraman and director of each project assists in assembling, editing and titling. Of course, camera work is also done at other seasons. Some projects require portions of their story to be filmed at intervals during the entire year, while others can be filmed only during the fall and winter months.

The end of a successful season of camera work is now approaching, and there is on hand, as a result, approximately 100,000 feet of negative illustrating some of the Department's most important lines of work from which to select about thirty subjects. Most of these will be in one reel films and probably the most generally interesting of these will be the films showing activities in the National Forests. Several weeks were spent in the Santa Fe National Forest in New Mexico obtaining films of the points of scenic and historic interest in that region, which is replete with unsurpassed scenery, strange relics of prehistoric peoples who lived in the mountains of the Southwest, and a present day interest surrounding a picturesque people scarcely less fascinating than the ancient settlements which occupied the land before them. From New

By
DON CARLOS ELLIS

Mexico the camera crew moved over to Southern California where the aeroplane forest fire patrol is jointly maintained by the Forest Service and the War Department. On the camera man's fourth picture-taking flight, the plane was wrecked and the crew barely escaped with their lives, but not before the problems and opportunities of this newest and most promising method of fire detection were satisfactorily covered.

Other subjects in preparation are the turpentine industry, apples and the county agent, selecting a laying hen, the breeding of dairy cattle, the apple industry, the story of white pine, wheat-harvesting and marketing, wheat transportation and storage, fishing in the National Forest, Columbia River Highway, logging operations in the National Forests, Sevier National Forest pure-bred beef cattle, hog feeding and housing, mother-daughter canning club, leather investigations, home demonstration work in Florida and sheep on a farm.

Right, a forest ranger's camp at eventide; center, a government poultry farm, and bottom, a dairy herd of Holsteins in "Milk and Honey"

The films being produced by the Department of Agriculture are not the work of amateurs. The professional skill shown by the motion picture organization of the Department is amply attested by the fact that their products have frequently been shown in the select programs of such houses as the New York Rialto and Strand and were eagerly sought by some of the largest and best commercial distributing corporations. Every effort is being made to produce in the Department educational films of the highest excellence from the standpoints of subject matter, form and film technique.

The funds given by Congress for agricultural film work is small, and the Department is required to conduct its work entirely on appropriations and is not permitted to use any income accruing from the rental or sale of films for the manufacture of additional prints. It is necessary, therefore, to devote the available money to the production of negative film, to require the various bureaus of the Department whose work is portrayed to finance the prints which they desire to have distributed, and to provide thru commercial channels for certain distribution. To meet the latter demand, arrangements are being made for both the rental and the leasing or sale of prints.

Films are furnished for educational, non-commercial use at the cost of manufacture. Reels so loaned cannot be displayed in theaters or other places where and where admission is charged.

(Continued on Page 1031)

Art and Practicability

Photograph by Lumiere, N. Y.

Tho her best work has been in scrubby, raggedy rôles, Vivian Martin longs to do bigger things

IT was Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday—but I goaded myself into keeping an appointment made by an efficient publicity man, meanwhile assuring myself that I might, much better stay at home—that "she" never would keep a Saturday afternoon appointment—*she* didn't *have* to. Exactly one minute after I arrived at the appointed place a diminutive person modishly clad in a smart sports suit paused expectantly in the doorway.

"Are you expecting Vivian Martin?" the vision said.

"Yes," I replied confidentially, "but, of course, she won't come—it's Saturday afternoon and she——"

Like the supernatural being who appeared to one Miss Bee Adhem (I learned him by heart in grammar school days), "the vision smiled and bowed her head."

"I am Vivian Martin," she said, perching herself upon the arm of a chair, her dainty shod feet resting upon the cushion—"I don't like to sit in an upholstered chair," she added.

I gasped and subsided, not even apologizing for my skepticism regarding her appearance—lost in admiration. She was like a Dresden china figurine, I thought—bronze hair, happy mischief laden eyes, milky white skin—even unrouged—but she *would* be—of course she came in her limousine——

"I was so afraid I would be late," she was saying. "We live on Riverside Drive and the busses pass our very door but it takes some time to get down town and it's quite a walk over from the Avenue. But I had made the appointment and I *had* to be on time—that's only business." (She had *not* arrived plutocratically in her limousine—and she had walked as far as I had!) and, in her last sentence is the keynote of Vivian Martin's personality: Business.

It has been said very many times that the practical and the artistic never go together. Vivian Martin definitely disproves this idea. She is a business woman with an artistic temperament and is clever enough to combine the two to her very great advantage. She has studied every side and

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

every angle of the picture business She is past mistress of screen technique. She brings to her work a splendid enthusiasm, a fine sentiment, high ideals. But she believes in the practicality of an artistic profession and is broad enough to believe that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice ideals—that ideals are not much good as ideals unless they have some very definite relation to the success of one's work. She doesn't know what people mean when they talk of making a division between the artistic and the business value of art. The best thing that can be produced is good business, she says, but it is also art or it wouldn't be good business.

"For instance, there was 'On With the Dance,'—just an ordinary, mediocre story. But Mae Murray was clever enough to see her opportunity. It was her kind of story.

A° photograph by Arnold Genthe, Inc., New York

She is like a Dresden china figurine—bronze hair, happy mischief-laden eyes, serene, unruffled

That is, she made it her kind of story. No doubt she had to sacrifice an ideal or two—but being camera-wise she knew her possibilities—and it was beautifully done. A financial and business success.

"Nazimova was superb on the stage in 'War Brides,' but when she did it in pictures it was terrible. Yet, she is a great artist, and because she is an artist and clever, she learned to make art a business and her next picture 'Revelation' was unforgetable.

"We know that Mary Pickford would like to do big emotional parts and of course she has done them. But she knows that her best work from an artistic and a business standpoint is in plays like 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' 'Daddy Long Legs,' 'Pollyanna' and 'Stella Maris.'

"I'll confess," she said whimsically, that while I have done my best work in scrubby, raggedy parts, I have a longing to do bigger things. But I hope above all things that I shall keep a sane perspective and not allow myself to undertake things that will be fatal to success."

Vivian Martin is too much wrapped up in her work and new plans for the future to be inveigled into any other

(Continued on page 106)

Photograph Courtesy Mack Sennett Comedies

By
TAMAR LANE

WHEN a political candidate runs for a public office, he has to give a platform on which he asks for public support. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to make candidates for movie honors do the same thing. For instance:

The candidate solemnly pledges that if elected to stellar popularity he, or she, will refrain from "hogging" all of the close-ups.

Pledges to give some of the good actors in the cast a chance.

Pledges not to over-paint the lips and eyes.

Pledges not to play the rôle of a girl of sweet sixteen or a boy of bashful twenty, unless it is possible to look the part.

Pledges to refrain from the temptation of playing a dual rôle.

Pledges not to get a swelled head.

Pledges to give no advice on how to act unless she knows how herself.

Originality Note

Why doesn't some brilliant young director have a little cabaret proprietor fall into a barrel of flour? It would get a big laugh.

It begins to look as if bathtubs were made for comedians to fall into and not for purposes of cleanliness.

Joy Note.

A movie construction board has been appointed to pass on fashions in "fashionable" future productions. It may not be too late.

I've seen wait at the director who shows a close-up of a man crying we would gladly pay for the lilies.

According to the movie version of thing in Alaska, the majority of dance-hall girls were so innocent that if a prospector took his hat off, they would hide their eyes, for fear they might see his bare head.

Says I to Myself Says I

Marion Davies is not half so bad on the screen as most persons think.

There'll be another panic in Wall Street before it gets thru with the movies.

Most players dont seem very grateful to the man who made them successful.

It wont be long before Goldwyn and Famous-Players combine interests.

It's hard to tell who is less popular around the studio, Elsie Ferguson or Dorothy Dalton.

Isn't it good to see Miriam Cooper getting back into the lime-light again?

A man in New York recently committed suicide after coming from the movies. He had probably seen one of the Tarzan films.

Highbrow Critics Take Notice

A canvass of the exhibitors thruout the country, taken recently, showed the most popular films with the public are the slapstick comedies, George Jean Nothing and Walter Prichard Eaton notwithstanding. Emotional and society drama were way down on the list.

According to present indications, the Ford has taken the place of the custard pie as a comedy accessory.

A lot of new comedy companies can start business now that Henry has lowered the price on flivvers.

Why waste money throwing pies when it costs so little to hit a comedian with a flivver.

In a late production the villain opened a Pullman window from the outside of the car. Wish he'd explain how he does it. So far I've never been able to open one, even from the inside of the car.

Ye Ole Yuletide

Incidentally, Miss White's holiday offering to her friends is "The Thief," her next Fox production

Yuletide is here again . . . the season of guarded whispers, and mysterious packages . . . the season of festive greens when the tapers flame high. This Yuletide finds Buddy and Billy waiting for Santa to come down Auntie Pearl's chimney. Judging from the picture at the right, they are hearing "The Night Before Christmas," old, yet ever new

Shirley of the Land of Make-Believe

Shirley Mason has never lost her ability to make believe. In this respect she is different from a vast majority of stage children. Like Peter Pan, she will never grow old, tho she may live a hundred years. Left and below, Shirley in her bungalow dressing-room

SHIRLEY MASON is essentially a child of the theater. She has been of the theater since she was a baby. Her first part was that of a "voice off stage" with Peter F. Dailey in "Newport News." On her first appearance she had a single line or, rather a single word, "Papa!" She was on tour much; she and her two sisters, Viola Dana and Edna Fulgrath. Their mother invariably accompanied them, and the theater was always their headquarters. On arriving in a strange town, it was naturally to the theater they went first, and they were never in any hurry to leave it. So it was that they came to look on the theater as home.

An actor on tour always looks on the theater as home; this was in no sense peculiar to the Fulgraths. In a world largely composed of clock-watchers howling for shorter hours, the actor is devoted to his work, more interested in it than in anything else, and engaging in it all the time, if not in fact, then in his imagination. If people loved their offices and factories as actors love their theaters, the H. C. of L. would probably vanish.

"And now," said Shirley Mason, "we cant keep away from the studios—Viola and I. Our other sister, Edna, is making pictures in London. She has been there so long that if we didn't exchange photographs and 'stills' once in a while we would forget each other." (The way in which she said this would make you understand that they could never forget each other.) "But Viola and I stay just as close together as we possibly can. When she has a few days between pictures, she spends them here with me, and when I have a few days between pictures, I spend them at her studio with her. During this last week neither of us has been working and we have given ourselves a little vacation,—driving to the beach and going in swimming every day. Still, we always call by

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

at our studios before the day is over. Habit, I suppose! I'm always telling myself that it would be better for me if I could forget the studio between pictures. But I can't! If I'm away from the studio one entire day I feel restless,—after a week, I'm almost wild! It seems much more like home than the hotel." And it looks like home, too; or, at least, a portion of it does, for instead of dressing-rooms each star is given a three-room bungalow comfortably furnished. Shirley Mason's bungalow has a flower garden and even a bit of lawn.

"Of course," she went on, "we cant keep our pets at the hotel." (We had just come from a visit to her bunnies, cute, cuddly little members of a large and growing family.) She is going to move as soon as she can find a house.

"I know just what I want," she said, "a place not too large in the Wilshire district. Now that Berney is home. ("Berney" is short for Bernard Durning, her six-foot two-inch husband who, according to old-time theatrical tradition, should remain a deep and dark secret, but who isn't a secret at all, doubtless, owing to the fact that he is too large, both in size and influence, to hide.)

"I really couldn't hold a long conversation without talking about Berney," she said. "He is absolutely the most interesting subject in my life. It doesn't seem right to live in a hotel part of the time and in a studio the rest. He really should have some place where he can be comfortable. Just think, he's been away for eight months, making pictures in New York. He is going to stop acting for a while now, and direct. He has done just about everything. (Her expression held a world of pride.) He was a technical director when we met." From outside came the laughter and shouting incidental to an exciting game of hand-ball. One laugh was louder and more hearty than all the rest. "That," she said, "is Berney.

"As I was saying," she went on, "it doesn't seem right for Berney not to have a home. Of course, Micky has to be considered, too." Micky is her dog, or rather one of her dogs. She has another, smaller, dog who is at the hospital. But Micky was very much present, except for a few moments during the conversation when he managed to get away. We ran after him into the yard and the little star chased him around the studio fountain, looking the while like a particularly lovely little girl. And Micky is so large that when she finally caught him, she had all she could do to hold him until a friendly gardener came to her assistance.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

"If I'm away from the studios for a day, I'm restless," said Shirley. "After a week I'm almost wild. It seems much more like home than the hotel"

But it must be admitted that in spite of his size and general good looks there is nothing distinguished about Micky. He has absolutely no known pedigree. His mistress says cheerfully that he is undoubtedly a good American, being a mixture of just about everything. She even suspects that he has a bit of dachshund in him. "He has such long ears," she remarked. "Tho, of course,

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Photograph © Evans, L. A.

STARS . . . .

The Sin of Martha Queed

By
GLADYS HALL

MARVIN QUEED had been district attorney of Pineville for thirty odd years and more. The unwavering justice of the most remote mountain peaks had not been so bleak as his justice had been nor so unremittingly stern as his condemnations.

He believed in Original Sin.

He believed in the animal in man.

He believed in lust to the undoing of love.

He believed in the power of evil over good.

If there were room for doubt, once a deed had been done, he never doubted on the fair side of the ledger. The chances were agin' fair play. Larceny, adultery, thievery, murder—these were the companions of his mind. He always believed the worst. It was a ritual with him.

How many men, stainless, had been put to death or were cursing their thwarted souls out in the rude county jails, one might never know.

What sunlight there might have been in his own home, had it not been for his invariable point of view, would be hard to ascertain.

Long ago his wife had had a dream in her heart, shining and fair. A rainbow of a dream, far-spanned and iridescent. It had shone thru her simple bearing to her face and had, there, illuminated her. He had quenched the dream. She had, perforce, to shut a door upon it and never let it be seen.

His daughter had been a lovely thing, soft and pliable. He had cursed her heavily for, it seemed, the mere textures of her youth, her rose-red cheeks, her fluttered mouth, her springing step, her out-ringing laugh. He had called her terrible, if biblical names, and predicted hideous ends for her. He had accused her of vices she had been wholly unaware of: thoughts that never had tainted her hours, sleeping or waking, plans she had not had the viciousness to formulate.

His son had started in with small and sturdy principles of truth. His mother had implanted them. The lad had felt, even, a love for the truth, a glow for it. Whenever he told it, he was conscious of an inner glow, something to be compared to the glow of his body when he laved it in the clear cold spring of an early morning. Marvin Queed, habitually, called the lad's truths lies. "You're lyin, to me!" he would thunder at the child; "dont tell me, yer brat, yer're lyin'—and yer know it. Dont tell me—dont tell me!"—and finally, to evade the blows of the heavy birch stick in his father's hand, little Georgie would whimper out what his father insisted upon being told.

It was a distorted household whose inherencies would have been truth.

It was in order, then, that Marvin Queed should believe David Boyd when that derelict of the woods came to him and told him that he had just seen his daughter up in that city chap's cabin and the city chap was "undressin' her."

Marvin Queed did not stop to probe the matter, vital as it was. He did not press David Boyd for details. He believed the worst at once. What had he always said? What had he always thought? To what end had he told Marthy she was a'comin'? If not to this, then what, he

"Arnold Barry was with me," said Martha. "He took me to his cabin and rubbed my ankle with some liniment he had there"

demanded to know. Was he a prophet in his own land, or was he not? Well—*was* he?

Gentle Mrs. Queed dared to tell him he was not. She knew her girl she said, tremulously. Marthy was dear, an' sweet an' good. She wouldn't come to no harm, and no harm could come to her. God would take care o' that. She knew. Her mother knew. And the city chap, she dared to go on under Marvin Queed's heavy drawn, threatening brow, the city chap had a nice-like face. A gentleman, he was, she didn't doubt. She had seen him last Sabbath on the way to meeting. No, he hadn't been in the church, but his face looked as tho he might have been.

Marvin Queed waited. Of small avail to explode the gathering viols of his wrath on his wife. She was too inadequate an object. He preferred to whet his temper on the more substantial Martha. Yes, he would wait for Martha. He and David Boyd.

They sat out on the porch. Marvin Queed held his gnarled birch in his hands. One of the mountaineers had said it looked like the old man. Marvin Queed had heard this and it had pleased him, as perversions always did.

While waiting, he sent Georgie, his son, upstairs. The lad told his father he had been to the cabin of Atalas, the hunchback, and that the old grandmother of Atalas had been telling him fairy stories. He even proffered, very eagerly, to retail again, some of the choicest of the fairy tales to his father. His father had silenced him with the raised birch stick and had told him that he had *not* been to the cabin of Atalas, that he had been fishing, he had *been fishing*—not to tell him. Whereupon he had cracked the boy across his slender wrist and told him to go to his room and remain there supperless. The look the child gave in slinking past was not pleasant to see, even in the gentle mauve shades slanting across the hills cool and far away.

Thru these shadows Martha Queed came limping home.

In the gnarled hand of Marvin Queed the gnarled birch trembled with an anticipatory fervor. Justice . . . Justice, by the Lord!

In the doorway hovered Mrs. Queed, timorous, trustful . . .

Martha limped to the steps and sat down. "I sprained my ankle," she began, without preamble, "running thru Gun's Wood . . . a nasty twist. Arnold Barry was with me. He had been fishing and I had been watching him. He took me to his cabin and rubbed it with some liniment he had there. It helped me enough to get back here. But it does ache . . . goodness me!"

Marvin Queed said no word. The situation was ripening. He could afford to wait. He seemed not to breathe.

Mrs. Queed murmured sympathetically.

David Boyd snuffled thru his nose. Martha forgot her pain enough to give him a faint look of disgust.

In the small bedroom over the porch could be heard, muffled, small Georgie whimpering.

Then the storm, blackly gathering, burst.

Marvin Queed arose in majesty. He called his

THE SIN OF MARTHA QUEED

Fictionized, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Allan Dwan production of the same name, based on the original story by Mary Mears. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast:

Martha Queed	Mary Thurman
Arnold Barry	Niles Welch
Alicia Queed	Eugenie Besserer
Marvin Queed	Joseph Dowling
David Boyd	Frank Campeau
Atalas	George Hackathorn
Georgie Queed	Frankie Lee

daughter the things one calls a woman long given to the streets. He sullied her instincts, her rights, her awakening mind and dreams by accusations fearful in their extremity and filth.

"You've ruined the name of Queed," he bellowed, "you loose woman—you—You've brought upon yourself the stigma of the evil doer! There's one thing left for you to do." He rose and drew from behind a door a long thin object, grim in the now deep purple of the evening. He handed it to Martha. "Take that and use it," he said.

David Boyd uttered a guttural sound. It was hard to tell whether it was protest or approbation. Long ago in the sordid scuffle of the thing he called his life, David Boyd had lost the senses of discrimination.

Mrs. Queed gave a wounded, thin cry. She put out a staying hand, Martha pushed it by, not unkindly, just as something that had to be done. Her action was as wounded as her mother's outcry. She rushed up the stairs.

In her room the dusk was thick. Georgie had crept into her room to have his cry out the more wholeheartedly on Martha's bed. Martha, putting the gun beside her, fell on the bed beside him.

Her wounded ankle throbbed painfully. Her wounded sensibilities hurt worse. Poison distilled itself in her blood and traveled thru her veins, the bitter rankling poison of hatred, hatred of one's own. How she hated him! How she hated him! Maniac! Grotesque symbol of an evil justice, sitting there in his unrighteous indignation. How horrible he was! How he had crushed them, her mother, Georgie, herself! How he had shuttered out the sun, debarred the white birds! How they, conjointly, loathed him!

George was stirring, she paid no heed to him. Momentarily, his pain seemed a lesser thing than her own. He was a man-child. Who could tell . . .

His hand fell on the gun. There was a loud discharge.

From downstairs came, again, the wounded, distraught sound of Mrs. Queed's voice. Her father's footsteps, cumbersome, hateful . . . They were in the room. She did not move. Georgie was not hurt, only whimpering still, this time, that he had not meant to do it. The night had grown oppressive.

She kept remembering Atalas, the hunchback with his sweet face — the flowers he put, each morning, on her desk in school. She had taught him to read and write and spell. She had taught him, too, to love . . . as angels may, with homage and with prayer. And the old grandmother of Atalas, with her practical hands and her weaving, impractical brain . . .

And Arnold Barry, pale from overwork in a city, strong and straight and full of booklore and trustworthy dreams and schemes. He had seemed fine.

Her father was thundering—again. At first his meaning did not penetrate, the hurtful throbbing of her pulses was too persistent. Then she heard him, "David Boyd's goin' ter marry you," he was saying; "to cover up yer disgrace. He's too good for yer, that's what it amounts to. Too good fer yer. Get up, I say, get up and I'll tie this knot myself, good and tight, ter keep yer in order. A wife is what yer need ter be and stop yer highfalutin school teachin' and other flimflammery. You've got cobwebs in yer brain like yer mother had when I brang her here—but you've got seven devils in yer soul, besides. David Boyd'll take 'em out of yer. Get up, I say, get up!"

Martha never afterward, knew why it was she hadn't rebelled until he had killed her.

It must have been the pulses clamoring, destroying her brain. It must have been Georgie whimpering. It must have been the thin trickle of her mother's sobs. Anyway, she was dragged into the lamp-lit drab room of the cabin. David Boyd stood there, waitin' her. He had always been waiting her. He had blocked her pathway to and from the schoolhouse repeatedly with his uncouth, repellent presence. He had leered at her. He had besought her. She had never masked the disgust she felt. Now he was to have her. Her father was

He wondered what had happened in that dank cabin on that dank night. Over what horror had that girl been forced to stoop—alone? Had her hands, desperate, done this deed?

giving her to him. He was demanding her mother's wedding ring for the ceremony. She felt it forced upon her stiff finger. Why did her mother moan so? Once she had heard a dead bird give queer, deep little cries. Her mother sounded like that bird. It was uncanny, all of it.

She felt glad Atalas was not there to see it. How it would have bruised his clean white soul.

She was glad Arnold Barry could not see. Some of David Boyd's horror would come, vicariously, to her. From out the shadows the distorted figure of Justice shook with abnormal mirth. God seemed very far away.

It didn't last long, that was a mercy. For a moment she was held against her mother's breast. In that thin pitiful cavern she could hear the overwrought heart pumping, laboriously. The poor woman was muttering, "Forgive me, dearie, forgive me—" Martha knew that she was pleading for forgiveness for having given her life. She nodded her head.

David Boyd dragged her over the path to his hovel. The under growth of the wood seemed horrors on that night. Overhead an owl hooted. Nightingales were still. That very day Arnold Barry had told her he had heard a nightingale the night before. Not tonight.

Halfway to Boyd's cabin she had a fantastic vision. She thought she saw Atalas smiling at her—with reassurance.

Of course it was absurd, how would Atalas know! How sweet his love had been. From the shaken pottery of his flesh his spirit had gleamed as white as samite, as holy as an anthem.

Boyd was laughing to himself. He was boasting, too, that he had her; that she had thought herself so fine, so high a lady. Well, he had her. It didn't profit a man to set himself on an altar. A man got what he wanted, come what come. Look at him, at Boyd . . .

She'd make him a good wife, she would—or he'd know why. She'd give up her folderols, she would, or he'd see to it. No more teachin,' nor moonin' in woods with books — she'd cook and sweep and be a proper woman. *His* woman, by blighty! Martha was silent. Even her aching pulses had subsided. She felt very far away. Her spirit and flesh were distinctly separate. She hoped they would never rejoin.

She was inside his cabin. A stench arose and smote her of accumulated uncleanlinesses. A rat scuttled heavily across the floor and hit her foot. A cobweb, thick and established, smote her in the eye.

David Boyd had turned to her. His hands were outstretched. He was the coming bridegroom. She gave a high, tremendous cry . . .

In the morning which was fresh and singularly clear, the sheriff and his men arrested Arnold Barry for the murder of David Boyd.

Almost before dawn Barry had appeared at the Queed cabin. There he had been told that Martha had married, the night before, David Boyd.

He had told the Queeds what he thought of them, in outraged, plain-speaking terms. Then he had strode off in the direction of Boyd's cabin.

He had been gone some time, and when they came upon him he was trying to revive a dead man. The dead man was David Boyd. He had been dead, Barry explained laconically, to Queed and the sheriff, some hours. Martha was nowhere to be seen. Barry was arrested. His protests were unavailing. Justice must be done. On the way to the county jail all sorts of thoughts assailed him—all of Martha. He didn't seem to matter just then. How could they have done this thing to her? Why had they done it? What had happened in that dank cabin on that dark night? Over what horror had that girl been forced to stoop — alone? Had her hands, desperate, done this deed?

Justice, tapping a gnarled birch, stamped mightily ahead.

A little off the path, the boy Atalas, unheeding, was clasping his thin arms about the trunk of a huge tree. His face was uplifted and beatific. *There were bloodstains on his hands.*

Justice moves swiftly when there is

A little of the path, the boy Atalas, unheeding, was clasping his thin arms about the trunk of a huge tree. His face was uplifted and beatific. *There were bloodstains on his hands*

venom spicing the motion.

A decree of murder in the first degree was brought in by the District Attorney against Arnold Barry of the city of New York.

The crowded court-room gaped, as one head. One woman fainted. A small boy, chewing gum audibly, was to be heard by every spectator.

Into the temporary cessation of activities, in the stillness of the lately pronounced sentence of death, the hunchback Atalas burst, his face shell-white, his twisted body quivering.

"I killed Boyd," he cried out, shrill and sweet, "I killed him—I saw him a'tryin' to harm Martha Queed. I shot him. I'm glad I did. I'm glad I did it—fer her. I've always loved her. And yer cant laugh—now!"

The boy pulled a gun from his blouse. A shot shattered the sentence of death silence. When they left the court-room Arnold Barry, freed, was carrying the dead Atalas, whose face bore an unspeakable radiance, piercingly sweet.

Arnold Barry strewed her bed with flowers while she herself shimmered in the satin of her wedding-gown, orange blossoms in her dark hair. And so they were married

Barry carried him home. It was a long trail, but the burden was light, and, as he walked, seemed, curiously, to grow lighter. Curiously, too, the path seemed illumined by a light neither of heaven nor of earth, but somehow, strangely, of both, as by a miracle, blent. Barry thought the miracle was love. The love of Atalas for the little school-teacher. Such a love as he, Barry himself, would strive to give her—having learned.

The grandmother of Atalas took him in. Her impractical mind saw, as Barry saw, the supreme loveliness of the last tragedy. She rejoiced for him that so he had gone, justifying the love, giving it hope where there had been none before. She took him in her arms, tenderwise and held him against her breast. In a low voice she told Barry that Martha was in the other room. "*He* found her," she said, "and brought her here. He tended her like a mother and a slave. He brang her flowers and scattered them about her. He knelt by her and stroked her hand because she couldn't sleep. Ah me, ah me, but his love was great and strong!"

Martha saw her marriage day in the hospital of the Big Town nearest Pineville. Martha told him then, of the circumstances of that dark night before she blotted it forever from her hurt memory . . . "I didn't know what I was doing," she said, "it just seemed to me that all the hard things Father had said to me, and to mother, and to all of us all of our lives numbed me once and forever. The world turned the chaos, and every light went out. Even the light you had brought into my life was gone. I felt stunted and dull and bruised and tired. I just stood there while Father did his terrible sin of marrying us—and then I just stumbled along in the dark to Boyd's cabin. I didn't want to think of you—I couldn't bear that—I didn't want to think of Mother—I knew her last dream would be gone with me—Atalas—my dear Atalas—he seemed the only one to whom I could turn, even in thought. He, too, had been stunted and hurt, beside his own volition. Dear, I wish I could tell you of Atalas—of the lovely, straight-growing soul that lived in his poor body. He was so dear to me. It made me seem a rare, exalted, *different* thing to have him near me. He was so tender, so servile, so fine . . . I think, I think he—he must be happy—now—"

"I know he is," Barry told her as she lay among the white fragrance of her bridal flowers—"I know he is. The words you have just spoken would make him so were other things to fail." Barry had taken her there in his car to recuperate from the shock and the exposure she had suffered. Thither, too, had come her mother, done forever with Marvin Queed.

Arnold Barry strewed her bed with flowers. Her mother, dreams reborn in her tired eyes, hemmed, herself, the shimmering satin of the wedding-gown and threaded with tremulous ecstasy, the orange blossoms in her dark hair. "It's as I dreamed it," she kept whispering to herself; "it's as I dreamed it, over n' over."

And so they were married—

And after awhile, they took Mrs. Queed and little Georgie and went beyond the hills to live in a flowery spot where dreams with unmolested feet, kept ever welcome watch.

In Pineville the distorted figure of Justice brooded thru dim years. Strange fantasies came and went . . . odd figures . . . scriptures gone awry . . . condemned men pleading . . . pleading . . . dreams knocked at shuttered doors . . . youth cried out. He died and knew, God wot, Justice for shining and young.

"She Walks in Beauty—"

Above all other things Justine Johnstone has common sense, a strong desire for self-development, ideals and practically a sane sense of balance in her personal and professional careers. Above and below, Miss Johnstone photographed at her country estate

All photographs by Geisler & Andrews, N. Y.

THE memo on my desk said Justine Johnstone, Friday, St. Regis, 3 o'clock . . .

It said that to me—that and nothing more. I had never seen Justine Johnstone. I was amazingly uninformed. What I had heard of her was limited intelligence and conveyed to my mind a vague, gold person who danced—and who was now, hence my mission, on the threshold of the screen. I departed for the St. Regis only temperately enthusiastic. It was acridly hot.

My first distinctly pleasant impression was of a suite very high up and a cool wind a'blowing. Simultaneously came an equally pleasant one of Miss Johnstone (Mrs. Wanger). The parenthetical addition by the way is a *most* important one.

When first I sat me down to indite this article a line kept reiterating in my brain. It reiterated: "She is young; she is good; she is beautiful." Absurd, I said to my brain, it sounds like the opening line of the chorus of a popular song . . . I will refrain from using it. My brain remained obdurate and the line kept on reiterating. I felt that analysis was required, and sifted down. I found the truth revealed, blatant or otherwise . . .

She *is* young—spontaneously, freshly, exhileratingly.

She *is* good—the correct definition of good being glowing health of body and brain and she, very rarely and definitely, has both.

She *is* beautiful. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever interviewed. I cannot call to mind that I have ever *seen* one at *any* time *more* beautiful. Professionally, at least, I have run a pretty thoro gamut, hence the opinion is worth something.

Above and proba-

By
GRACE LAMB

bly beyond all these things, she has common sense, a strong desire for self-development, ideals, practicality, a sane sense of balance in her personal and professional careers.

For the former, she is, (see parenthesis some paragraphs preceding) Mrs. Wanger, and most delightfully proud and pleased with that fact.

"Marriage should be a close and wonderful partnership," Miss Johnstone said, "and ours is. I believe in love, the love that endures, I believe in marriage, as a sacrament, as an institution. I believe in the absolute possibility of married happiness, satisfying and complete. I am not, in any sense, at least not in that sense, a modernist, nor a radical. About children . . . I dont know . . . I wish that I did think one could have children *and* marriage *and* a career . . . but I'm afraid that I dont think so. I am mostly afraid that they would interrupt the comradeship between husband and wife. After all, we can only give our affection greatly, *wholly*, in one direction . . ." Mrs. Wanger gave a slight, tender sort of laugh; "you see," she said, "I am jealously guarding that direction . . . Mr. Wanger and I are such wonderful pals, and I think there is nothing like that personal relationship in all the world. There are so many women fitted for children; for the other sides of life. I believe that, like all things, it should be a highly specialized thing for a highly specialized individual . . ." she waived the subject with her capable looking hands; "I wish we could be more composite," she said, "perhaps . . . who knows . . . ?"

(All photographs by Geisler & Andrews, N. Y.

"I dont want to play bobbed-hair ingénues," Miss Johnstone said, "nor impossible looking maidens with languishing eyes. I should like to stand for, to portray the essential American girl as I see her." Above, a new portrait study and below another camera study at her summer home

I asked her what her screen ambitions were, specifically . . . I knew that she was just about to enter the new world for conquest, having, prior to our talk done but one, and that a picture with Taylor Holmes called "Nothing But Lies."

(*Continued on page 97*)

Along the Starry Way

I.—Crystal Pier

ALONG comes a holiday—it dawns bright and clear.

Let's go for a day to Crystal Pier. After packing a picnic lunch of pickles, sandwiches, filling a thermos bottle of coffee and preparing other popular indigestibles, we'll crank up the old flivver, or the Fierce Barrow, or whatever we ride in (everybody has some kind of a vehicle out here) and after going a few blocks only to remember something we forgot, we're off. We wave good-bye to the neighbors and slap the dog on the head with a newspaper or something to make him stop barking so loud.

After running thru devious streets, we finally strike Seventh Street, the Fifth Avenue of Los Angeles. Then we pass the Mercury and Chaplin aviation fields and take a slant at the Chaplin studio as we go by. Then we reach the Beverly Hills Hotel, famous for its many film star guests. Mary Thurman, Otis Skinner and Jack Pickford are taking a quiet stroll thru the hedge-lined walks. We wave and are delighted with the answering salutations. The auto-speedway is reached. Here on big racing days, Los Angeles filmdom turns out en masse and several enthusiastic players enter cars in the events. After passing, on our right, the Los Angeles Country

To be seen here is to be stamped with the glamour of exclusiveness. It is a mark of distinction; for is not one seen in close proximity to luminaries of the film world, too numerous to mention? Top, Lila Lee talks to Wally Reid while her ice-cream cone succumbs to the sun; left, King Vidor throws a ball, and below, the same sunshade shields Rudolph Valentino, Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton and Gertrude Selby

EDITOR'S NOTE: The cry for pleasure, respite from the day's tasks sounds everywhere—from Manhattan's gay Rialto to Three Corners nestled in the foothills of the Western mountain-range. On the Rialto the throng seeks respite in the gay cabaret, at the theater; at Three Corners they betake themselves to the Town Hall, the soda counter at the village drug-store. And out in the California film colony, too, the cry for pleasure rises. There are a number of places particularly popular with the folk of the shadow-screen, and these will be photographed and written of in this new series, truly called "Along the Starry Way."

Swimmin' round an' round at Crystal Pier,
There's no need to harbor any fear,
For . . .
If you sink just give a shout,
Wallace Reid will pull you out,
Swimming at that dear old Crystal Pier.

(With apologies to everybody, including the author of "Dancing at the Motion Picture Ball.")

By MILES HAMMOND

Club, which has numbers of photoplayer golf enthusiasts on its rolls, we settle down to a long stretch until we reach the Soldiers' Home set in a mass of pepper trees at Sawtelle. This town is noted for having the greatest number of dyed mustaches in the world. Jet black, or brown is the popular hue, worn by many an old soldier who, game to the last, sets out in the evenings to call on some comely resident on Widow's Row and persuade her, perhaps, to share his pension.

Santa Monica is soon reached. We know it by its geranium hedges, its pretty girls in middies, or bathing suits, on the way to the beach sands, its magnificent palisades rising precipitously from the beach and covered with myriads of clinging flowers, purple, white and yellow. A view from the palisades shows miles of shore with foamy waves lapping the sand, stretching toward the famous motion picture city, known consecutively as Inceville and Hartville after their noted namesakes.

We "mosey" down to visit "Dad," who sells popcorn; he is known to thousands of beach visitors by no other name. We see Wally buy a bag and smilingly present "Dad" with a fifty-cent piece. Center, King Vidor, Rupert Julian and two friends hurl the medicine ball around, and at the bottom may be seen Rupert at the bat

Now we're at Crystal Pier.

To be seen here is to be stamped with the glamour of exclusiveness. It is a mark of distinction; for is not one seen in rather close proximity to Wallace Reid, Lila Lee, Rupert Julian, Harold Lloyd and other luminaries of the film world too numerous to mention? It is this thought that gladdens the hearts of myriads of tourists that flit up and down the coast.

A citizen of Paris, Iowa, or London, Maine, can enlarge and wax eloquent on his description of how he retrieved a ball, thrown by the dainty hand of Viola Dana or of Lila Lee, that was missed by none other than Francis Ford. The president of the First National Bank of Morriston, Texas, feels that it is not beneath his dignity to act as backstop and pig-tail for his favorite star whom he has worshipped on the impersonal screen for many moons. He is honored and would be delighted to have the mayor of the town and a couple of aldermen on hand. Financial barons of Los Angeles, its city councilmen and mayor also visit Crystal Pier; but they might cavort around and miss balls until doom's day, and the aforesaid president of the First National Bank of Morristown would not give them a bat of his distinguished eye. Such is fame!

Crystal Pier is like an island of quiet in an ocean of noise. Just about half a mile south of it bedlam reigns. For there is Ocean Park and a little farther on, Venice, which are to Los Angeles what Coney is to

(*Continued on page* 104)

Martha, the Beautiful

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

"The Miracle Man" is her favorite picture, so she said, speaking of it in an awed, almost reverential way. And her favorite players are Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson and Nazimova. She has a vivid personality, surprising intelligence and a consuming interest in her work . . . a combination that will not be defeated

WE knew that a certain well-known artist and photographer had said that Martha Mansfield was the most beautiful girl in New York. A rather sweeping statement, we thought, in a city noted for its alluring femininity of every type of every race and clime under the sun. We had seen her on stage and screen, on magazine covers and posters. We knew she was extremely good to look upon, but—the most beautiful girl in New York?

Anticipatorily, I fared forth to interview this anomaly and one minute after being admitted to her presence agreed unqualifiedly with the aforementioned artist. She *is!* Not in any exotic, magnificent way—but beautiful, the way a young girl should be—sweet, vivid, wholesome. Skin like a wild rose, deep blue eyes, big and dreamily alive; red-gold hair, warm, dainty mouth, a slim well-formed figure, an absolutely unaffected manner and a freshness of enthusiasm that is positively inspiring.

We had heard, too, that she was the most photographed girl in New York and was as skeptical about this as about the superlativeness of her beauty. I mentioned the fact that I needed some pictures to illustrate the interview. "Oh, yes," she said, casually, excusing herself a moment and reappearing with a stack of photographs—dozens and dozens of them—in costumes quaint and simple, in costumes gorgeous and splendid—in poses studied, in poses unstudied—every one different—every one showing the touch of an artist who does his best because of the inspiration of his beautiful subject.

"It *must* be true," I exclaimed. "You *are* the most photographed girl in New York."

"I would hardly say that," she said, "but there are about two thousand poses of me. Of course I did nothing for a whole year but pose—so, naturally, there would be

By
LILLIAN MAY

At present Miss Mansfield is under contract with Selznick "I am working very hard," she said, "making the most of every opportunity, getting a great deal of experience. Next year—perhaps—I'll be a star"

something to show for it. It's the hardest work in the world, too," she added.

If I were asked to single out one or two of Martha Mansfield's outstanding characteristics, I should say her unself-consciousness, her capacity for thrills and her consuming interest in life, and especially in people. Almost I felt that she was the interviewer and I the interviewee.

"Dont you love to interview people? Do you find many who are interesting or clever—or are they mostly stupid? Whom have you interviewed lately, and what did they say?" she wanted to know most of all—and who were my favorite players, and what were my favorite pictures?

"The Miracle Man" is her favorite, she said—and spoke of it in an awed, almost reverential, way. Her favorite players are Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson and Nazimova. She has no favorites among the men—doesn't care particularly for any of them!

"Mary Pickford," she mourned, "is the only one of my favorites I have met—and that was years ago—soon after I came to New York."

"Then you are *not* a New York girl?"

"No," she said, a bit proudly. "I was born in New York, but that was a—a detail. I am from Mansfield, Ohio. Lived there until I was nearly fourteen—and it is still 'home' to me."

"And then?"

"Mother and I came to New York. I wanted to go on the stage, but had no idea how to go about it. I had heard of Mr. Belasco and William Brady, and that was the extent of my knowledge about the theatrical business. Mary Pickford was playing on the stage in 'The Littlest Rebel,' and when she became ill, I went to the hospital a couple of times to see her. I confided my ambition to her and she asked me to go to see her manager and ask him to let me try her part. I was just about her size at that time and had long curls. She might not be able to go back—or there might be a road company—anyhow, go and try, she said. So I did . . . but, of course, having had no experience except a couple of weeks in stock, they would not consider me.

"Wasn't that dear of 'little Mary'? I have never met her since that first year here . . . but have treasured in my heart the memory of her kindness to me, almost a stranger. After that, I said to myself, 'I'll go and see Mr. Brady,' As tho all I had to do was to walk into his office and say, 'Mr. Brady, please.' Finally I did get to see the man *next* to Mr. Brady. He looked at me tolerantly—I was very small and in short dresses — and said, 'What do *you* want, little girl?'

"I want to play Beth in 'Little Women,' I said.

"He appeared somewhat amused and said, kindly: 'Well, you see "Little Women" is out on the road now, but there is a play in rehearsal right now, and we need a little girl for a fairy part. Would you like that?'

"*Would* I? But," she continued, ruefully, "some other

(*Continued on page* 108)

Domestic Snapshots

All photographs by White Studios

If Mae Murray and her directorial husband, Robert Leonard, are not at work under the Kleig lights or touring Europe, you are quite apt to find them domestically ensconced in their artisticstudio apartment. Mrs. Leonard has just resigned with Famous-Players and it looks as tho she was telling husband Bob all about it

The Seriousness of Youth

By JANET REID

At first we thought Edith Roberts would talk of frivols and fads. We imagined her point of view would be "cute." We thought she would wish to express, professionally, society ladies or something of a like ken.

We were mistaken.

She is a most serious young person.

Her beliefs, nay, her convictions, touch psychology, spiritism and all the most approved profundities. Also, they touch with a refreshing, and therefore convincing, naïveté.

She says that she owes her picture career to her mother, who long ago, before there was an Edith, prayed the gods to send her a talented daughter. "Mother always said," Edith informed me, with her dark sparkling eyes more sparkling than ever with reminiscence and her very red lips pursed, "mother always said that nothing she herself could ever do would mean half so much to her as having a talented daughter. She means the stage, too. That's only because she hadn't known always the screen. Now she loves the screen for me, and is interested in every phase of it and of my work on it."

"Speaking of the stage, . . . is that an ambition of yours?"

Miss Roberts shook her small and poignant head in definite negation.

"I am a believer in the one thing-at-a-time theory," she said. "I believe one little human person is only capable of one thing—at a time, that is. After I have succeeded and satisfied myself and my public—when I, mean something to the screen, then, I hope, I shall be able to try the stage. I've had quite a few offers," she added, with a modesty characteristic of her.

"Isn't it hard," I said, "to be confronted by divers opportunities?"

(Continued on page 118)

Photograph by Nicholas Muray

Edith Roberts talked most seriously on spiritism. "I dont know anything about mediums or seances, or anything of that sort, and I dont believe in them," she said, "but I do believe in the Dead Alive, because since my Dad died he has come back to me several times"

Photograph by Old Masters

Dorothy Deserts---

Dorothy De Vore has, so to speak, gone and done it. In Charles Ray's "Forty Five Minutes From Broadway," she is cast opposite Mr. Ray, giving a delightful performance. The comedy companies, it would seem, develop a sense of drama far more successfully than even the dramatic schools. And now that Dorothy has deserted the Christie comedies, we find it in our hearts to wonder if the exodus will ever stop

Flying Pat

By
NORMAN BRUCE

TO wear Patricia as a name requires an imposing presence, dignity, golden hair arranged in a coronet, and at least seventy inches. On a small, slim little person with rusty red-black hair and a tendency to wrinkle a tip-tilted nose rabbit-wise, it is as unbecoming as black velvet and pearls to a debutante. On the other hand, "Pat" fitted Patricia Matthews as trimly as a triple A, size three and a half shoe. When the Matthews part of her name became Van Nuys, on that morning of yellow mud and wet wind in the Argonne with the gaunt French priest making sad work of his English, the "Pat" remained unchanged.

Pat had met Robert Van Nuys under circumstances discouraging to Romance, which has a predilection for rose gardens and moonlight and June. When the tall, young aviator, who had just brought down his plane in a particularly oozy shell hole, squdged into the comfort station in search of coffee and conversation, Pat had seen a wild head of hair that had not known a comb for a week, a face overgrown with stubble and otherwise adorned with machine oil, mud and caked blood from a scratch over the swollen right eye. And Robert, gazing out of the remaining orb, had seen an exceedingly minute young woman enveloped from chin to heels in an enormous, very much streaked brown denim apron that rendered her perfectly shapeless, while above the apron top a face, powdered with flour with a most unbecoming streak of soot across the bridge of a tip-tilted nose, regarded him from under a mop of wild, black curls.

And thus gazing, they had immediately fallen in love, tho it was three whole days before they confessed it. For it takes more than a mere war and a little mud to discourage Romance, after all. The only engagement ring obtainable was a doughnut—and here let it be whispered that if all American soldiers had had the opportunity of eating Pat's doughnuts they would have helped win the war—for Germany! So Robert went back to his bombing of Boches, while little Pat liberally salted the cocoa with her tears, and then unexpectedly, all in a minute, the war was over and Robert appeared with the sad French priest in tow, and Pat put on a clean apron and they were married, while a wind with a French accent lamented outside the hut, and the poplars shed tears for the ruin of the gun-swept forest over the hill.

On the way homeward across the Atlantic, they sat upon the deck and talked of the future, and made enough plans for it to fill three score and ten years full to overflowing. Then it was for the first time that Robert acquainted his wife with his position and prospects in the world.

"Pat, darling," he asked her, squeezing her hand under the steamer rug, "what do you suppose I am anyway? I mean, what do you suppose I do for a living?"

Pat looked startled. It was the first time she

Ensued an old-fashioned family quarrel, for fashions in anger do not change. They said many things solely for the purpose of wounding each other, words that stung, taunts that cut, phrases that bruised

had even wondered about that. "I—I dont know," she faltered, then, loyally, "probably you're a—a bookkeeper, or a motorman, or a reporter, or something. But I'll love you even if you're a burglar, so there! And I'll try to help you in your career——"

Robert Van Nuys stiffened slightly. "I am none of the somewhat unflattering things you mention," he stated, with dignity, "I am afraid you will be disappointed when I confess that I am merely a millionaire. I own the largest aeroplane factory in America; and as for helping me with my career that will be quite unnecessary."

"Oh," said Pat doubtfully, in a small voice, "oh." There is no doubt that she was disappointed. It would have been much more exciting to be married to a burglar. Privately she felt that she would make a better burglar's wife than a millionaire's. But she rose to the occasion gallantly. "Then will I have to give dinner parties and wear low-necked gowns like Elsie Ferguson and carry a Pomeranian?"

Robert shook his head. He felt that it was very

Pat spent many hours, during the first few months of her new life, in the splendid Van Nuys mansion, trying to decide upon a career to devote herself to. The nuns in the convent had always said to the girls that woman's place was in the home, but here was her husband insisting that her place was out of the home, protesting that he had not married a button sewer or a stocking darner but a woman who had a right to her own life, to her freedom. And she did not know what to do with her life or her freedom—it was very depressing.

She thought successively of being an interior decorator, a writer, a professional shopper, a tea-room proprietor. But to one who has lived for months with the roar of shells and the thunder of great guns in her ears, cretonne and tea-cups seem insipid and singularly unalluring. No, she needed excitement, if possible, spiced with danger. She applied to the police department for a job and was politely refused. Then, one day as she waited in the office of the factory for Robert to take her to luncheon, she discovered her career! It stood in the yard, with a very handsome young man in puttees and goggles doing something to its insides, which produced a tremendous snorting and puffing. However, Pat did not see the young man as a Male Being at all, but

generous, very magnanimous in him to say what he was about to say. "Certainly not, dearest," he said in deep chest tones, "I do not expect my wife to regulate her life by mine. A woman should not be her husband's housekeeper. She should be free to follow out her own career"—he was perfectly delighted with the sound of his own words. "Thank God," finished Robert eloquently, "thank God, I am not an old-fashioned man who demands an old-fashioned wife!"

It would be cruel to interpose in these admirable sentiments any doubt as to the underlying motive, yet—those doughnuts! Could it be that the heavy memory of them had anything to do with Robert's alacrity in freeing his Pat from the duties of housekeeper?

FLYING PAT.

Fictionized by permission from the Paramount Production based on the scenario by Harry Carr and F. Richard Jones; adapted from the story by Virginia Philley Withey. Directed by F. Richard Jones, and starring Dorothy Gish. The cast:

Robert Van Nuys, an ace of distinction... James Rennie
Mrs. Robert Van Nuys, "Pat," his wife.... Dorothy Gish
Capt. Wm. Endicott, factory superintendent
Morgan Wallace
The butler.....Harold Vizard
Cook to Van Nuys.....Mrs. Waters
Head maid.....Miss Waters
Detective.....William Black
Reporter.....Porter Strong
Policeman.....Tom Blake
Old Lady on the Train.....Kate Bruce

merely as a Means to an End. In two ticks of her wrist watch her mind was made up. She would be an aviatrix!

Robert listened to her plans indulgently. "But I can't teach you myself," he told her, "I've got to be in the office—we're working out a new model. I'll have Endicott take you up. He's a safe man, Endicott—an ace o. the other side——"

Robert did all his flying on paper nowadays, Pat thought rebelliously. In France he had been an eagle, in America he was, she mused with a wicked little mental giggle, a rooster, contented with grubbing in the ground for worms. He'd have Endicott take her up! Humph! She'd show him it wasn't a fad of a freak, but sober earnest.

No one had ever accused Pat of not being game. The ordeal of the orientator in which, strapped into a machine, she was whirled dizzily head over heels, and made to read the Constitution of the United States while standing on her head, left her more determined than ever, altho for several days the trees and houses had a disconcerting habit of jigging when she looked at them, and she distinctly saw a trolley car leap over a church, her resolve to become a flyer was the one fixed thing in an unstable world.

"It's—it's heavenly," Pat shrieked above the roar of the exhaust on her first flight. The young man beside her flashed an admiring glance at the wild, little curls flying under the tight cap brim, the shine of sky-colored eyes thru the huge goggles.

"It is," he agreed fervently, "and you're an angel!" which latter was fortunately lost in the noise of their flight. On subsequent occasions he became more explicit, as they careened thru clouds and clambered steep slopes of ether, and at length attempted to hold Pat's hand. Very promptly that young woman boxed his ears, and the ground rose to meet them at terrifying speed. A young oak tree broke their fall, but nothing except six thousand miles of solid globe stopped it.

Much surprised at being alive, Pat sat up in the wreckage with a vague attempt to straighten her hat which was cocked rakishly over her face, totally obscuring one eye. Then she began to laugh hysterically. Rising from the splintered plane was a head, wearing about its neck the rim of the aviator's helmet. Captain Endicott looked anything but the naughty gallant now, nor were his first words those of illicit passion. Navy, rather he spoke like a husband of many years' standing, without flattery, brutally and to the point. Pat listened, exasperated.

"It's your own fault," she flamed, struggling to free herself, and failing because she held the engine in her lap, "and I detest you, and I'm glad I broke your old aeroplane. And I'm going straight home and to—bed my—I'm hard on you."

"You ought to be spanked!" growled her companion savagely as he emerged on hands and knees and dragged Pat from the debris, blue lightenings in her eyes, mutinous red lips trembling, curls tumbling along hot scarlet cheeks. "or kissed," he finished, and caught her roughly to him, and kissed her with angry lips, then turned on his heels and began to plunge over the field in the direction of a roof showing among the trees.

Ten minutes later Robert

"When it comes to being a party to a murder, it's no part of a ladies' duty. Ma'am, and I've bustled in the best families. I could be hanged for carrying a steak like that, Ma'am".

"I fired him," she whispered in his ear, "because he said I was no cook. The very idea! After I fried doughnuts straight thru the war"

duty, the priceelessness of reputation, and Cæsar's wife, trembling on his lips when he drew up at the Inn. But Pat's behavior drove them out of his mind.

For Pat was giggling, yes, actually, unmistakably, unrepentantly giggling. She did not seem to understand that she was in disgrace! She even assumed that he expected to kiss her, and in the face of the curiously gazing veranda, he was obliged to do so, with bad grace but fairly good dissembling of it.

The Captain was missing—gone to look after the wrecked plane, Pat explained. She told the story of the mishap with relish, hurrying over the cause of it with skilful phrase, "and then something seemed to go wrong——" The realization of her danger cooled his rage. If there had been a single, tiny scratch to show for it, he would have stopped the car and taken her then and there into his arms, but she looked so exasperatingly calm, so smug! She had even powdered her nose and done-up her hair. Moreover, she took it quite for granted that it was quite the correct thing for the wife of a Van Nuys to be wrecked from an aeroplane at a questionable roadhouse, in the company of another man! He had come prepared for abject repentance, and found calm complacency instead. He had been prepared to withhold forgiveness, and had found that Pat had no idea of being forgiven! And so the more conversational Pat became, the more uncommunicative he grew. By the time they had reached home, he was encased in the cajolery-proof armor of rigid silence, which however, she perversely ignored, choosing to put on her prettiest evening gown at dinner, and keeping up a gatling fire of chatter with an occasional star shell of laughter.

Van Nuys, summoned by the ringing of his 'phone, was informed by a strange voice that his wife wished him to motor out to the Rosedale Inn and take her home. "She is with Captain Endicott," the voice finished with what sounded like an insolent chuckle to Roberts' burning ears, and a click neatly terminated the conversation. He shook the instrument until a snicker from his stenographer brought him to his senses. Pat at a roadhouse with the Captain! Even in his distress, Robert knew quite certainly that there was nothing wrong in the escapade, but that didn't excuse Pat.

By the time his roadster had left splintered bits of the speed laws scattered along the ten miles between the city and Rosedale Inn, he had determined to teach his wife a lesson. Robert Van Nuys had faced the Boche shells without a quiver, but the mere notion of scandal sent goose shivers down his correct, Brahmin spine. It would look well in print—"Wife of Wealthy Manufacturer Discovered at Roadhouse with Captain." He decided that he would not forgive Pat for her imprudence until after dinner. There were a number of remarkably fine phrases anent wifely

With the closing of the door of their bedroom, Pat ceased firing. She was remembering what the Captain had said about a spanking. "Beast!" she muttered, and for need of action she pitched a chairful of garments into the farthest corner of the room.

"If you are speaking to me," observed her husband in deathly tones, "I can hardly expect that you would show the proper respect for the man you married after the disgraceful escapade of this afternoon."

"Well," said Pat with a shrill breath, "I like that!" and to show how much she liked it, she threw the brush across the room squarely into a colored etching of the Age of Innocence. "How—how"—she sought for words and found memories of similar scenes on the stage, "how dare you! How dare you say such things to me!"

Ensued an old-fashioned quarrel, for fashions in anger do not change. They each said many things solely for

(*Continued on page* 115)

Across the Silversheet

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE characters of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," for the main part, seek to build their future on the dreams of their pasts, to find that the mark of passing years is a definite one and that memories cannot be reconstructed.

However, two of the characters in their search for the old dream, find in one another something even greater than the past has offered them and they form a dream partnership.

The story of Conrad is a whimsical one which it has not been easy for William deMille to bring to the screen. He has handled his difficult task admirably in most instances, but now and then his touch seems a little too worldly for the delicate story material with which he deals.

Thomas Meighan has been more ideally cast than he is in the title role of Leonard Merrick's "Conrad"—he does not seem to us to be the type sketched in the pages of the novel—however, he is satisfactory and the same likable Thomas.

Margaret Loomis finds more opportunity in this story than ever before and her work is permeated with a colorful personality.

It seems to us that Kathlyn Williams is worthy of special mention. She creates with a sure—and, at the same time, a delicate touch and makes the Beautiful Lady of Conrad's youth delightful, while her characterization of the same lady a number of years later, slightly forgetful and always dropping things, is most natural and suggestive of someone all of us have known. Her work in "Conrad" removes all questions as to her artistry.

Those who have journeyed along life's highway will love Conrad and sympathize with him——

Those who stand at the cross-roads will not quite understand his quest, but they will find him attractive just the same.

NOMANDS OF THE NORTH—FIRST NATIONAL

In "Nomands of the North," James Oliver Curwood's pen paints a typical story of the Canadian Northwest in which the hero is a fugitive from justice; the villain, the son of the factor of the settlement; and the other suitor, a corporal of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Despite the fact that the story is typical, there is a vividness and wholesome spirit to the production which makes it pleasant entertainment. There are a number of scenes of a raging forest fire in which the villain meets his doom, but they fail to get over, as other cinema forest fires have in the past. At the same time they possess no meager beauty value.

Betty Blythe has often been seen to better advantage, both dramatically and pictorially. While she is pleasing and convincing, her performance lacks that indefinite something which heralds artistry.

As to Lon Chaney's portrayal of the hero—it rings vibrantly true and it is difficult to picture this son of the forest primeval as the deformity of "The Miracle Man."

PEACEFUL VALLEY—FIRST NATIONAL

We are grateful for "Peaceful Valley," primarily, because it permits us to again laud Charles Ray and his human characterization. The theme is not new or novel—in fact, it is the old idea of the country youth who falls in love with the city

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Top, Thomas Meighan in "Conrad In Quest of His Youth"; center, Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious," and right, Alla Nazimova in "Madame Peacock"

The Friendly Rich

When Irene realized she was on the road to being a screen vampire, she turned down all naughty rôles offered her and made a stand for womanly parts. Above, a recent photograph; right, Miss Rich displaying the results of a day's shooting

YOU may talk about the newly rich, the haughty rich, and the unspeakable rich, but until you have met Irene, you have never known how likable a Rich person can be.

"Friendly," is the word which adequately describes Irene Rich. She is exactly the kind of person she seems to be in the pictures with Will Rogers, in "The Strange Boarder," and "Jes' Call Me Jim," and take my word for it—even at the cost of smashing some of your pet illusions—that mighty few film stars of either sex live up to their characterizations of the screen.

Irene does. You'd know in a minute why a homely, awkward woodsman would fall desperately, unreasoningly in love with her. She would never laugh at a fellow's awkwardness, or think about his homeliness. She would sense the big splendid heart of him and ignore everything else. She would pat a dog on the head because she really wanted to, and not because a camera was trained on her. She would pick up an old man on the road because she really wanted him to ride, not because it would make good material for a "publicity" story. I can imagine her saying a catty thing about anyone, or being unkind to a living soul. She just isn't built that way.

And yet, strangely enough, she arrived at Prominence Station along the Road-to-Stardom route, by the Vampire Express. Do you remember Billie Rhodes in a refreshing picture without a love clinch at the end, called "The Blue Bonnet"?

Irene was chosen for the naughty lady who forsakes her own husband and who leads divers other husbands astray before she finds in the end that she has tried to make a criminal of her own daughter—played by Billie Rhodes.

She made good in the part, very much so. Screen critics pointed out that a new type of vampire had arrived, a woman with beauty, a sense of humor, and keen humanness. Who wouldn't "fall" for such a vampire, they asked, and Irene, reading the criticism, had been inconsolable.

"I hated the part!" she said vehemently. "I detest women like that, and I *loathe* slinky clothes. I'd much rather dress plainly as I did in the Rogers pictures, and the worst of it was that after my 'Blue Bonnet' vampire part, it seemed as if every company in town wanted me to be a wild woman and ruin a couple of men or destroy a happy home.

"I said to myself, 'Irene, you must reform *now*, or you'll be a vampire all your screen life—' and I did! I turned down all the other naughty lady rôles offered me, and made a stand for likable, womanly parts."

Irene and her mother have a cozy bungalow, very near the Brunton studio, and it has a "personality" which accords exactly with that of its charming mistress. There is a wide fireplace for chilly evenings, a grand piano where Chopin and Irving Berlin rub notes, ever so many chairs that give one that never-want-to-get-up feeling, and a few well-chosen pastels on the walls to supply a dash of color.

Irene is a gracious hostess and a perfect dear to interview. She treats you as if she and you had gone to school together, had known the same girls, and had worn the pins of the same fraternity. Her eyes

By
EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

are dark brown, and rarely have a serious expression. Her nose turns up ever so slightly, and when she smiles, you wis', she never would stop.

For many aspirants to screen honors, the road is a hard and rocky one. But Irene Rich did not find it so. Perhaps the candid friendliness, which is so much a part of her, disarmed cold-blooded casting directors and made them want to give her a chance. At any rate, she had no trouble in getting work as an extra, and soon small bits were offered her.

"And then, one red-letter day," she told me, "I was working on the lot with William Farnum. I was tired, because we had been there since early morning, and I was leaning against the corner of the set with a far-away look in my eyes. Suddenly I was conscious that Mr. Farnum and the director were watching me, and whispering together. I came to with a jerk, and wondered—as a woman always does in such a case—what was wrong. I thought of my hair, my make-up, my costume, and finally, when I couldn't stand it another minute, I said pleadingly, 'Well, *what* is the matter with me?'

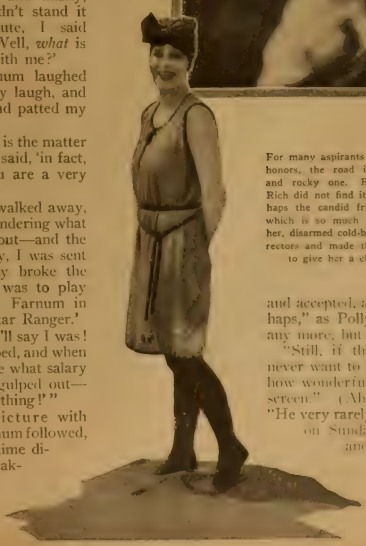
"Mr. Farnum laughed his big hearty laugh, and came over and patted my arm.

"'Nothing is the matter with you,' he said, 'in fact, we think you are a very nice girl.'

"Then he walked away, and I kept wondering what it was all about—and the very next day, I was sent for, and they broke the news that I was to play opposite Mr. Farnum in 'The Lone Star Ranger.'

"Happy? I'll say I was! I kind of gasped, and when they asked me what salary I wanted, I gulped out—'Oh, just anything!'"

Another picture with William Farnum followed, and by that time directors were taking notice of the new leading woman whose simplicity and naturalness were a welcome relief from the heaving chest emotions so much in vogue.



For many aspirants to screen honors, the road is a hard and rocky one. But Irene Rich did not find it so. Perhaps the candid friendliness, which is so much a part of her, disarmed cold-blooded directors and made them want to give her a chance

Frank Keenan engaged her to play opposite him in "Todd of the Times" and then came a splendid part in the Goldwyn all-star feature, "The Road called Straight." A three-year contract with the same company was offered and accepted, and when that is finished, Irene thinks, "maybe perhaps," as Pollyanna would say, that she won't be a leading lady any more, but will be ready to shine among the stars.

"Still, if they'd let me just play opposite Will Rogers, I'd never want to be a star," declared Miss Rich. "You can't imagine how wonderful he is. He is exactly what he seems to be on the screen." (Ah, that makes two of you, I thought to myself.) "He very rarely uses make-up, and he is intensely religious. Work on Sunday? Not much! When we were out on location and the Sabbath rolled around, the directors could rave as much as they liked and the camera men point out the beautiful light for shooting, and Will would shift his gum from one cheek to the other, and drawl, 'No, I reckon we'll take it

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Photograph by Freulich

CARMEL MYERS

During the last year or two Carmel has been dancing the light fantastic in musical comedy. However, she has returned to the screen and will soon be seen in Universal's "The Orchid"

Something Different

By
DONALD CALHOUN

"I HOPE," sighed Alicia Lee plaintively, "that I never fall in love with Richard. It would be such a bore to love anybody who always said ayether and nayether and never did anything except the correct thing."

Alicia was round and cuddlesome, with eyes like an amazed kitten, and a mouth that suggested a kiss. She made you think of something that had just come out of the shell, something fluffy, and helpless, and very, very young. Policemen went two blocks out of their way to help her across perfectly safe streets, every man in the car rose in a body to offer her his seat, and even that genus *Terribilis*, the small boy, felt masculine protectiveness, and left his ball-playing to pick up her handkerchief.

But Alicia, who, by all tokens, should have been reading "Alice in Wonderland," adored French novels and problem plays, talked like *Peppy Fiction*, smoked small, very wicked cigarets with red tips so that the lip rouge wouldn't show, and perversely refused to consider any of the eligible young men who were constantly begging her to share the money their fathers had made. Her aunt who yearned toward matrimony for her, as the safe bourn into which she might steer her difficult craft, now made small, helpless sounds of indignation.

"Richard Bidgely is a suitable match. You have known him all your life, you belong to the same social class, and, as his wife, you would be established in society," she enumerated precisely. "I cannot see what objections any reasonable girl could have to a rich, handsome, well-bred young man, who adores her."

"I wonder!" twinkled Alicia. "What Richard calls love is as live an emotion as a dried salt codfish—oh, well, you know what I mean! He wouldn't so much as crack one of the Commandments for me, and I wont marry a man who wouldn't break all ten of them to smithereens! It's because I do know him that I wont marry him—why, there isn't a thought in his beautifully brushed head I dont know, there isn't a sentence he begins that I couldn't finish for him. He would never give me a surprise, nor a new sensation, nor a thrill, nor any reason for enduring the monotony of living with him! Life as his wife would be as interesting as a formal dinner party where the only thing you dont know about it, when you sit down to the table, is whether they'll have pistachio ice cream or parfaits."

"At least," said the aunt majestically, creaking with outraged propriety and tight corsets, "at least you would be safe."

"Safe! I dont want to be safe. I want to be in danger," pouted Alicia, looking more kittenish and helpless than ever. "I want to *live*, not rust. I want to wear Life, not keep it done up in moth balls in my closet—I want something thrilling to happen, something different! I might," she considered "try being a co-respondent in a divorce suit—"

"You are perfectly hopeless," said the aunt, and departed still creaking.

"Oh damn!" lisped Alicia, lighting one of the reprehensible cigarets. "I suppose in the end I'll marry Richard, and settle down, and get my excitement by buying a magenta hat with yellow feathers. But first I'm going to find out two things, and one of them is how it feels to be in danger of my life, and the other is how it feels to be kissed by a bad, big, bully of a man who has never had his fingers manicured."

In consequence of this resolve, two weeks later beheld Alicia on shipboard with four trunks, full of the most daring gowns she could find in New York, and many hand-embroidered excuses to go with them, including absurd little slippers, stockings with embroidered heartthrobs, hats that made her look like a naughty school girl trying to be sophisticated, and a full supply of the tiny, red-tipped cigarets.

It had been a difficult task to persuade her aunt that a trip to the Republic of Santiago to visit her old convent friend, Rosa Vargas, was not so absurd and impossible as suggesting a jaunt to the moon. But Alicia had a way with her. The final argument that had won the day was

"It's like a stage setting in an empty theater," sighed Alicia. "Such a wonderful scene and such deadly actors, with their endless lines about duty, and dinner and baseball scores"

the hint that after she had had her fling she would probably be glad to come home and marry Richard. Ostensibly, Alicia was being chaperoned by the wife of the American Consul to Santiago, a faded, sallow woman who was addicted to pepsin tablets and common sense shoes. But her face was Alicia's best chaperon. Before she had been on the ship an hour, she had every male creature aboard subjugated, and each secretly convinced that it was his duty to protect this helpless, innocent creature from all the rest of mankind.

Consequently, she reached Santiago without any more thrilling experience than being allowed to stand on the Captain's bridge where she was assured, women were strictly taboo. Still the journey was not entirely wasted. She received five offers of marriage, numerous souvenirs and some information which filled her with hopes for the success of her mission. Don Luis Vargas, Rosa's husband, was suspected of being hostile to the government, indeed, it was openly whispered that he was the leader of a band of revolutionaries. Alicia immediately constructed a delightful romance in which she played the heroine and the hero was a dark, dashing revolutionist who rode a white stallion and wore a hat with plumes. The fact that Vargas was already married to her dear friend Rosa only added poignancy to the picture.

The first glimpse of her host, however, entirely spoiled the picture. Señor Vargas was corpulent, not to say plain fat. He was rather greasy, likewise, and had a tendency to slumber after a hearty meal. And alas, he wore a derby hat and drove a Ford car!

The routine of the Vargas household was placid and peaceful. Rosa, from a sloe-eyed beauty with coquetry in every glance, had become matronly, and went about jingling a bunch of keys importantly. Alicia did not even unpack the defiant gowns. What was the use of trying to shock a woman whose whole soul was occupied with the making of pickled mangoes, and a man who wore carpet slippers to dinner, and unbuttoned his waistcoat after the ceremony of eating? She practised wearing a Spanish mantilla draped over her dark hair with romantic effect. "It's becoming," she sulked, "but what's the use of its being becoming if there is no one to see? Oh, isn't there anything different in the whole stupid world?"

"Tomorrow," said Señor Vargas placidly at dinner that evening, "tomorrow we go to the President's ball. It will be a very dull affair," he added with conscientiousness to Alicia, "there has been no one assassinated at a president's ball for almost ten years now."

"You will meet Don Jose Calderon, El President," explained Rosa with one eye anxiously on the *rissole* which her lord and master was attacking, "Pig! Son of a Calf! Tyrant." She enumerated his traits without rancor, smiling softly.

"Is he handsome?" asked Alicia hopefully. There was a cerise gown in her trunks—you wore powder instead of a waist with it—

"He is fat," Rosa said with finality, "old and fat. He is a brute and a tyrant. Someday he shall no more rule. If it were not for his brother, Don Mariano, the head of the army, he would be wearing a clay blanket and a bullet in his heart."

Alicia was too disheartened to inquire about Don Mariano. Probably he had squint eyes, a bald head and seven children. But she wore the cerise gown all the same in the hopes that it might shock someone. And at the ball she saw the man of whom she had dreamed.

He was very tall and slim waisted and neither young nor old, which is the exact age at which a man is best. He had eyes that flashed when he talked, and dark hair and he wore a scarlet uniform with a great deal of gold on it. He looked at her as soon as he entered the ball room, and thereafter he looked continually. Perhaps it was the gown, and yet—

"Who is that man in uniform?" she asked Rosa, trying to seem casual. "He looks like a Somebody, but, of course, he's probably the butler," she told herself pessimistically.

"That? Dios! Is it that you mean Don Mariano, second cousin to Satan?" inquired Señora Vargas quite tingerishly, for such a large soft person. "He is a bad man, child, and a brutal man. He kills men and kisses women without mercy. Behold how he stares—the great giraffe! He knows well that Vargas hates him."

Presently Rosa departed on her husband's arm to the refreshment room, and Alicia was left in the box alone. She took out her tiny, diamond-studded cigaret case, aware—deliciously aware, that every movement was observed by a pair of dark, daredevil eyes. Then she gave a tiny squeak of annoyance. She had no matches!

"Señorita." Under the balcony stood the tall figure, bowing. Respectfully, he held up to her his match case, a leather thing that smelled of tobacco and masculinity. Their eyes met as she lighted her cigaret daintily and puffed out a cloud of smoke. She felt her heart beating madly—what was it Rosa had said? "Kisses the women without mercy—" She leaned down to him, with his case, but he took the hand that held it instead. "You will honor me by keeping it, señorita——"

That night, safe in her bedroom, Alicia took the case from her opera bag and looked at it. There were dark spots on the morocco—blood! What a man! Cruel, violent, compelling—

The bag rustled, as the protégé Richard always wrote on heavy stationery. She thought of Richard contemptuously, correct, conventional, unilluminating. A woman did not want roses and candy, compliments and courtesy. She wanted kisses that bruised, she wanted to be beaten, as long as it was for love. She wanted something that the Richards of the world could not give, something *different*.

But the days dreamed by in a monotone of hard, bright sunshine, and hot, drowsy warmth. She had not expected that Don Mariano would come seeking her, of course, yet she was oddly baffled. With a dim notion of revenge she wrote to Richard with unusual frequency, learned under Rosa's tutelage to make tamales and listened to her host's long winded political discussions. "Life is so disappointing!" she said to Rosa as they stood, arms entwined, looking from the veranda across the sunny, uninspiring landscape, "it's not what we thought it would be in the convent, all adventure and excitement and glorious deeds. It's full of stupid things like breakfast, and wash day and liver pills. Where is the beauty we knew about in the old days, Rosa? Where are the heros we were going to marry?"

"Oh, but even heros have to eat," protested the prosaic Rosa, "my Luis, for example, he is a hero. But he also likes to eat, which reminds me that I must go and see to the sauces for dinner. The cook is a pig! He never puts enough red pepper in the sauces."

"Oh damn," sighed Alicia drearily, and upon another occasion, "I think I will go home. At least I can shock Richard, and worry Auntie, which is something. If I stay or do outrageous things here

She practised wearing a Spanish mantilla draped over her dark hair with romantic effect. "It's becoming," she sulked, "but what's the use if there is no one to see it?"

"Good evening, Señorita," said Don Mariano curtly, "kindly give me the letter you are carrying from the traitor, Luis Vargas"

they only shrug their shoulders and say, 'Ah! these Americanos-!'" She looked out over the scene before her, grain and the scarlet stain of poppies, tawny hills beyond with rugged passes where bandits should lurk, thorny trees with dripping beards of moss—"it's like a stage setting in an empty theater! Such a wonderful scene, and such deadly actors, with their endless lines about duty, and dinner and decorum, and baseball scores! Richard thinks that when he confesses he likes coffee with cream after dinner he is being disgracefully unconventional! Oh dear, and I'm only eighteen. I've got to be bored so many years before I die!"

It was in this hopeless frame of mind that she set out that afternoon with Señor Vargas to visit the barracks. There was no promise of anything thrilling in the pilgrimage to see a lot of dirty buildings where a lot of dirty soldiers lay sprawled asleep in the sun, but Vargas seemed strangely excited as he skipped along at her side. In the underground vaults stacked with guns and boxes of cartridges he could not conceal his excitement, continually darting glances toward the stairs, pausing in the middle of a word to listen.

"It looks," observed Alicia dubiously, "like an awfully good place for tarantulas."

He gripped her arm. "Sh-h-h!" he breathed, "we shall see whether the tarantulas have forgotten how to sting! Hark!"

Above there somewhere sounded a shot, followed quickly by another. Señor Vargas waddled toward the stairs. "Stay here, my child," he commanded. "No harm can reach you here, and shortly I will return. Vive!" he shouted soothingly "Vive la republica! Vive la revolución! Vive!" He puffed up the steep stairs, down which now came a confused medley of noises, shouts, the tread of feet, more firing, answering shouts and shots somewhere outside.

"Do they call this a revolution?" thought Alicia disparagingly, "why there's more excitement in riding in the subway in the rush hour at home. I wonder whether there *are* any tarantulas here . . ." and she sat upon a barrel of gunpowder with her feet tucked fastidiously under her, and waited for the revolution to be over. In the course of an hour Vargas returned.

"We hold the barracks!" he told her, exultant. There was something of the heroic in his unwieldy figure, and his face was positively noble as he continued, "I shall lose the dinner my Rosa was getting, and there was to be roast duck too. But it is for my country! Vive la republica —Vive—"

He was getting nicely started again, but Alicia interrupted rudely. "Is the revolution over, then? Are you the new president?"

Señor Vargas looked crestfallen. "Not as yet," he explained, "but we hold the barracks. I have the army on my side, and most of the ammunition. Don Mariano has cut off the water from the fort, but bah! Who but gringos drink water? We have wine in plenty, and food—of a sort," he sighed gently," and doubtless in a day or so one of my trusty friends will assassinate the president, and then, if my country insists I shall listen."

"Meanwhile am I to stay here in this cellar?" inquired Alicia tartly. "But I didn't even bring an overnight bag. I haven't got a toothbrush, or curling tongs. Besides, it isn't proper for me to remain thru a revolution without a chaperon! You will simply have to stop your war while I get out of this place, or I'll telephone the American government to send a warship. I know the President. At least," she salved her conscience, "I saw him once!"

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Fictionized by permission from the Realart production of the scenario by Kathryne Stuart, based on the story by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by R. William Neill, starring Constance Binney. The cast:

Alicia Lee	Constance Binney
Rosa Vargas	Lucy Fox
Don Mariano Calderon	Ward Crane
Don Luis Vargas	Crane Wilbur
Calderon's Housekeeper	Gertrude Hillman
Richard Bidgley	Mark Smith
Mrs. Lucas, Alicia's Aunt	Grace Scudiford
Mr. Stimson, American Consul	Wm. Riley Hatch
Spy	Adolph Millar

"Dios!" cried Vargas, enthusiastically, "the very thing! You shall leave secretly when it is dark with a letter to my Rosa. No one knows you are here, no one will molest you. You shall tell my beloved Rosa that I adore her and want my razor, and a hundred pesos to keep the army contented and loyal . . ."

His directions had been very careful and explicit. Perhaps the darkness was responsible, perhaps Alicia was a trifle excited, for, after all, even a vest-pocket revolution is something, and the guns had sounded very real, however that was, instead of taking the secret path thru the gully, Alicia went in the opposite direction and walked straight into a group of loyalist guards!

"Americano! Damn pret," commented one, after carefully inspecting Alicia by lantern light, "Come 'long."

And, wisely, Alicia went. It is a very different matter to yearn for adventure in the safe haven of one's own home, where the most disastrous thing that can happen to one is the cook's leaving, than to meet adventure face to face at midnight, alone and unprotected in a strange and barbarous land.

But when her guide had led her up the winding stone stairs of the ancient castle and thrust her into an immense room, lighted only by two feeble candles, suddenly Alicia stopped being afraid. For there before her sat Don Mariano in his scarlet uniform. Why, oh why, hadn't she brought her vanity case with her?

His first words were a distinct shock. "Good evening, Señorita," said Don Mariano curtly, "kindly give me the letter you are carrying from the traitor, Luis Vargas."

Alicia gasped. Then she tried to smile propitiatingly. Traitor! It had an ugly sound — perhaps the revolution wasn't such a joke after all. In the next fifteen minutes she had run the gamut of her resources, from coyness, thru coaxing, tears, to rage. "You dare not detain me! I'm an American citizen—I'm a friend of the President!" she flung at the motionless figure by the table, "let me go—"

"The letter, please" with patient courtesy. The handsome face was grim as granite. Alicia began to tremble. Perhaps she would be shot at sunrise. She crept close, great, round brown eyes overflowing.

"If you'll—let me go," she whispered, "I'll give you—a kiss—"

Don Mariano looked down, and his eyes blazed. He seized her shoulders and held them in a crushing grip. Then, slowly he released her and bowed mockingly. "The Señorita will excuse," he said, "I do not buy admission. I exact it," and he held her arms helpless behind her with one great hand, while with the other he drew the letter out of the bosom of her gown. Stammering with rage, she faced him.

"They were right! You are a brute and a bully! And I hate you!" she flamed, "and now I'm going back to my country where the men are gentlemen and know how to treat a woman—"

"Excuse again," said Don Mariano, holding her still

(*Continued on page 120*)

Don Mariano looked down whimsically. "I think," said he, "that if I marry with you I will never feel the lack of wars and revolutions." It will be no dull business, this marrying with you!"

The Inalienable Disciple

By GLADYS HALL

MARC MACDermott seems to me to bring to the screen, of which he has been so unswerving and inalienable a disciple, the ripe flavor of a Ditrichstein, a Skinner, a Gillette. The flavors of characterizations; the rich condiment of distinction.

His is not the hit and miss happening of trickery or overnight popularity, fruits of tinted youth or public favor. He had given the sterner meed of thought, travel and time, painstaking study as contributories to the rôles he has enacted with such faith and such precision for many screenic years.

When I talked with him in one of the missiony, shiny anterooms of the new Fox studio, he had just about completed "While New York Sleeps," in the enactment of which he took some three or four distinctive parts, from gentleman of the town to an aged and infirm paralytic.

Looking at stills from this picture while discussing it, I committed the fallacy of commenting on the marvelous make-up.

Mr. MacDermott shook his head. "Make-up is the least of it," he said; "I do not believe that make-up will produce any sort of effect at all," he said, "that is, of valuation. A fleeting impression, of course, especially in a photographic sense; otherwise, no. People attribute too much to make-up. One must produce the effect from within. It is solely thought and the projection of thought."

"The paralytic," I said, noting Mr. MacDermott's fine, upstanding virility, "must have required considerable thought."

(*Cont'd on page* 113)

Marc MacDermott seems to bring to the screen a ripe flavor of a Ditrichstein, a Skinner, a Gillette. His is not the hit and miss happening of trickery or overnight popularity, fruits of tinted youth or public favor. Above, a new portrait; left and right, two character studies

The Première Camera Maid

By
ELIZABETH B. PETERSEN

WHEN Louise Lowell was a little girl her favorite expression was "I will"—and she usually did! Her mother, who believed that nice little girls should not be so positive, tried to break her of the habit. Her father, who never had become entirely reconciled to the fact that his only child was not a son, thought it was a distinctly masculine trait which should be encouraged.

As her mother died in Shensi, China, when Louise was still a very little girl, it is not to be wondered at that her father trained her in very much the same way he would have trained the son for which he had longed. There was an understanding between the girl and her father such as is seldom found between parent and child—they were chums, enjoying a companionship based upon a mutual appreciation of each other. There was nothing of the conventional in the girl's training. She was born in Samoa, was educated in China and Japan, and knows each of the three countries intimately.

Life has always been exciting for Louise Lowell. As she and her father were wanderers, traveling over the remote regions of the world, she acquired a practical education far more valuable to her than years of poring over school and text books. Also, she acquired a certain self-confidence which banished the word fear from her lexicon.

It was after she had studied aviation in England and grown proficient that Louise Lowell decided to combine this knowledge with her photography . . . and a new profession for women was the result. Above and left, two photographs of Miss Lowell with her Spad, which makes 130 miles per hour

One of the first things in which Miss Lowell became proficient was the use of a camera. Many of the photographs she took illustrated the articles on travel and adventure which her father wrote for newspapers and magazines. Among them were scenes taken of a remarkable trip, hundreds of miles into the jungles of South America. It is little wonder that she should

(*Continued on page 107*)

A Dryadic Dramatist

Photograph by Wetzel, L. A.

THE Grassbys have just bought a sycamore tree with a house around it. I mean literally that: the sycamore tree is inside the house.

"And," said Bertram Grassby, "it was the sycamore tree we bought, tho after we went thru the house we loved it."

Of course, the tree was there long before anyone thought of putting up a house. Hundreds of people passing by stopped to admire it, and with every passing year the tree grew more beautiful. It would have been a crime for man to destroy it for so prosaic a reason as putting up a house in its place. At last, someone hit on the idea of building a house, Spanish fashion, with the sycamore tree in the center of a patio and the rooms built around it. There you have the Grassbys' new home.

"I've always been fond of trees," Bert Grassby went on. "One reason why we built here," (indicating the Vista Street home, on the porch of which we were sitting), "is that there was a grove of trees next to us. Another reason was that we had to have some place to put our furniture. Some of the pieces my family brought from England; others, Mrs. Grassby brought with her from Kentucky. We had been parking

In his acting, Bertram Grassby likes to characterize. When not acting, he writes scenarios. Left, a new photograph. Below, the actor in his home

these heirlooms in the houses of our friends. Very unsatisfactory—naturally. We had to build something to match the furniture, so we decided on the model of a Southern farmhouse." But he found a place in the back yard which could be thoroly enclosed and promptly put in a perfect miniature Japanese garden, complete to a little curved bridge over a tiny trickling stream.

There is a curious, intangible suggestion of the oriental about Bertram Grassby. I dont mean Japanese, of course: he makes one want to ask if he has lived in India. He has the leisurely manners that belong to older civilizations. After having, as he said, wanted a sycamore tree all his life, he got one in the most curiously round-about manner. He seems inclined to get everything in just that way, without ever losing sight of his objective. You would notice about him

By
BETH TREPEL

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

There is a curious suggestion of the Orient about Grassby —a something that makes one want to ask if he has lived in India. Above, a recent camera study

the air of physical indolence that invariably goes with intense mental activity. He is tall—six feet, or possibly a little over, and exceptionally handsome. His hair and eyes are black and his skin swarthy. He is probably intensely emotional; the rare emotional type of Englishman. He talks slowly, using few, or no images of speech; showing in everything he says a habit of accurate observation, clear thought, perfect analysis. His is not the emotionalism of the scatter-brain. Rather it is the result of a peculiar intensity of purpose.

"I always say that one who wants to keep Bert's friendship must hold something back," said Mrs. Grassby. "As soon as you've told him everything you know, he's thru with you."

"That isn't exactly right," said her husband, "there is such a thing as wasting time on people to whom you cant give anything and who cant give anything to you."

It seems that he had been severely criticised by a friend for what that friend called "Bert's intense selfishness" in not giving more time to little social amenities.

He is none the less interested in people. During the conversation, the name of Minnie, a fat, old Indian woman, who has become almost a moving picture institution, was mentioned and he commented laughingly on her way of always saying and doing the unexpected thing. Recently, he passed her on the street and raised his hat. She stopped.

"What do *you* want?" she said.

"Why, nothing, Minnie," he answered," except to know if you are well?"

"Hmm! If you dont want anything, why did you tip your hat to me? You're the first white man who's tipped his hat to me for a long time, and I'm not going to forget it," and she walked on. Again, they were out on location. "I want some lunch," said Minnie to the director. "We aren't going to have lunch for an hour yet," he answered. "Aren't we?" said Minnie, sarcastically. "Maybe you're not, but I am; I'm going to have lunch right now!" The director had worked with Minnie before and so was more amused than angry. "How are you going to get it?" he asked. "There's nothing to eat around here, and I'm not going to let you have one of the location cars."

"That's all right! There's a house over there and there's a telephone in the house, and where there's a telephone, you can get a taxi."

She had her lunch.

Grassby told these anecdotes with a keen appreciation that showed the origin of his ability to characterize. He has a writer's love of character analysis and this shows in his work on the screen. In spite of his rare good looks, he has played comparatively few straight parts. They simply do not interest him, he said.

"In Europe, all actors are character actors. Those who do not characterize are referred to as 'walking ladies' and 'walking gentlemen,' consequently an audience can't so likely to confuse an actor with the part he is playing.

(*Continued on page* 112)

A Potential Bernhardt

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

"NON," said Marguerite with a laugh and a shrug. "I cannot be interviewed. There is nothing at all to tell about myself."

With her mop of fluffy hair, her high-necked dresses, her big dark eyes, she looked so like that incomparable countrywoman of hers, the Divine Sarah, that I was sure there was much to tell.

"You expect to star, of course?" I asked.

"Of course," she repeated. "Marguerite de la Motte will be too long for the lighted sign, they say. But I *will* have it. It is my name, you know. I should not like another. It would not seem as if it were I . . . really Marguerite de la Motte."

It is very easy to see that this sixteen-year-old girl has a will of her own, that she has ambition and tenacity of purpose. It is not so easy to believe that she is but sixteen, for she has the poise of a woman. And yet at times the little girl appears. She is high strung, sensitive, proud and reserved. Then again she is mirthful, gay, with the simplicity and naïveté of a foreign child. She is "just a jolly little flapper," Marguerite, without a serious thought. Then come sudden reactions, thoughtful moods, when she is introspective, deep as the dark waters of her beloved Seine.

"Those glorious dark eyes of yours will take you far," I told her. She laughed, the amused laugh of a flattered small girl.

"You know," she said, "I played a *blind* girl in the 'Sagebrusher.'"

"But you wore glasses? You were blindfolded?"

"Non," said Marguerite, with a laugh and a shrug. "There is nothing at all to tell about myself. I cannot be interviewed." But she looked so like that incomparable countrywoman of hers, the Divine Sarah that I was sure there was much to tell

By
DORIS DELVIGNE

She shook her head. "They tried everything, but devices were too obvious."

And so it seems Marguerite, with the wonderful glowing eyes, took the initiative. "I am going to learn to look at and thru things and not see them at all," she announced.

"Fine!" shouted the director; then questioned, "but how?"

"I will learn that," declared the youthful star. . . . and learn she did. It so happened that there were delays in the making of continuity for the "Sagebrusher," that research work and location hunting prevented immediate shooting of scenes, that certain sets were considered inadequate and were ordered rebuilt. The producers of Zane Grey stories never hurry. They're after quality. So the cast was kept on salary during the rehearsing of the novel.

Meanwhile Marguerite worked. First, she tried playing blind before her mirror—child that she is. Then she awakened to the fact that no one can stare directly into one's own eyes and keep that vacant, "empty" look so characteristic of the blind.

"It must have been difficult for Roy Stewart to look at you with the proper concern of a professional oculist when he knew you were watching him," I said.

That appealed to Marguerite's pride. "Oh, I dont think that was as trying for him as for me," she flared. "You see, I really *looked* vacant. Everyone said so. I walked about my home day and night with my eyes wide open, avoiding chairs and tables as a blind girl would, by instinct or by groping. The family stayed with me, criticizing or encouraging my efforts. In this way, I gradually learned to gaze about without seeing anyone or anything. But," she added, "I strained my eyes badly."

During part of the play she was actually blindfolded and placed in an empty house, which was pushed from an embankment and allowed to float down the turbulent Colorado. To be a heroine in a runaway house in mid stream when one can see would, I fancy, be trying enough. It must have taken sheer pluck and grit to hold the sweetness of life at sixteen in one hand and ambition to succeed in moving pictures, no matter what the cost, in the other, and to stick, blindfolded, to that house.

"You should have seen me when I was rescued from the river. Do you know, I weighed a hundred pounds more than when I jumped in . . . blindly. The thick, reddish mud clung to my clothes, matted my hair. I was . . .

Photograph by Lumas & A

She is most of the time "just a jolly little flapper" carefree without a serious thought. Then come sudden reactions, thoughtful moods when she is introspective, deep as the dark waters of her beloved Seine

what you call a 'sight.' But—! It was a horrible experience. I should not like to be a 'stunt' artist in serials!" Marguerite's emphatically negative shrug was distinctly Bernhardtesque.

She takes herself and her work very seriously, does this sixteen-year old girl. Perhaps that is why she seems so much older. You remember her work in the "Pagan God" with H. B. Warner when she was cast for heavy emotional scenes not often required of an ingenue. Her future will depend upon her ability as an emotional actress. She does not like comedy parts and is studying Sardou, Brieux and other French masters in an effort to fit herself for really big roles.

Will she? More I cannot tell you of this budding beauty just out of the school room who is attempting to adjust her thoughts to passions far beyond her years and whom various directors have found gladly adaptable to many and varied roles. Surely she has a *future!*

The Sea-Going Actor

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

John Bowers is happier when he can find a little repair job to do on his yacht the *Uncas*, than at any other time. However, he does "dress up" sometimes, as the photograph above indicates

BALBOA is a tiny California town sandwiched between the primitive embrace of the Pacific Ocean and the soothing caress of its own sparkling bay. The homes are regular doll houses, which in their turn snuggle close to the sea. Silvery clean or cobwebby soiled fish nets hang over the front porches or the back yards; funny little shops with shutter windows carry on a languid business in penny candies or the necessary sugar and salts of life. The beach sand sifts up to the very steps of the stores while a playful salty perfumed breeze sways the faded awnings.

The largest shop in Balboa is a rambling wooden structure labeled "Wilson Bros.—Boats." It has high counters and glass-filled cases, and I doubt if there is anything having the smallest connection with boats that you cannot find there.

All of which means that whenever the exigencies of making a living by acting in pictures do not press on John Bowers, you will find him somewhere around the bay or the wharf of Wilson Bros.

Don infer that you'll find a white flannel-trousered, blue-darted individual lounging in a wicker chair—what you will discover is a bronzed man in overalls or khaki pants and flannel shirt, puttering around with a paint brush or a hammer or a saw—as the case may be.

For John Bowers has a palatial yacht, the *Uncas*, which he moors at Brother Wilson's wharf, and he is far happier when he can find some little repair job that needs doing or can think of some improvement for the *Uncas* than at any other moment in his well-nigh famous career.

The day I spent on the *Uncas*, she was having all kinds of expensive improvements installed, preparatory to a race to Honolulu, and John Bowers was just revelling in each knock of the hammers and swish of the paint brushes.

"I cant shake hands until I wash up—'scuse me," he said and disappeared. When he reappeared, reeking ivory suds and welcoming smiles, he asked, "Can you climb up?" and leaning over offered me the assistance of his muscular arm. Not wanting to incur the everlasting disdain of John Bowers, I said I could climb up easily. Then we did a sort of Liza-crossing-the-ice stunt, only our cakes were the few and far between dry spots on the deck, and climbed down into a dream of a cabin; the sort of thing that only millionaires and film actors can afford.

Mr. Bowers promptly took me on a tour of inspection, which included several adorably white staterooms, cunning wash-rooms, showers, galleys, even the ice-box "which holds three hundred pounds of ice easily," he related with pride. There were cunningly contrived cupboards with all sizes of glasses and kinds of china fitted in so that no impertinent dash of the ocean could smash them. There was shiny silverware in fitted grooves and cigarets and cigars, in short everything that one could find in the most fully equipped home.

Yes—even the dearest little wife.

For no description of John Bowers or his yacht is complete without Mrs. John Bowers "Rita," as John calls her.

After we were all three comfortably seated, Mr. Bowers recounted with pride how his friend Doc. Wilson had traveled to New York and sailed the yacht round here for him in ninety days, quite a record he assured me.

Altho I was enjoying myself in this New England atmosphere set in California—time pressed.

"Do you prefer the stage or pictures?" I inquired professionally.

By
SUE ROBERTS

"Pictures. As I was saying, we have extended the boom ten feet and added a top sail."

Little Mrs. Bowers looked at me amused.

"It's no use," she said, "he's quite yacht-mad. Even when he needs clothes or other supplies, I have to drive up to the city to get them. He only leaves here when it is absolutely necessary to go to the studio. I remember the first time I went out I was frightfully seasick and my first thought was—Oh, dear, what shall I do—John will never part with the boat and I just cant stand this.—But fortunately I conquered the seasickness."

"You see, we're going to take this engine out and put in a larger one, then we're going to do all the woodwork over—and we have a victrola that sits there—"

"But," I interrupted, "isn't all this frightfully expensive."

"I should say so," answered the enthusiastic sailor, "these present repairs were supposed to cost five thousand dollars.—My bill is already ten thousand. But so long as I have a cent I'm going to spend it. If you look around you, you will find that everyone has to sacrifice at some time in his life; either in his youth or in his old age. I prefer to enjoy myself while I am young and can get the most out of life. Live while you can, say I—this saving for hard times that may never come or for others to spend when one is dead doesn't appeal to me. Then, too, perhaps I'm not so terribly extravagant, for I dont spend any money haunting cafés like other actors do, and if I ever should need money, I still have the boat, you see—to sell."

Of course, John Bowers wants to remain in California because he can use his boat all year 'round. He has just signed another new contract with Goldwyn. He believes that an actor's success is mainly due to the opportunity that is given him. If he is only given walk-thru parts, of course, he'll be only a walk-thru ac-

(*Continued on page 110*)

Of course, he wants to remain in California because he can use his boat all the year 'round. Also, he has just signed a new contract with Goldwyn. This figure in khaki is no other than John, himself

Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Rockcliffe Fellowes will be seen in the leading role of "The Honorable Gentleman," Hugo Ballin's first independent production.

The first studio tennis court in the motion picture world has been laid out in the grounds of the Lois Weber studio in Hollywood and a completely equipped club-house will be built soon, to furnish every comfort for the players.

Frank Mayo, Universal film star, plans the revival of several of the old stage favorites, made popular by his famous grandfather, Frank Mayo the first. Among them will be "Davy Crockett" and "Pauline Head Wilson." What the world wants is the man with a message . . . especially such a pleasant message as this.

Lois Weber continues to eliminate a waste of sweetness by snatching flowers from the desert and making them bloom on the screen. She it was who discovered the acting ability of Lois Wilson, and has recently made a similar discovery in Claire Windsor, who appears on the screen first in "To Please One Woman."

Owing to Maurice Tourneur's attack of pleurisy and ptomaine poisoning, his current production, "The Last of the Mohicans," was finished by Clarence L. Brown, a protégé of the French director.

Wallace MacDonald is playing the leading male role opposite Viola Dana in "Cinderella's Twin."

In "Cinderella's Twin," everything Viola Dana wears, from the famous slippers to the elaborate fan, smacks of a most artistic fairyland. And art is, after nature, the only consolation that one has at all for living.

Betty Blythe is playing one of the principal roles in "Just Outside the Door," a Select picture, made by Lawrence Weber.

Eugene O'Brien, Selznick star, is becoming as great a favorite in Europe as in this country. Each month his mail contains hundreds of letters from Belgium, Italy, Holland and Denmark. Kipling says, "There are Oirish and Oirish. The good are good as the best, but the bad are wurrst than the wurrst." Evidently, Eugene is in the furrst class.

Marguerite Clayton is playing a leading role with Elaine Hammerstein in "Pleasure Seekers."

Katherine Perry, famous "Follies" beauty, will be seen in the leading feminine rôle in Owen Moore's forthcoming Selznick picture, "Lend Me Your Wife."

Earle Foxe has just signed a long-term contract with the Ziegfeld Cinema Corporation, to appear in a series of photoplays to be produced by this organization.

Edward Earle, who recently migrated West to play opposite Doraldina in "Passion Fruit," has again succumbed to the lure of the footlights and is appearing in a new play, "No Sale," from the pen of Earle Carroll.

While working on "Peaceful Valley," Charlie Ray discovered he needed a little country church with a steeple. He found the church but it had no steeple. Nothing daunted, however, he presented the church with the steeple and won the gratitude of the pastorate as well as the desired effect in his picture

Hobart Bosworth returns to the Ince fold in a film adaptation of a Carey Wilson story, tentatively, "Pearls and Pain."

Following her work opposite Thomas Meighan in "Easy Street," Gladys George has signed a contract that will keep her busy on the Lasky lot for some time to come.

Little Miss Gloria Swanson Somborn is one of the most recent arrivals at Hollywood. Until Christmas, she will rejoice in the undivided attention of her mother. After that, she will have to share the popular Miss Swanson with the studios, for she will soon begin work on her new production.

Charles Ray is filming "The Old Swimmin' Hole," adapted from James Whitcomb Riley's poem.

Johnny Jones, thru his appearance in the Edgar comedies that Booth Tarkington is writing for Goldwyn, in which he has the leading rôle, is becoming the most popular boy actor in the world.

Betty Compson, whose personally produced starring pictures are distributed by Goldwyn, has a rule against making public appearance. Her idea is that screen stars should be seen and not heard.

Victory Bateman, famous stage beauty, who once ranked with Lillian Russell in the hearts of the theater-going public, has been given a prominent part in the cast of "Cinderella's Twin," in which Viola Dana is now being starred.

Clyde Cook, whose first release, "Kiss Me Quick," has been widely booked, is now working on a second two-reel comedy for William Fox

"Jimmy" Morrison will be seen opposite Jean Paige in Vitagraph's production of "Black Beauty," adapted from Anna Sewell's novel.

Cutting the cuticle makes it grow more rapidly and leaves a ragged, rough, unsightly edge

Discard cuticle scissors. Try this modern Cutex way of removing surplus cuticle

Cutting will ruin your cuticle

WHEN the cuticle is cut the skin at the base of the nails becomes dry and ragged and hangnails form.

A famous skin specialist says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw, bleeding edge, which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen." Over and over other specialists repeat the advice—"Do not trim the cuticle."

It was to meet this need for a harmless cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared. Cutex is absolutely harmless. It completely does away with cuticle cutting, and leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken.

The safe way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a bit of this cotton wrapped about the stick and dipped in Cutex, gently work about the nail base, pressing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

To remove stains and to make the nail tips snowy white, apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish. This comes in cake, paste, powder, liquid and stick form.

To keep your cuticle so soft and pliable that you need not manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough to give you six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playerdom

Winifred Westover, who went abroad last summer to star in a number of productions made by the Central Film Company, of Sweden, has finished the last of the series, "The Smile That Was Found Again," and has returned to New York.

Marguerite De La Motte is leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks in his newest production.

Edith Stockton is playing leading female rôles in support of Alice Brady.

Rudyard Kipling has at last been won over to screen authorship to the credit of Mr. Paul Brunet. Kipling, as one of his stories, speaks of "that lying proverb which says the pen is mightier than the sword," yet it is evident that Mr. Brunet considers the value of his pen above that of a sword, as he went on a three months' trip to Europe to persuade Kipling to become a screen writer, adapting his published works to the screen.

"Foolish Wives" will be Von Stroheim's next picture.

Harry Coleman, one of the new juvenile finds on the screen, is creating the part of Corp in "Sentimental Tommy," which Famous Players is picturizing from the ever-popular novel by Sir James Barrie.

Ruth Stonehouse, favorite of film fans the world over, will be seen in an important rôle in "Cinderella Twin," the new Lasky-Reed story.

Mignon Anderson, a favorite film actress of the old days, has returned to the screen in "Mountain Madness," a Lloyd Carlton production.

Webster Campbell is playing opposite Elaine Hammerstein in "Pleasure Seekers."

Owen Moore has the rôle of a gay man-about-town in "Lend Me Your Wife," his latest Selznick picture.

Mae Marsh's first picture since her return to the screen is "Little Travel Lady," in which she takes the stellar rôle.

The Sacred Films, Inc., of Burbank, Cal., have completed the first episode of the Bible series in two reels, after a year of research and preparation. Thirty-four is the number of episodes to follow.

Fatty Arbuckle has cut "Jack and the Beanstalk," which he took with his mother, where he is working in the Famous Players-Lasky studio.

In his last Paramount picture, "Deep Waters," Maurice Tourneur had to use eight weeks to get under-water scenes, which took two days to shoot and ran only four minutes on the screen.

When Eddie Barry, Christie comedian, returned from his vacation recently from Big Bear Lake, he brought with him a smiling bride. She was formerly Miss Gladys Patterson, with the Francis Ford Producing Company. It was romance-around-the-corner, as both parties were with film companies situated within a block of one another on Sunset Boulevard.

Lila Lee plays opposite Fatty Arbuckle in "Dollar a Year Man," under James Cruze's direction.

Gaston Glass is in Canada. He has been given the leading rôle in "Cameron of the Royal Mounted."

John Emerson and Anita Loos have picturized "Mama's Affair," from a Broadway stage production of the same name. Constance Talmadge takes the leading rôle.

"Satan's Paradise" is Norma Talmadge's new stellar vehicle, in which she has been working since her return from Europe.

Katherine MacDonald productions now pass thru the hands of a board of five members, whose business it is to analyze and dissect the stories and keep them up to a definite standard.

"A Message from Mars" is Bert Lytell's newest vehicle. It was formerly a great stage success and will now be one of Metro's big releases.

Tears are dangerous things . . . especially where make-up is concerned. Mary Miles Minter applies fresh make-up after an emotional scene, with the assistance of her director and a little fellow-player

Mary Miles Minter will appear in another picture, which was a recent stage success, "All Souls' Eve," and will be directed by Chester Franklin.

Mary Carr, whose work in "Over the Hill" has won much praise, will be seen soon in another picturized classic.

Wallace Reid's next starring vehicle will be "The Daughter of a Magnate," written by Frank Spearman.

It is said that four or five years will be required to film the Holy Bible, from Creation to the Ascension, and that an outlay of twenty-seven million dollars will be required.

Otis Skinner is scoring the same success with "Kismet" on the screen that he enjoyed with the same play on the stage. It is a Robertson-Cole release.

Robert Edeson, long a prominent figure on the speaking stage as star and leading man, will support May Allison in her new picture, "Are Wives to Blame?"

J. Stewart Woodhouse has been assigned the position of scenario editor with Robertson-Cole Company. This takes him from his publicity profession with Goldwyn.

Little secrets back of many women's beauty

ON Fifth Avenue, on Michigan Boulevard—on all the fashionable streets of America you see amazing numbers of beautiful women.

How did they come to be so much lovelier than other people? Few of them were born with extraordinary beauty. The secret of their greater loveliness lies in their understanding of a few simple rules.

Thousands of beautiful women have learned how to protect their skin against the cold that dries and chaps, the dust that flies into the pores, and coarsens them; how to keep the skin free from a wretched glisten and make the powder stay on; how to keep the skin clear.

How to protect your skin from cold and dust

Cold weather whips the moisture out of your face, leaves it rough and red. You can prevent this by supplying the needed moisture. Your skin requires a special cream that meets this need, a cream that gives your skin the moisture it needs without leaving a trace of oil on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made entirely without oil; the moment you apply it, it vanishes, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. This delicate cream has an ingredient especially designed to soften the skin and offset the parching, roughening effects of cold and wind. Before going out always rub a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into the face and hands. Now the cold cannot dry or chap your skin, the dust cannot injure the pores. In this way your skin will be satiny all the winter through.

By heeding another little secret you can keep the powder on two or three times as long as ever before. Women who understand how to bring out their hidden beauty, realize that powder couldn't be expected to stick to the dry skin and stay on. The best of powders needs a base to hold it and to keep it smooth.

How to make the powder stay on

Here again you need a greaseless cream. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially effective for this purpose. Before powdering, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin. Then apply the powder. See how smoothly the powder goes on, how soft and natural it looks. Skin specialists say that such a powder base protects and beautifies the skin.

How to keep your skin clear—the pores clean

The secret of keeping your skin looking clear and vigorous is the thorough cleansing of the pores regularly. For this your skin needs an entirely different cream—a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream was designed especially for this purpose. It contains just the amount of oil to work down into the pores where the dust has become deeply embedded. This oil dissolves the dusty particles that clog the pores, and leaves the skin clean. Before you go to bed, and whenever you have been out in the dust or wind, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth—when you see the dirt that comes out you will realize how much cleaner your skin has become.

You can get a jar or tube of these two creams at any drug or department store. Every normal skin needs *both* creams.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

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California Chatter

By
HAZEL SIMPSON
NAYLOR

Right, "It's a wise thing," quoths Milton Sills "to get up on a fence, now and then, and watch yourself go by"

SOME idols have clay feet and it may be that some screen favorites are not so lovable as they seem to be, but there are others who deserve every iota of adulation they receive. Among these, Mary Pickford surely leads. There are people on every walk to be seen at various times at the studios, and, one and all, they extoll the praise of Mary. Never yet have I heard anyone say a word against her.

Second only in popularity among the film people is Gloria Swanson. When she was promoted to stardom everyone warned Cecil B. deMille, "You'll never find another Gloria Swanson." Their predictions seem likely to fail, however, for Gloria herself has given the world a second Gloria. Little Gloria Swanson Somborn was born October seventh in Hollywood. She weighed nine and a half pounds and they do say she is the image of her beautiful mother, Gloria Swanson the first, who a little over a year ago married Herbert K. Somborn.

December will see Gloria back at work at the Lasky Studio. The name of her first starring vehicle is "Everything for Sale" and will be directed by Sam Wood.

The Navy enjoys lending a hand in picture-making whenever requested to do so. San Pedro, a tiny town noted for its tuna fishing and submarine base, is the location for practically all sea pictures. The other

A junior League of Nations below, reading from left to right, Wesley Barry, Marshall Neilan, jr., Aaron Mitchell and Walter Chung

How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful well-kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not just a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Top, Frank and Harold Lloyd, believe in smiles; right, Buddy Kelso of "The Jack-Knife Man" fame with his mother on the steps of their bungalow, and below, Marion Davies forsakes her car for a wheelbarrow and seems to enjoy it. Variety is truly the spice of life

day I happened to be looking on when a Navy seaplane took Antonio Moreno up for a scene in his last serial "The Veiled Mystery." The seaplane flew up and around the *Avalon*, while Tony performed his stunts and the cameras ground. It's a funny thing, but, as a rule, the camera does not catch the tremendous danger thrill in the performance of air stunts. It seems almost impossible to focus so that the true danger element is visible.

So many cinema shipwrecks are held off San Pedro that the city granted the film people the right to build a dressing-room on the San Pedro breakwater. There they can change from their dripping garments and not incur the chill and possible cold that often followed the trip back to shore.

And while we're on the subject of studios, it may interest you to know that Charlie Chaplin has rented his beautiful studio on La Brea Street, Hollywood, fully equipped, to Carter DeHaven. The rental to be paid is $1,250 per week.

This move seems to lend truth to the repeated rumors that Chaplin intends to go abroad as soon as his affairs are straightened out in regard to his latest picture "The Kid."

Mr. DeHaven, you know, has a big contract with First National for a series of stage comedy successes. Carter DeHaven is very enthusiastic over his new studio, where he and his charming wife have started work on their cinemazation of "The Girl in the Taxi."

Celebrities abound in Hollywood. Really one becomes so accustomed to meeting celebrities, that anyone who isn't famous seems quite out of the running. Just at present we have with us Sir Gilbert Parker, the noted novelist, and Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist. Sir Gilbert is writing original stories for Lasky screen consumption and, furthermore, he does not intend to put them into book form afterwards, believing that in transferring them he would lose the real vitality of the tales.

"They would be purely manufactured stories," he said.

Sir Gilbert has taken a cottage in Beverly Hills, where he will work.

Mr. Stanlaws is to direct, but is making an extended study of pictures before launching forth as a full-fledged director.

Easterners will be interested to know that Henry Walthall is touring the West in a stage presentation of Ibsen's "Ghosts" under the manage-

(*Continued on page* 110)

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

Merry Christmas! And it only seems like yesterday that I said the same greeting to you. May this Christmas be the happiest one you ever had, and as Scott said, "Heap on more wood! the wind is chill; but let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still."

DANSLUST.—That was a bright idea of yours. And you dont care for Mildred Davis. Why not? Lois Wilson has been signed up with Paramount for five years. Very few people can write great things hurriedly. Gray's Elegy consists of only 123 lines, yet it occupied the poet seven years of careful composition.

BILLIE C.—Charming letter of yours. You are always welcome.

BONNY.—I dont know much about it. In love, a woman is like a lyre that surrenders its secrets only to the hand that knows how to touch its strings. So you knew the late Olive Thomas personally. Yes, Wallace Reid is one of my favorites, also. I have seen Hope Hampton in only one play, so I cant say. However, I hear fine reports about her recent work.

DOROTHY H.—You say the woman who never sheds a tear on account of a man doesn't love him. Yes, Constance Talmadge was the mountain girl in "Intolerance." Charles Ray in "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

BROWNIE.—Yours was a mighty interesting letter.

DUTCHY.—There are many kinds of glue, but the kind that comes in tubes is not very strong. I understand that the best glue in the world is that made from the skins of fish. Zena Keefe's next picture is "Red Foam," a Ralph Ince production released thru Selznick. June Caprice is back in America.

CHEKETA.—The world is better off without liquor. Drink seldom does anybody any good, and usually a lot of harm. Whiskey is the key that unlocks the jails; brandy brands the nose; wine leads you in a winding way; punch has caused many a punch; ale causes many ailings; beer brings us nearer the bier; champagne gives many a pain; port makes you portly; cocktails cause you to crow like a cock, and absinthe maketh the heart grow fonder. After that, I'll have a little buttermilk. So you like Harold Lloyd. Who doesn't? Why, I manage to get to the pictures about once a week, and to a stage play about that often.

WALLACE REID FAN.—I like you, because you seem to be one of those delicious few who tell my faults to my face and my virtues behind my back. Oh, yes; you have to have more than a good set of teeth to get into the pictures.

W. D. T.—I just dont remember who said, "I admire her who resists; I pity her who succumbs; I hate her who condemns," but he was some philosopher. Cant tell you just which ones of the girls smoke. Niles Welch and Claire Adams are playing in "Who Am I?"

WALLACE REID ADMIRER.—Well, you here again? Wallace Reid has only one child, William Wallace, Jr. Why dont you send to me for a list of film manufacturers, not forgetting the self-addressed stamped envelope? It's all right; send along the snap. I have no wife, wives nor children. Mary Pickford in "Rag Tag and Bob Tail" and "A Flame in the Dark."

ONCE IN A WHILE.—What do you mean: I never made fun of Theda Bara? Of course, I like her. Shirley Mason is in "Girl of My Heart." Well, there are only two beautiful things in this world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and chocolates. Write me again.

MARCEL S.—So you think Betty Hilburn is a wonderful dancer. Cant tell you about that now. The nearer the equator, the more salty seawater becomes, but nobody seems to know why.

L. R. H.—So you think I belong in Greenwich Village? No, child, you have me wrong. Bobbed hair and cigarets down there, and I have neither. Why, Juanita Hansen has her own company. So your name is Riggs? Riggs, let me see, where have I heard that name before? Oh, I am thinking of the doctor who invented the disease.

SKINNY VIVIE.—Getting tired of serials. Who isn't? Bessie Barriscale is playing in "The Living Child." Well, beauty and vanity usually go together. Yes, I have heard Caruso sing. I understand he has an income of $10,000 a month from his phonograph records alone. Guess he has quite an outcome at the Vanderbilt Hotel, too.

TEDDY E. NEBRASKA.—You are apparently a young person, but your letter sounds as if you have dried up and gone to seed. You seem to have soured on the world, and you think that the world has soured on you. Put this in your smoke and pipe it: Have a fellow-feeling for your fellows and your fellows will have a fellow feeling for you. Hobart Bosworth is playing in "His Own Law."

JACK G.—Thanks for the pressed flower. Anne Luther is with Pathe. Clara Young is married again, I hear.

MARY PICKFORD.—I wonder if you will see this. You told me you always read my department, and I want to make sure you keep it up. My hat is off to the greatest of them all.

BREEZE.—Yes, indeed, all of the players like perfume. Only prudes do not. The Dowager Queen of Spain has a delicious perfume especially made for her use from the spice-scented blossom of the carnation. So you like Tom Douglas and think he ought to have more mention. I'll see about it.

CLAIRE B. M.—You're all wrong, Claire. Theda Bara is neither dead nor married. She is right here in Little Old New York. I understand how you feel, and I wish I could do something for you. Write me again.

MOLLIE E. F.—Why, I understand that Hazel Dawn is going to play in a series of pictures, her first being "What Is Love?" I hope Hazel tells us, because nobody has yet been able to define it. No, I dont happen to know President Wilson's picture favorite. I enjoyed yours very much.

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The Answer Man

Mickey of the Movies.—Thanks for the gum. Every chew was a thought of you. Oh, I prefer butter-balls to lemonade every time. That was quite an idea. You say since cupid is represented with a torch in his hand why did they not place Virtue on a barrel of gunpowder? Right clever. Write me again, O brilliant one.

Betty of Maplehurst.—Welcome! Congratulations, also. I should say you should reduce. So you have named your little son after Irving Cummings. Oh, hero! The world likes the man who loses his heart, but it has no use for the man who loses his head.

Twenty Days.—Flirtation is the thief of time. Why don't you join one of the correspondence clubs? There's no way of telling which of the players will send their pictures upon receipt of the quarter. It's a gamble. What did I say? It seems impossible that any player would refuse. I would like to get the name of every player who returns neither the quarter nor the picture. Thanks for the good wishes.

Jim Nasmo.—Thanks for the picture of yourself. It was a peach. You need not be afraid of my shuffling off this mortal coil simply because I am 79. Of every million persons, 906 died of old age, 1,200 of gout, 2700 of apoplexy, 7000 of erysipelas, 7000 of rheumatism, 7500 of consumption, 18,400 of measles, 25,000 of whooping cough, 30,000 of typhoid, and 48,000 of scarlet fever, so you see that old age is the safest disease after all. Sylvia Breamer's "Athalie" has been changed to "Unseen Forces."

Neglected Dimples.—So you think I am selfish and egotistical. I admit it. I am a regular he-monster. Come in and see for yourself.

J. T. B.—Why, "Democracy" was produced at the old Edison Studio, New York, and shown on Broadway for two weeks.

Dot and Dash.—I know nothing about their private life, but there's a skeleton in every corset. Yes, Jane Novak was Sybil in "Eyes of the World." Frances Carpenter was Jane. Well, I wonder, too, if there are more dead living or more living dead. I heard a man say the other day that we needed another war to kill off the dead ones.

Extra Girl.—There is really nothing I can do for you. You are so near all the studios.

Bebe.—Oo, la, la! said he, rolling his eyes in an upward motion. So you dont care for Bebe Daniels playing opposite Wallace Reid, and would rather see Ann Little. You say man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self-love, and therefore I must die. Yes, I must; but Death and I are in no hurry about it.

Tootles.—We dont sell those pictures.

Romaine Fielding Admirer.—You can get in touch with him at Screenart Pictures, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Tootsy.—Nerveless creature! You say when you were in this city you stood for two hours on three different days in front of this office and didn't have the nerve to come in and see me. You have got the wrong idea of me. Words are but shadows, and one cannot tell whether a man is black or white from his shadow. Yes, it is true that Cleo Madison has returned to the screen in "White Ashes," for Ince.

Love Me.—I do. So you are simply goofy about this department. Well, dont goof me. So you think I am an excellent astronomer because I know the stars from A to Z. You also want to know what Anita Stewart had done to her nose. Who knows? I hope I have answered you in full. The vast storehouse of knowledge that I have let loose in this answer is worth all the gold of Midas.

Busy Bettie.—You bet. I take long walks in this brisk weather. You see there are 175 million cells in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the entire outside of the body. We must take in a lot of air to keep all this fresh and clean. Oh, just the same, thanks.

Absence Is Love.—I am quite sure it wasn't your vocabulary that was at fault; it must be the glue. Your woe was a jim dandy.

Just Patsie.—Well, I shouldn't say that. Coquetry is a net laid by the vanity of women to ensnare that of man. David Powell has left for England to play in Famous Players Stock Company there. Why, Ethel Clayton is her real name.

Zim Zam Zum.—Really, I dont know how I am ever going to thank you for the stamps, and the paper, and your many interesting letters of your experiences while abroad. So you are a Dusenberry blonde on your way to Italy. Be careful of the little dark-eyed maidens. Please write me some more.

Happy Jim.—Lionel Barrymore is working on "The Great Adventure." Great stuff, that of yours.

Dadeneer's Girl.—Oh, hello. Try Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. I have been in several States, and probably I have been in the state of confusion. It is never the opinions of others that displeases me, but the pertinacity they display in obtruding them upon me.

A Moreno Fan.—Circus. No, child, not yet. Did you think I was the homeliest man, or the bearded woman, or some such curio? Of course, I was glad to hear from you. Why, Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven are playing in "The Girl in the Taxi" and "Twin Beds." You're very welcome.

Lena Mc.—Well, opinions differ, Lena; but I say one loves wholly but once, the first love; loves that follow are less involuntary. The trouble is that we cant always tell whether the first love was a real one or not. Virginia Faire is still on the Coast, James Morrison was the lmp in "When We Were 21."

L. E. M.—None of the players you mention has been married but Anna Nilsson.

Melechrino.—Well, I would rather bear with patience the scoff of fools than swell with pride at the praise of flatterers. In the first case, I may profit by criticism; in the second, I may lose by conceit. Blanche Sweet in "The Girl Montana," released thru Pathe. Yes, I agree with you about Debs.

Curiosity.—Corliss Palmer and Allene Ray, winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune contest, are both stopping in Brooklyn and are playing in "Ramon the Sailmaker." They are both beautiful and they screen even better than they look. 'Twas very kind of you to send me that fine pair of winter socks. Here's much thanks.

Bebe Daniels Admirer.—I am happy to have you say that you are my friend, and I hope you mean what you say. You know that a friend is what everybody claims to be, but few are. There are two kinds of friends—those you need, and those who need you. But let us be friends just for fun. Even being your friend, I dont know how I can help you to get into the movies.

Kimpey C.—But one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives—until it comes out in the divorce courts. Yes, I have friends in Japan. We seem to like serials in this country also. Do write to me often.

Helen of Troy.—Ruth Helms is about—well I cant say—it is not in the cards yet. And you think Conrad Nagel looks like a Greek God. The expression "A Bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is from "Don Quixote." Florence Turner has signed up with Metro to appear exclusively in their productions. Can she come back? Well, we'll see.

What's in a Name.—Not a thing—take mine for instance. Well I should say Maude Adams, Elsie Ferguson and Ethel Barrymore are the three players that New York society favors most. I cant tell fortunes. If I could, I'd have a home on Riverside Drive.

Dolores.—You want all the Russian players addresses. Pray spare me.

Helen H.—So you refuse to believe that your favorite player is married. It is a strange thing to me how our mind stubbornly refuses that which gives us pain, and eagerly accepts that which gives us joy. We believe quickest that which we wish, and postpone believing that which dethrones our hopes. So you think that if Robert Gordon and Brian Kent had changed places in "Dollars and Women" it would have been better.

(*Continued on page* 101)

"Love's Redemption"

has been completed and is now being cut and titled. It will be ready for the market about October 1, 1920.

Ask your exhibitor to book it so that you may see it at your theater.

All of the Final Honor Roll and *Winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest* appear in this photodrama, and, aside from this feature, the story is unusually powerful and beautifully played.

Following is the cast of characters:

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Mike Logan.....Dorian Romero	Billy Logan.....Dorothy Taylor
Ralph Lane.....Lynne M. Berry	Mrs. Sykes.....Effie Palmer
Lucille Worth.....Anetha Getwell	Mrs. Lane's Nurse.....Bunty Manly
Mrs. Lane.....Katherine Bassett	Bill Sykes.....Alfred L. Rigali
Mrs. Worth.....Octavia Handworth	Worth's Maid, Marie—Emmie Gagnon
Detective.....Wm. R. Tallmadge	Jewelry Clerk.....Edward Chalmers
Edwin Markham.....Edwin Markham	Doctor White.....Charles Hammer
Hudson Maxim.....Hudson Maxim	Another Doctor.....Wm. White
Richard Worth.....Arthur Tuthill	Rent Collector.....Norbert Hammer
Mrs. Lane's Maid.....Cecile Edwards	Worth's Butler.....Carl Chalmers
Officer Kelly.....Wm. Castro	Worth's Servant.....Doris Doree
Officer Reilly.....Ellsworth Jones	Worth's Housekeeper....Mrs. F. Mayer
Officer Jones.....Seymoure Panish	Police Captain.....O. L. Langhanke
The President.....James J. McCabe	Pawnbroker.....Jose Santo DeSegui

The Poet's Little Friend.....Ruth Higgins

Edwin Markham, the greatest of living poets and author of the immortal "The Man With the Hoe," makes his first appearance in this photodrama, and so do Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, and Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, Judge of the Municipal Traffic Court. The leading part is beautifully played by Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, who takes the part of a fifteen-year-old poor girl. Octavia Handworth, who was for years Crane Wilbur's leading lady, plays an important part, as also does Anetha Getwell, another of last year's contest.

Date of Release to be Announced Later

For further particulars, address

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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address is given. If the writer desires that initials only be used we will be glad to take care of this, if it is so specified

Annoying as it undoubtedly is to worry over petty details, yet a production that dares to ignore them receives prompt criticism. In the following letter some impossible things are reviewed:

DEAR EDITOR—Seeing that it is not such a great crime to criticize some pictures, and that everybody is trying to find out "how they do it," I will ask two questions.

How can you shoot a six-shooter twelve times without reloading it once in a while? I saw an old picture of Tom Mix's, where he shoots a pair of handcuffs off with one shot, then gets in a fight with a sheriff, during which fight I counted eleven shots. Then he quit and beat it off the scene. It would give the picture a little more realism, and the audience would get more excitement, if they showed the hero struggling hard to reload his gun while the villain is shooting up the scenery and knocking his hat off with the shell fire. I have noticed this in many pictures.

Also Charles Ray goes into a melon patch to "detect" someone and it clearly shows his breath freezing, as he was not smoking. I never heard of its being so cold in watermelon time as to freeze one's breath. It may have been a fault in the film, but it looked real.

They ought to have someone around all the time to get such little errors. (I think I am just the one for that). Thanks,

D. C. RISSER,
Y. M. C. A., Beaumont, Texas.

From Winnipeg comes a letter of appreciation of screen favorites.

DEAR SIR—I have read with interest from time to time letters to the editor, and have enjoyed same very much because they were the opinions of the laymen, the only real critic that counts, for they are the ones that keep the pictures and all concerned on their feet. Am I not right? This is my very first offense and I am in doubt as to the way it will be received, but hope you wont find it too tiresome and will have a good amount of patience.

First I want to say a good word for Helene Chadwick; I think her work in "Scratch My Back," was more than clever and hope I shall be able to see a great deal of her pictures from now on. Another newly acquired favorite is little Ann Forrest and I do wish she could have just one picture where she wouldn't have to cry all the time. Of course she is a fine little crier, but she has a peach of a smile when allowed to use it.

Andrew Robson, who is new to me, makes one grand father and I shouldn't mind playing daughter to him at all—kind of envied Tom Moore in "The Great Accident." They did some great team work. I always want to say, and I guess sometimes I do, "Look who's here," when dear Charles Ogle walks on the scene. I have watched him since we first knew the names of the members of the cast and manage to grow more and more fond of him. Here are a few real favorites and then I will quit this chatter before I am scowled at. Here's three cheers for Norma Talmadge, who always does everything just right. Wally Reid is a humdinger, and so are Raymond Hatton, Mary P., Gloria Swanson, Jack Holt, Theodore Roberts, Tully Marshall, and Wheeler Oakman. And we must say a word for Harold Lloyd. He is a corker and Charlie right now is backed off the boards. We are looking with interest for the arrival of the company from New York who are to film "The Foreigner," here. They are to commence next week, and Winnipeg will be on the map once at least.

Hoping this isn't too long, I will close,
A sure fire fan,
GRACE MONTGOMERY,
777 Broadway, Winnipeg, Man.

The demand for patriotic American films continues. From an English writer comes a request for an all-scout film for "auld lang syne."

DEAR EDITOR—Now and again on the screen we catch a glimpse of American Boy Scouts. Britishers who had the opportunity of meeting them during the August jamboree would like to see something more of them. Tho the stay of the American contingent was somewhat brief, they won our liking and admiration because they proved that they were just as keen athletes and good sportsmen as our own boys.

Some years ago a British company produced a film called "Lads of the Lion Patrol." It was a story of how a troop of scouts while at summer camp frustrated a gang of German spies. Various scout activities, such as ambulance work, semaphore and night signaling and despatch carrying were shown. It also gave the public an idea of the ideal conditions under which scouts spend their summer vacation. The film altogether was a fine and interesting production and greatly stimulated scout recruiting. If some kind-hearted American producer will give us Britishers an all-scout film he will be doing a very good turn, for it will keep fresh in our minds the memory of the lads who did much toward furthering the Anglo-American friendship.

With best wishes, I remain,
Yours truly,
D. HARDING GRIFFITHS,
77 Davis Road, Acton, London, W. 3, England.

Sometimes bouquets conceal sharp thorns. Anyhow, criticism is one of the stepping stones by which even the stars of the silversheet rise to greater heights.

DEAR SIR—What's the matter with the Talmadges? That's the sum total of the faults I've found at the various theaters these past few months. Every time I see one of the Schenk pictures that is the thought uppermost in my mind. Awful stories, worse direction, and a seeming carelessness on the part of the featured players is in the main, my verdict on the aforementioned. I do wish that Constance Talmadge would discard the sort of thing

(*Continued on page 96*)

The Villain

(As Seen By)

HELEN CARLISLE

TO YOU . . .

He is the Villain of the Screen . . . and I can see you shudder . . . as you sit in darkened theaters and view . . . his wicked deeds . . . for you have seen him scheme . . . and plot to kill . . . and wreck the Fair Young Heroine's bright plans . . . for wedding bells, and all that Sort of Thing . . . I know just what you say . . . Ah! THERE HE IS . . . now comes THE DIRTY WORK . . .

But I . . .

It matters not to me that he is base . . . that brave men tremble and that women pale . . . when he appears . . . It matters not that he has shed the blood of innocents . . . and generally wrecked the Scheme of Things . . . for five or even seven reels . . .

I know . . .

That when his studio day is done and he . . . has finished Smashing Things, he'll go . . . up to his dressing-room and take . . . his make-up off and then . . . he'll call me on the 'phone . . . and say, . . . "Hello, dear; let's go down and see a show tonight . . . When shall I call for you . . . ?"

And then . . .

We'll drive in the white moonlight . . . He and I . . . and he will tell me of his dreams and plans . . . Oh, so unlike a villain . . . and I'm glad . . . that you dont send pink notes to him . . . and rave . . . about his wavy hair and soulful eyes . . . I'm glad . . . that you save all that for the leading Man . . . and never, never guess that he at heart . . . is just a bashful boy . . . who is inordinately fond . . . of chocolates . . .

To you . . .

He is the Villain of the Screen . . . forgive me, please . . . if sometimes to myself . . . I smile . . .

AT YOU . . .

Wouldn't the Folks Be Surprised?

If They Could Know How a Movie Director Would Size Them Up for "Types" in a Picture.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Here's the way the director might size up some of the leading citizens in YOUR town:

PRESIDENT OF A BANK: "What a face for a chicken-chaser! Put a little bunch of whiskers on his chin and put him at the table in a cabaret with a dancing girl, and he'd sure look the part."

EX-SALOON KEEPER: "That bird would make up great as the head of a big corporation. He'd sure look like the sort of a hard-boiled egg that refuses to advance wages and starts a strike."

THE DUMBEST BOY IN HIGH SCHOOL: "What a face for the movies! Gee, that kid would screen great as a hero."

OLD MAID: "Say, talk about vampires! Put on a black wig, paint her up a bit and give her a cigaret, and she sure would make a hit on the screen as a home-wrecker."

BEST DRESSED MAN IN TOWN: "Man, oh, man! I'd like to dress that bird up like a rube. He'd make a great comedian in a down-on-the-farm picture."

W. C. T. U. WORKER: "Now, if that woman was dressed up like a cowgirl and could ride a pony, I'd put her in any wild west picture as the woman who runs the ranch with an iron hand."

THE YOUNG MAN WHO THINKS HE WOULD BE A WONDER ON THE SCREEN: "Nope, that bird wouldn't do at all. He wouldn't screen like anything at all but a smudge on the curtain."

"You look as though you'd just been unwrapped from the tissue-paper!"

Is It Simply a Perversity of Nature That Some Complexions Withstand Whipping Winter Winds? Or Have the Favored Few a Secret of Their Own?

THE long grey car sped purringly through the starlight to where the lights of the Country Club glowed warm and inviting. The girl threw back her head ecstatically and let the crisp, wine-like air stream against her cheeks.

"Oh, Alan! Isn't it simply glorious with the wind-shield open," she gasped to the man behind the wheel, who bent lower as the car almost doubled its speed. "Let's ride around just a tiny bit more before we go in,—it's too heavenly!" The wind took the words almost before they were out of her mouth.

* * * * *

A half hour later they burst breathless and glowing into the club house, where the roaring fire and gay music greeted them cheeringly. In a few short minutes they were gliding out on the floor.

"I say, Corina,—it was simply ripping —that open windshield idea—but didn't it play merry havoc with your complexion? Even my tough old rawhide stings like the deuce, while you — you look as though you'd just been unwrapped from the tissue-paper."

Corina laughed gaily. "You're a dear to say that, Alan, but it isn't really me you know,—it's Hinds Cream. It soothes the skin so wonderfully I always put lots of it on after motoring. It brings out the natural freshness and softness,—that's all!"

"As though that weren't enough," murmured Alan, who held the usual masculine dislike for cosmetics. "It makes you look a thousand times better than any paint or powder could!"

On every dressing table where you find the daintiest appointments, you also find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. For the cleverest women realize that *natural* loveliness of complexion has a charm high above all others, and that this Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, long famous for its softening and purifying qualities, is the surest way to a skin of pristine freshness and radiance.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 94*)

she is doing now; it is beginning to reach sunk stupidity. I've always been an ardent Talmadge fan, going to every one of their releases shown at my favorite moving picture house. I saw Constance Talmadge in "The Virtuous Vamp," and that was good, the little dash of pep was just the thing, and I looked forward eagerly toward seeing that delicious minstrel's vehicles, but—"The Love Expert," and "Two Weeks," were terrible. I just sat thru the former trying to convince my companion that there would be something good or original to redeem it, but, oh—I left, thinking that never had I seen a picture so tiresome, so dragging, or so altogether silly—just silly, not funny.

The same with her sister, Miss Norma. Who ever told that girl that she was a tragedienne or a sob sister? "A Daughter of Two Worlds," was not so bad, but "The Woman Gives!" She certainly gave—handed it to us is what I'd call it.

I really like both sisters (tho you might not think it), one for her beauty and talent when used in the right direction, and the other because she's such a Bab'sy sort of person, like Mary Roberts Rinehart's delicious heroine. That's the kind of a rôle that I would like to see Miss Constance in. But Constance Talmadge isn't Dorothy Gish, neither is Norma, Sarah Bernhardt.

Another thing; Miss Natalie has neither beauty nor talent, so why persist in thrusting her upon the public. And why the prevalence of the horn-rimmed spectacles? Norma used them in "The Social Secretary," Constance in "The Perfect Woman," and now Natalie inflicts both herself and the family specs on us! There are many fans that wear glasses and I dont believe that caricaturing them helps towards one's popularity.

I'm not a crank by nature, but I do wish that those girls, the two who can really act, would show us some of their real talent again. It's rather tiresome being disappointed all the time.

A word of credit where it's due. Did you ever see anything so delightful as "Scratch My Back" with Helene Chadwick, or know of a director who could have screened "Mothers of Men" one-half so well as Mr. Jose? The foreign sets both in Austria and Paris were exquisitely done. Mr. Jose is undoubtedly a cosmopolite—his work shows it. My best wishes to the whole Moving Picture World. It has my awed admiration for such things as Mr. Griffith, DeMille and Jose have achieved. Mr. Tourneur has shown us some pretty good work. I think we may expect great things before the end of the chapter.

Very sincerely,

JULE D. STOLZ,

41 McKinley Pl., West New York, N. J.

"More about my favorites," is an oft repeated request arriving almost daily in the letters to the editor. Sooner or later these requests are granted. The plea in this case is from a Germantown writer for more pictures and interviews with a screen artist who can bring a lump to your throat when he wishes.

DEAR EDITOR—I have been reading your very valued magazine ever since it was published and count every month lost that I fail to get it. One of the most interesting features in it is the "Letters to the Editor" department, and I sincerely hope to see my short note in it some time in the near future.

My one reason for writing this is to give praise to Mr. Cullen Landis for his excellent work in "The Girl from Outside." I saw this picture very recently and I am sure that Mr. Landis' acting brought a lump to everyone's throat.

I am sure the players read with interest all praise or criticism and I do hope Mr. Landis sees this.

Why do we not see more of this young man? He is young, good looking, and a good actor and his parts appeal to all.

I do hope in the near future to see more of his pictures and to see him starred, for he is worthy of it in all ways.

So here's to Mr. Landis. Let us have his picture in the gallery and an interview soon.

I remain,

W. J. ROLAND,

Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Love-making while leopards prowl about does seem inane—and more than just that, foolhardy—yet that master of screen craft, Cecil B. de Mille is guilty of permitting his characters to commit this act in "Male and Female" and about this and other things a Baltimore reader writes:

DEAR EDITOR—This is my first venture in writing to you, so I am somewhat hesitant about just what to say. However, I notice that most of your correspondents criticize what seems wrong in pictures they have seen. Here goes my complaint.

In "Male and Female," Lady Mary went to a spring at midnight to get some figs for the admirable Crichton. The admirable gentleman in question immediately followed her, because he knew that the leopards came to that spring at midnight to drink. Of course, he arrived there just in time to kill a leopard that was about to attack Lady Mary. He knew very well that there were other leopards there, yet instead of taking his lady-love by the hand and leading her to safety, he looks into her eyes, sees there a "wonderful look of fear" (to use his own words) and is inspired to sit down upon a rock and tell her a fairy-tale of something that happened thousands of years ago. Can you imagine it. He made it plain to the audience that the place was haunted and yet he sits down there and tells stories. Such an obvious mistake I cannot understand. I have always had a passion for C. B. deMille's productions, but I must say that no more do I consider them flawless. Nevertheless, I do admire all De Mille pictures, particularly the exotic Gloria Swanson.

In the July issue of your magazine there was a letter from a young man by the name of Stanley G. Lehigh, of Bloomfield, N. J. This young man asked that some of your readers write to him, as he was very lonesome. I wrote him a nice, sociable letter over a month ago, but have never received any reply. If Mr. Lehigh should happen to read this letter, it is his duty to come out and defend himself.

I want to repeat his request and ask that some of your readers write to me, as I am quite lonely myself, and my hobby is writing and receiving letters. Wont some sociable reader hear my plea?

Respectfully yours,

B. M.

425 South Pulaski Street, Baltimore, Md.

"She Walks in Beauty—"

(*Continued from page 53*)

"I *dont* want to play bobbed-hair ingenues," Miss Johnstone said, with her rarely delightful enunciation and her careful choice of words; "nor impossible looking maidens with languishing eyes. I should like to stand for, to portray, the essential American girl, as I see her."

"How *do* you see her?" I interpolated.

"As an efficient, ambitious, healthy young person," Miss Johnstone defined for me; "a very *regular* person. She need not necessarily be extravagantly beautiful. She must always be human; generally she is smart, impulsive, big of heart. I believe that the general lack of reality on the screen is what causes so many of the more thinking class to observe that they are 'tired of seeing pictures.' The unreal is very fragile and easily wearisome sustenance."

"How," I asked, "do you propose to get over this type of characterization?"

Miss Johnstone considered. "Of course," she said, "co-operation is what I shall most need. By that I mean, if I could find the fitting sort of story, and then, and most importantly, if I could find the director, the director who would have the same sort of ideas and ideals that I have and the same desire to express them. Probably I shall have to evolve gradually . . . great things come slowly, we are told . . . but I do want to do the human thing, that first, last and all the time. I want to become known for that type of work. I dont want to pose. I dont want to be merely a series of pictures, however picturesque. I had rather sacrifice much of the scenic effect and give the public flesh and blood as they know it, love it, hate it . . . life as it is lived."

Prior to this début into Filmland, Miss Johnstone appeared in the "Follies" of 1915 and '16; in "Watch Your Step" with Mr. and Mrs. Castle, in "Stop, Look and Listen" with Gaby Deslys and later in "Betty" with Raymond Hitchcock.

She first cast her rays of stardom upon us with Ed Wynn in "Over the Top."

After that she felt the need of more fundamental experience. She felt that she needed a more thorogoing training, a getting down to essentials. With a completeness and an earnestness characteristic of her she departed from Broadway and went into Stock with the Poli Stock Company of Waterbury, Conn. She stayed with them for seven months, and when she came back, the girl who danced in musical comedy and flitted gorgeously and appealingly before us in the "Follies" was gone, to give way to a young woman with a thoughtful mien, a fine sense of drama, a capability, a potentiality . . .

Then came the picture with Taylor Holmes already mentioned, and by the time this sees the light of print she will probably have appeared in her first starring picture for Realart, "Blackbird."

Miss Johnstone has only just begun. She is armored and girded and her talent, which may prove to be genius, is many-faceted.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The right to be cussed fool is safe.

Less skeared of doin' wrong than bein' laughed at.

It is singular how impatient men are with over-praise of others; how patient of over praise of themselves, and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

Get a great injury out of the mind as soon as is decent, bury it and then ventilate

"The proudest moment of our lives had come!"

"It was our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together. The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim,' she said, 'Why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 29 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. More than one hundred and thirty thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

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Toolmaker	BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Gas Engine Operating	Private Secretary
CIVIL ENGINEER	BOOKKEEPER
Surveying and Mapping	Stenographer and Typist
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STATIONARY ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Marine Engineer	Railway Accountant
Ship Draftsman	Commercial Law
ARCHITECT	GOOD ENGLISH
Contractor and Builder	Teacher
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Concrete Builder	Mathematics
Structural Engineer	CIVIL SERVICE
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Railway Mail Clerk
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The Friendly Rich

(*Continued from page 67*)

easy t'day, that's what God did when he made th' world, and it wont hurt us none to follow suit."

He is devoted to his wife and children and is so bashful that he positively refuses to have any love scenes in his pictures. I cant imagine any other man refusing to kiss Irene Rich, but Will Rogers absolutely wont do it.

"Many a time the director would argue with Will," said Irene, "and he would finally persuade him to consent to a brief . . . a *very* brief kiss, and when it came time to take the scene, he would approach me as if I were a horned toad or something, and finally say with a sigh, 'Naw, let's not.' And once when he actually did peck at my cheek for the end of the picture, he saw it in the projecting room and had it removed with one expressive word, 'MUSH!'"

Irene thinks that little Jimmie Rogers is the sweetest youngster who ever faced a camera. He is as unconscious of self as his dad, and is entirely unspoiled. The company making "The Strange Boarder" and "Jes' Call Me Jim" adored little Jimmie, but they did like to tease him. When the latter picture was being shown in the projecting room, Will Rogers whispered to Irene Rich, "Dont say a word about Jimmie's part; let's see what the kid does." So, after the lights were turned on again, everyone began discussing this scene and that situation, commenting on each other's work in various parts of the picture . . . without a word of praise for the little fellow who sat silent and solemn-eyed by his father.

"And finally," Irene related, "he couldn't stand it another minute, and looking around at the company, he said in his drawling baby voice . . . he talks just like his dad. . . . 'Well, *I* ain't so *bad!*'"

Irene admits that she hasn't any wild or burning ambitions. She wants to portray wholesome, friendly women, and hopes some time to be the star of a story which has no vampire and no ruined home.

"When they asked me at the Goldwyn studios what my ambition was, I said that since I was Rich, I would like to be *richer.*"

She laughed, and then grew suddenly serious.

"But I really didn't mean that," she said. "I dont care so much for money . . . I think there are many things in life that are more worth while."

So do I. Friendliness, for example. And if it were valued according to the coin of the realm, Irene Rich would be a millionaire.

MOVIE MAGIC

By Helen Fielding

There's a scent in the air of new-mown
hay,
The blossoms nod in the breeze.
And the mother-birds with their fledglings
wee
Swing and sway in the trees.

Without, the winter storms may rage,
Or the rains in torrents fall;
But that sun-kist scene on the magic
screen
Makes shadows of them all.

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Special Christmas Box $1.00

Sample Concentrated Flower Drops 20

Name .....

Address .....

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

The Screen Time-Table

(*Continued from page 98*)

HIGH AND DIZZY—C-9.
Harold Lloyd—Pathe

HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN—CD-7.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

HIS TEMPORARY WIFE—D-7.
Robert De Remer—Hallmark.

HONEST HUTCH—CD-10.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

HONORSHIP—D-11.
Alma Rubens—Cosmopolitan.

HOT DANGER, THE—D-7.
Clarine Seymour—Griffith Prod.
Richard Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

IF I WERE KING—D-8.
William Farnum—Fox.

INFERIOR SEX, THE—CD-8.
Mildred Harris—First National.

INNER VOICE, THE—D-7.
E. K. Lincoln—American Cinema.

IN OLD KENTUCKY—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

IN SEARCH OF A SINNER—C-8.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

JACK-KNIFE MAN, THE—D-11.
King Vidor Prod.—First National.

JUBILO—C-9.
Will Rogers—Goldwyn.

KISMET—D-8.
Otis Skinner—Robertson-Cole.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—D-5.
Elsie Ferguson—Paramount.

LET'S BE FASHIONABLE—C-7.
MacLean and May—Paramount.

LITTLE MISS REBELLION—C-5.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

LOVE FLOWER, THE—D-7.
Carol Dempster—Griffith Prod.

LOVES OF LETTY, THE—D-6.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

MALE AND FEMALE—D-10.
Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Prod.

MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE—D-8.
William Faversham—Select.

MARY ELLEN COMES TO TOWN—CMD-7.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

MASTER MIND—D-9.
Lionel Barrymore—First National.

MIRACLE MAN, THE—D-11.
Compson and Meighan—Tucker Prod.

MISFIT WIFE, THE—D-7.
Alice Lake—Metro.

MISS HOBBS—C-6.
Wanda Hawley—Realart.

MOLLYCODDLE, THE—C-10.
Douglas Fairbanks—United Artists.

NOTORIOUS MISS LISLE—D-7.
Katherine MacDonald—First National.

NURSE MARJORIE—CD-7.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.

OLD-FASHIONED BOY, AN—F-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—D-5.
H. B. Warner—Pathé.

ON WITH THE DANCE—D-11.
Mae Murray—Paramount.

PASSERS-BY—D-7.
Herbert Rawlinson—Blackton Prod.

PEACEFUL VALLEY—D-11.
Charles Ray—First National.

PINTO—C-8.
Mabel Normand—Goldwyn.

POLLYANNA—CD-11.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

PRINCE CHAP, THE—D-10.
Thomas Meighan—Paramount.

REMODELING A HUSBAND—C-8.
Dorothy Gish—Paramount.

RESTLESS SEX, THE—D-.
Marion Davies—Cosmopolitan.

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—D-8.
Mae Murray and David Powell—Paramount.

RIGHT OF WAY, THE—D-10.
Bert Lytell—Metro.

ROMANCE—D-9.
Doris Keane—United Artists.

SCARLET DAYS—MD-9.
Barthelmess & Seymour—Griffith Prod.

SEA WOLF, THE—D-9.
Noah Beery—Paramount.

SEEING IT THROUGH—CD-7.
Zasu Pitts—Robertson-Cole.

SEX—SP, MD-6.
Louise Glaum—Hodkinson.

SHARK, THE—MD-7.
George Walsh—Fox.

SHORE ACRES—MD-8.
Alice Lake—Metro.

SILVER HORDE, THE—MD-9.
Myrtle Stedman—Goldwyn.

SIMPLE SOULS—CD-7.
Blanche Sweet—Pathé.

SINS OF ST. ANTHONY, THE—CD-6.
Bryant Washburn—Paramount.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT—D-10.
Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter—Cecil de Mille Prod.

STOLEN KISS, THE—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Paramount.

STOP THIEF—C-7.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

STRONGER THAN DEATH—SP. MD-8.
Nazimova—Metro.

SWEET LAVENDER—D-10.
Mary Miles Minter—Realart.

SUDS—CD-9.
Mary Pickford—United Artists.

THIRD GENERATION, THE—C-10.
Betty Bythe—Goldwyn.

39 EAST—CD-8.
Constance Binney—Realart.

TIGER'S CUB—MD-8.
Pearl White—Fox.

TONY'S BOW—CD-10.
Tom Moore—Goldwyn.

TOLL GATE, THE—MD-9.
William S. Hart—Paramount.

TREASURE ISLAND—MD-9.
Shirley Mason—Tourneur Prod.

THRU EYES OF MEN—D-8.
Frank Mayo—Taylor Prod.

VICTORY—D-8.
All-Star—Paramount.

VILLAGE SLEUTH, THE—C-5.
Charles Ray—Paramount.

VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL—SP. MD-8.
Priscilla Dean—Universal.

VIRTUOUS VAMP, THE—CD-9.
Constance Talmadge—First National.

WAY DOWN EAST—D-12.
Gish and Barthelmess—Griffith Prod.

WHAT WOMEN LOVE—CD-5.
Annette Kellermann—First National.

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY—CD-8.
Wallace Reid—Paramount.

WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?—D-11.
Swanson and Meighan—De Mille Prod.

WILLOW TREE, THE—D-9.
Viola Dana—Metro.

WOMAN GIVES, THE—MD-6.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—MD-8.
Pauline Frederick—Goldwyn.

WOMAN GAME, THE—SD-7.
Elaine Hammerstein—Select.

WOMAN AND THE PUPPET, THE—MD-6.
Geraldine Farrar—Goldwyn.

WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD, THE—D-7.
Bessie Barriscale—Robertson-Cole.

WORLD AND HIS WIFE—D-9.
Alma Rubens—Paramount.

YELLOW TYPHOON—MD-7.
Anita Stewart—First National.

YES OR NO—CD-7.
Norma Talmadge—First National.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 92)

C. E. R.—The Lord loveth a cheerful fibber. W. H. Orlando was the minister in "Stronger Than Death."

OLIVE R.—You want to know how old Constance Talmadge is in her stocking feet. Wonderful! Ask me something easy.

ANNE.—*Honi soit qui mal y pense* means "Evil be to him that evil thinks." Run in some time when you are not so talkative, and I will answer your fifty questions.

DON JUPITER.—After all, happiness does not reside afar, nor next door, but right in our home, if we only recognize her, *e. g.*, "The Blue Bird." No, I have never been to Spain. Never been to Europe at all.

ARETTA.—Well, a woman can be held by no stronger tie than the knowledge that she is loved. This doesn't refer to stenographers in action. Vivian Martin in "Polly," released thru Goldwyn. Mighty interesting letters of yours.

LOVETA SHIMMIE.—I am glad you enjoy going to school. Some of my readers prefer coming from it. They tell me Helen Gardner and Templer Saxe are in "The Devil's Angel." Charlie Ray in "Peaceful Valley." Of course, I enjoyed yours.

LILLIAN W.—Well, I would much rather be applauded by the few that are wise than laughed at by the many that are foolish. The approbation of the judicious few always outweighs the censure of the ignorant. Irene Boyle is playing in "The Rider of the King Log."

A. G., MONTREAL.—Just write to me any time you think you need help. You are a wonder.

V. E. F.—No, child, I never tell my name. I still live in a hall-room, unheated in winter and heated in summer.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—You ask me if all the epigrams that appear in this department are original. Bless your heart, no; some are aboriginal. Glad to see the list of your favorites.

MAZL.—Cant very well explain "Riders of Dawn" here. You dont understand why the French girl was in the picture at all. Mary Thurman and James Kirkwood, who have played together in several Allan Dwan productions, will play together in Dwan's first picture for Associated Producers. Any time.

BUBBLES, N. J.—My mother used to tell me, take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves . . . and you, No, I have no fireplace in my hall-room. The nearest thing I can get to a fireplace is an electric heater. Turn the lights out and watch the electric sparks. What's the matter with Gloria Swanson's ankles in "Why Change Your Wife?" I didn't see anything wrong with them.

BETTY HAMILTON.—You want to see Marjorie Daw, Alice Lake, June Caprice, Kenneth Harlan, Douglas MacLean and others more frequently in our magazines. Be patient, child. You also wished Bebe Daniels had stayed with Harold Lloyd. You think I ought to be 81 . . . and ask what's keeping me. Nothing. I might add, I'm on my way.

SILVER SHADOW.—No, I have no pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort around with them. So you studied to be a missionary, and now you are a classic dancer. Some promotion. If Katherine MacDonald would only get her hands dirty, you would like her better.

PEGGY L. F., 24.—Why, Billie Burke is playing in "The Education of Elizabeth." Alice Brady in "The Voice of the Blood." See Griffith address above. Going to Vassar, hey? I went thru there last summer—drove thru in an auto. You should read "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Rostand, and Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine."

PONCO RICO LAD.—That's quite an idea you have, but I dont see how we can put it thru. Write me again.

VIRGINNY.—Yes, I too often longed for the good old days in the Pansy Club. Wish it could be revived. I observe you are a wee, small bit unbalanced, as you put it, but you might outgrow that. Well, I am caged, but not fed thru the bars with an ever-full spoon, as you say.

FLAPPER ARTIST.—Thanks for the drawing. So you like the poetry that appears in SHADOWLAND. Well, I think your drawing shows decided merit, and if I were you I would go to some good art school.

SAMUEL C.—So you were afraid to write to me. But, after all, the real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. It's a clear, straight road, but you mustn't do any skidding.

JANE, MARION V., MARGARET S., MADELEINE, BETTY D., S. B., SPANISH, CHARLES RAY FAN, RUTH A. M., IRENE B., LEROY L. L., CUCHOO, MARY C., W. S. FAN, RUBY W., JENNY W., CLARENCE, FLORENTINE, and PINE NEEDLE.—Your letters were very much appreciated, but your questions have been answered, which leaves naught to be said.

CALIFORNIA.—A good friend is like good health—never missed until lost. I missed you, dearie. Antonio Moreno is now in the East. Mabel Taliaferro will play the role of the painted lady in "Sentimental Tommy."

ESTELLA J.—Your letter, too, was very interesting. Remember that if we are not always so happy as we desire, we are not always so wretched as we deserve. House Peters, Florence Vidor and Joseph Kilgour in "The Magic Life." Any time.

MARIE C. D.—Elsie Mackaye was the girl you refer to, and Marcelle Carroll was Dolly in "Nothing But the Truth."

MOVIE FAN.—So you like the way Retta Romaine writes to me. She is a very clever girl. Yes, Wesley Barrie played in "Dinty." Marjorie Daw and James Kirkwood in "Not a Drum Was Heard." Come in again some time.

JAPA.—Whenever you would give advice, be not too liberal—keep a slice. Winifred Westover was the player you speak of. Yes, Wanda Hawley. Your letter was a *chef d'oeuvre*. Write me again.

ESTHER R.—Yes, indeed, I have been in love. Once. Love is like the rose: so sweet, that one always tries to gather it, in spite of the thorns. I am done gathering. Ann Forrest is doing Peter Pan. Alma Tell was Lady Joan in "On With the Dance." Your verse was beautiful.

P. A. PAREE.—Bon jour. I am quite sure, brother, that Pygmalion is not the only person who ever fell in love with his own work. Gloria Swanson's next picture will be "Everything for Sale." H. B. Warner played in "The Man Who Turned White." Dorothy Dalton in "His Wife's Friend." Heap much thanks.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.—Oh, I have very good taste. I can eat almost anything too. Taste is the microscope of the judgment. It is chance that makes brothers, but hearts that make friends. Shake, my friend.

A NEWCOMER.—No, Constance Talmadge is not married. Surely, write me again.

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By our new method of teaching by mail you can learn illustrating, cartooning, commercial art in your own home. Hundreds of successful students and graduates are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and earn $50 to $100 or more a week. Our method makes it easy for anyone to learn. Instructions given by Wilf H. Chandlee, artist with over 20 years' experience. The study is fascinating. Only a few minutes a day! Have your own studio or secure high salaried position. Or work in spare time. Many students earn while they are learning.

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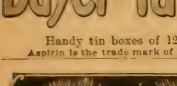

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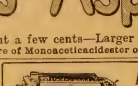

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1321 Flatbush Avenue Dept. B Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Man Who Came Back

(Continued from page 23)

"I cannot play this part unless you cut out this hypnotic episode."

Then he went home and put the whole matter out of his mind.

Time went on. Mr. Taylor was very much adverse to changing the script. Then one day Mr. Lasky called Elliott to him.

"Elliott," he said, "do you really mean that you will give up this picture if we dont change the story?"

[A pretty big sacrifice, I want to tell you, for a man who loves his work and is again building a career.]

"I do, sir," said Mr. Dexter. "If you asked me to play Svengali in 'Trilby,' I would, because he meets his just deserts when he receives his punishment in the end; but this episode is absolutely unnecessary and points no moral."

"It shall be cut out," was Mr. Lasky's verdict; "go ahead with the picture."

Mr. Dexter did not consider this a personal triumph. It was only another proof of the real Miracle Man, God.

If I searched filmdom over, I could find no daily life to tell you about which could compare in beauty and sincerity with Elliott Dexter's. He lives in a tiny bungalow in Hollywood, so tiny that he has to stoop to go upstairs to the one bedroom. The downstairs comprises a living-room, kitchen and bath. That is all. But across the front porch sway the pleasing green branches of a lemon tree, at the side is a bearing plum tree and the rear boasts a golden orange. And thru these branches Elliott Dexter contemplates the glory of California's purple hills and pink sunsets. A perfect peace envelops him as he . . . waits . . . and, waiting, studies.

"I used to hate Los Angeles," he told me. "I used to blame it for all the trouble that came to me, when I was thinking wrong. Now I love it."

In this small home he has been doing his own cooking, his own gardening.

"I have a big Southern mammy coming to take care of me next week," he said, with a little boy-confidence in all's well that ends well.

He drives about Hollywood in his little Ford coupé, and his handsome face can be seen always smiling thru the windows. The contrast between his jolly grin and the expression on the faces of the stars passing in their purple and green and brown limousines is something to make one stop and think.

When I said good-bye to Elliott Dexter on that one and only peaceful day I have ever spent in a studio, he towered straight and tall above me. He reminded me of the Rock of Gibraltar, a human rock of strength bulwarked by a belief which neither the tides of adversity nor criticism can touch. His fine brown eyes are etched at the corners with tiny wrinkles caused by the suffering of wrong thought, which are rapidly changing into little laugh lines, and hold a waiting expression.

"So," he said, "you knew *Marie?* Marie will meet a new Elliott when she comes home."

THOUGHTS FROM OWEN FELTHAM

Should the world's memory fall asleep, what a fair of mad beasts the earth would be.

He that forgets himself with his tongue gives another cause to remember him.

Desire for glory is the last garment that even wise men lay aside.

Look Pleasant, Please!

(Continued from page 37)

He smiled reminiscently—

"I'll never forget one time," he said. "Raoul had gone up to the twentieth story of a skyscraper which was in the course of construction with the cameraman. There wasn't a darn thing to the building but the iron girders spanning one another and I was to come up on a derrick, in my role of a workman, swing over to the girder in question and start to work. The derrick took me up all right, but it didn't swing over so far as it should have. I looked below and saw terra firma twenty stories beneath.

"'Jump!' shouted Raoul, as the camera started to grind—'And look pleasant, please. You're not going to a funeral. You're a good-natured Irish bricklayer going to work.'

"I jumped as he told me to and did my darndest to look pleasant. If I'd stopped it would have probably been the last of me. As it was, it was a perfectly good scene in one of my Fox pictures."

You probably know he is no longer with Fox? He is enthusiastic too over his new plans which, in summary, mean that he will do features on his own. There will be some basis for his stories, which will not depend entirely on stunts to "get over," so to speak.

But, on the whole, he is far more interested in sports than hectic theories; and that baseball team represents one of the greatest interests in his life; he says "Those boys" with genuine regard in his voice when he speaks of the fireman and policeman; and there is a geniality and good nature to him, which makes you believe that it is only while he suspends in midair, with the street twenty stories below, that his director finds it necessary to direct him to . . .

"Look pleasant, please."

Starring Nature

(Continued from page 39)

The foreign demand for our films is surprisingly large. Several foreign governments are among the purchasers. They seem particularly popular among the anti-bolshevik governments of Russia, which have obtained a considerable supply of copies of appropriate subjects. The beginning of the foreign demand for these films was probably due to their introduction into Europe during the war by the Committee on Public Information and other agencies engaged in propaganda and by their use among the soldiers.

While the Department of Agriculture is now leading all other Government departments in film production, the work is only in an early stage of development. Its opportunity for growth is limited only by the generosity of Congress and the advance of the educational field.

Verily, the cinema is advancing with rapid strides when it is recognized by the government and accordingly used to bring messages to the waiting world.

Nature and those subjects akin have long been worthy of stardom.

And, too, we welcome the new producer to the field!

"Our star's new car travelled five hundred miles without a blow-out."

"How is that possible?"

"It was shipped to her by train."

You Can't Escape

Tooth troubles if you leave a film

You should try this new method of teeth cleaning. Try it ten days without cost. It combats the film which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. See and feel the results. To millions they are bringing cleaner, safer, whiter teeth.

The tooth wrecker

Film is the great tooth wrecker. A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. Old ways of brushing leave much of it intact. And very few people have escaped the troubles which it causes.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea—a disease now alarmingly common.

A new dental era

Dental science has now found ways to combat that film. The methods have been amply proved by years of careful tests. Now millions employ them. Leading dentists everywhere advise them.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to let all know how much it means, a ten-day tube is being sent to all who ask.

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Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will be a revelation, and the book we send will explain how each effect is natural and necessary. It is important that you know this. Cut out the coupon now.

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This letter from Hon. Boyd Watkins, member-elect Mississippi House of Representatives, and Mrs. Watkins, should interest every parent of a crippled child.

Our son Raymond walked on the toes of his right foot, due to Infantile Paralysis. He was in your Sanitarium exactly four months when he came home with a straight foot, walking perfectly flat and with ease.

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McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
864 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Woman, Primitive

(*Continued from page 25*)

will probably find them much over-rated, and I wouldn't be one whit surprised to find women returning to the realm of things to which nature has suited her. We are so curious. But, on the other hand, there is nothing stronger than the force of nature. All these new theories are very fine. Undoubtedly they are worth the trying, but they will not always dominate the race as they do today."

"You think, then, that woman will go back to what she was in the past?" I asked . . .

"Never that," frowning, displeased at the thought. "We have taken a firm step forward, but right now, I think, we sway too far in the other direction. We must seek for ourselves a sane balance. It will take time."

She is not entirely beautiful—someone has said that a face shadowed with intellect is never beauty perfected—and there is intellect there. But the combination of beauty and brains is interesting—perhaps because it is so very rare.

She could have gone thru life without brains, really. Her beauty would have carried her far, but the task has been spared her.

She has sifted her theories and observations down until she has reached a rock-bed basis in most of her thinking—yet she never seems to foist her knowledge upon you—rather, she offers it almost tentatively.

There is a delicate modeling to her features, a clear pallor to her skin against which lies her hair, deeply brown and soft.

The woman within her, primitive—and the artist within her, combine in making her a person of unusual interest, more than that, a star unusual . . .

A star who goes so far as to admit without parley that she buys her own flowers . . .

The zenith of the unusual, then, has arrived.

Along the Starry Way

(*Continued from page 55*)

New York. There crowds surge on the piers and walks; barkers bark; hot dogs, popcorn, captive aeroplanes, roller coasters and the dance-halls hold sway. Just north is the Santa Monica pleasure pier which duplicates the same features. But at Crystal Pier there is seclusion. The pier and the row of small bath houses that parallel the ocean front walk form an L, behind the shelter of which millions of dollars of motion-picture talent play, forget their grease paint, the glaring studio lights, the strain of acting and are just themselves, natural and unaffected.

Upon parking our car between a maroon touring car belonging to some star and a dashing racer owned by Wallace Reid, whom do we see but Wally himself, his face covered with a full-grown beard, a natural "prop" in his present picture, in earnest conversation with two speed-cops whose motors are parked a short distance away. We pause, awaiting the delivery of the familiar paste-board which begins, "You are commanded to appear in police court Monday morning at 9 A.M., etc." but we are considerably taken aback when the trio break out in a friendly laugh over some joke of Wally's and leave on the best of terms.

We "mosey" down to visit "Dad," who sells popcorn; he is known to thousands

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of beach visitors, by no other name. We see Wally buy a bag and studiously present Dad with a fifty-cent piece.

Then we hurry over to the bathing suit office and push our way to the counter, where we are furnished our outfitment by two busy persons, known widely by Mary MacLaren's famous designation as "that happy married couple."

After a time in one of the boxes, donning our suits, we sally forth. First we see a happy crowd of youngsters with Marie Dunn, recently leading lady for Jack Pickford, as the center of the group, reading a magazine, which on closer view turns out to be the one we like best. (You can guess the name.)

"Oh, Rupert, don't! Please, Rupert, stop now; you shant have another one!"

It sounds interesting. We what! around at this startling protestation to find the dignified Rupert Julian making a forcible appeal for another pickle while Mrs. Julian defends, quite as emphatically, the bottle. From further argument, we learn that Rupert has already had five pickles and, as his digestion is already endangered by a number of hot dogs and soda pop and ice-cream cones, he "just shan't have another."

Finally, Rupert gives up the attempt and he and King Vidor get up a game of baseball, using a piece of driftwood as a bat. A game of throwing medicine ball finds their attention, however, and they are soon at it, perspiring and grunting as they hurl the heavy sphere around.

"Bow, wow, wow, wuff." A series of canine exclamations come from under an umbrella. Peeping around the edges, we discover Rudolph Valentino who is taking the part of Julio in Ibañez' "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" for Metro; Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton and Gertrude Selby having a "dog-gone" good time with a pair of dwarfish, fluffy, fussy canines, who insist on staging a fight and barking loudly every time they see a familiar face.

The rat-ta-ta-ta-tu-tu-ta of a punching bag is heard. Tommy Meighan, the greatest of all commuters between Los Angeles and New York is back again for a week or two and punching a bag placed there by a Los Angeles sporting goods house while a crowd of picture people look on.

Just on the edge of the gathering, however, oblivious to the noise, Wallace Reid kneels by Lila Lee, who forgets her ice-cream cone, melting in the sun, while she and genial Wally discuss some important subject.

Let's walk underneath the pier to the other side. The structure we pass under was the dream of Nat Goodwin. It was his pier and on it was built the Nat Goodwin Café which flourished as the night haven of picture folks in search of diversion. With the demise of John Barleycorn the gay café lost its attraction; it was closed and remained a monument to the past until retrieved from retirement by a motion picture company. Now, where happy couples danced among the potted palms to lilting music, bright Klieg lights shine and the camera grinds off the episodes of a dark melodrama, while outside where sporty motors were once parked, the sombre scenery walls of a Bowery tenement sway in the strong breeze.

Turning back we see a little bungalow-covered house at the top of the rise that leads to the beach. Here lives Lotta Pickford, Mrs. Pickford, mother of the famous family and little Mary—now Mary Rupp Pickford, since Mrs. Pickford has legally adopted her. And just half a block on is "The Wave," a long box-like house in which Gibson Gowland and his little son, Peter Gibson Gowland live.

It is growing late. The sun is just be-

[illegible] Falls and guess the [illegible] of red, purple and gold.

We leave to various [illegible] for a few [illegible] that we have found [illegible] talented representatives [illegible] take tellers well and [illegible] their own selves.

[illegible] Next month there will be a story about the Hollywood Studio Club, [illegible] illustrated. Don't miss it.

Alias "Modesty" and "King Love"

(Continued from page 20)

graphs—certainly if all of them have been given as cordially, it has not been without searching them.

"I must tell you something amusing about the last interview we had," smiled Miss Phillips when the two had completed her, somewhat breathlessly and disappeared in the crowd. "It consisted in receiving innumerable letters—some of them from ardent believers in spiritualism telling me of their experiences and others, me in particular, from a man who was very much in earnest asserting me that spiritualism was a farce and pleading with me to have nothing to do with it."

We had talked spiritualism for hours, apropos of the note they had touched upon in "The Heart of Humanity," and again the conversation sought the same channel.

"I think," said Mr Holubar thoughtfully, "that I was the first to use spiritualism as a theme for a picture."

This was not so much because of his interest in spiritualism as because he is essentially and all-the-time a pioneer. As a writer and director he is constantly trying new things—experimenting with big themes. The keynote of his work is sincerity and it is sincerity above all else that Dorothy Phillips gives you in her work upon the screen. Both of them fail to seem half as concerned about what the public likes as about what they are saying, and the way they are saying it. Essentially artists, they have been able to make both the agitated and the capitalist act as human beings—something rarely done.

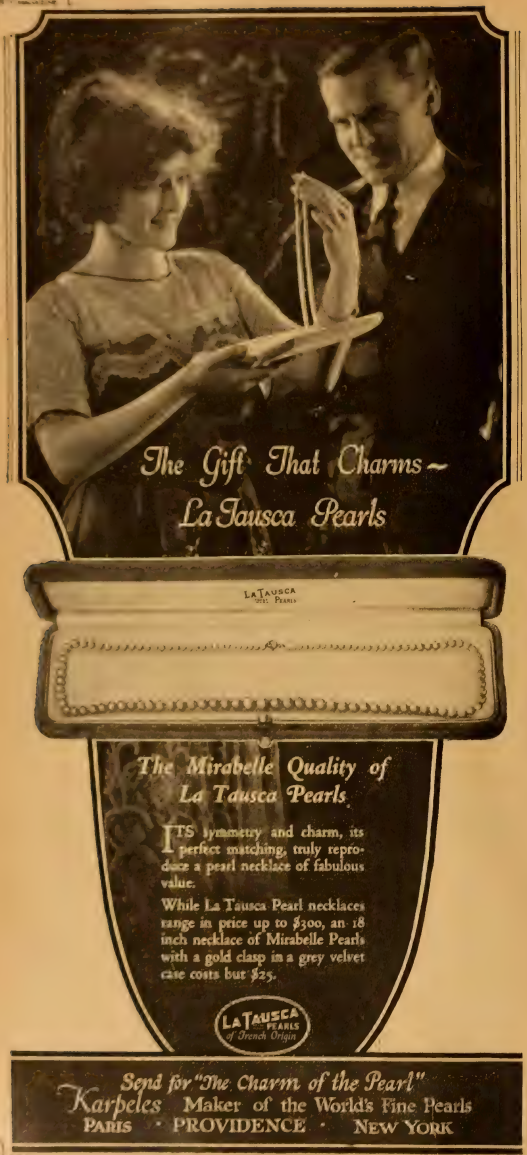
"Do you ever talk over your pictures together?" I asked.

"Not at home," Mrs. Holubar answered emphatically. "I feel that attending to all the details of a production Mr Holubar has troubles enough of his own without bothering about mine. And, she added with a quiet certitude, "he knows too well what he is doing for me to be of any assistance to him."

Her husband interrupted her. "I do not believe a word she says," he told me.

"Even if it is true," Dorothy smiled at him. Then to me—

"We are able to draw a definite line between our work and our home life and I feel sure this is the wise thing. At the studio everything is impersonal. I am just myself at all to my husband. I am a character in his story. I try to do my part by being that character so completely that he can give his attention to other things without worrying about my acting. At all events, we understand each other and get on perfectly. I try to realize how he would think, what kind of a thing he would have and how she would dress—realize her completely and truly. Then things [illegible] and [illegible] and sometimes some [illegible] but really. The important thing, of course, is to make her lovable and true."

"And beautiful," I suggested.

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"Beautiful, certainly," said Allen Holubar.

"And more than one ideal of beauty," he amended. "The thing of primary importance is sincerity. For instance, when you look at a masterpiece painting, the thing you admire most about it is that the artist has had something to say, saying it thru the medium of his art as perfectly as possible. So it is with music, sculpture and the drama. No man can do anything worthwhile unless he has courage enough to blaze a trail for himself; seeing and interpreting life in his own way."

And this keynote of sincerity would seem to be the cornerstone upon which they have constructed their lives, personally and professionally ever since "King Love" took unto himself a wife, and the wife was "Modesty."

Art and Practicability

(*Continued from page* 41)

line of talk. She has been very busy, almost every minute of her life, she says—since she can remember. She speaks with much enthusiasm of her first stage appearance at the age of six in "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which her father was appearing with Richard Mansfield; of her subsequent appearance in the title rôle, supported by an all-child cast in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in Shubert matinees.

"I loved playing boy parts," she said—"but the thrill, the uncertainty, the apprehension and the perfect joy that I experienced when I found that I was to play 'Peter Pan,' is something that comes only once in a lifetime.

"Mother and I had gone back home to Grand Rapids and I was in school. One day, father, who was playing in New York, wired mother; 'Bring Vivian at once; possible chance to play "Peter Pan."'

"I had not seen 'Peter Pan' on the stage, yet I knew the story well. When we reached New York I went at once to see Mr. Seymour, production manager. He questioned me about what I had done and finally said 'I'm sorry but I fear you have not had enough experience for so big a part.'

"I burst out crying and begged him to try me. You *must*—I said. I *know* I can do it. 'That's it—cry, cry *hard*'—he said. Then he patted my hand saying, 'there, there, that will do—you may have the part. You will do.' Wasn't he a wretch? He made me cry. But I played 'Peter' a whole year—and it was wonderful.

"Then I did 'Officer 666,' and 'High Cost of Loving'—and then I went into pictures and altho I intended to go back to the stage, I have been so busy the past four years I have not had time to consider it.

"Now—some of my dreams are coming true. I am back in New York—I am heading my own company and hope to arrange my work so that I can do a stage play in connection with my screen work.

"My first production 'Song of the Soul,' is adapted from 'An Old World Romance,' a William J. Locke story. Robert W. Chambers wrote the titles. I am working now on a comedy, tentatively titled 'Polly,' and Sidney Olcott, I am happy to say, is directing it. I *hope* my ventures here in the East will be a success," she concluded.

And it's almost certain that they will. Vivian Martin is a bright and shining example of a girl whose conquest of business follows on the heels of ambition, courage and perseverance. With a firm and abiding belief in her art she works—and as she works, she thinks. And there is no better ladder to success.

The Première Camera Maid

(*Continued from page 75*)

be interested in the intricacies of the motion picture camera, having such a complete knowledge of the still camera.

It was after she had studied aviation in England and grown proficient as a bird woman that she decided to combine her two new hobbies—and a new profession for women was the result. When the Prince of Wales arrived in Canada during his recent tour of America, Louise Lowell piloted one of the aeroplanes which swept a cordial welcome to the distinguished guest. With her was her motion picture camera, and she photographed the Prince and his party from the plane.

The realization that the pictures she had secured were really remarkable, made her act at once. She literally flew to Leonard H. Roos, Canadian editor of *Fox News*, who used them in his review of interesting events.

When Herbert Hancock, director in charge of *Fox News*, heard of the novel "scoop" procured by the daring young woman, he signed her on the spot . . . the first and only camera maid in the world. She has been given a roving assignment to cover notable happenings, and a Spad, capable of making 130 miles an hour, will carry her wherever she wishes to go in her pursuit of the unusual.

Meeting Louise Lowell is like meeting an old friend . . . you find so much to talk about right from the start. Yet the longer you know her the more you realize how little you really know her after all. For, despite her friendliness, her readiness to talk about anyone or anything except herself and her adventures, you appreciate that there is a depth to her nature which is not to be fathomed.

There is really no way of describing her . . . she is just Louise Lowell, that is all. If you had met her you would know exactly what is meant; for, despite the rather saucy brown eyes which crinkle almost into nothingness when she laughs, the wee angle of her tip-tilted nose and a plentiful besprinkling of freckles in its vicinity, she is a baffling person.

After that description, you are expecting to hear that she has a boyish handclasp. Well, she hasn't. It is soft and rather yielding and altogether feminine. It isn't a bit consistent with her mouth and firm little chin; but it isn't long before one discovers that being inconsistent is the principal charm of this surprising young woman.

And in spite of her unusual and hazardous life, Louise Lowell is "only a girl." To prove it, she bitterly bemoans the fact that her hair is straight and that she cant possibly coax a curl into it. When asked what she would rather have more than anything else in the world, she answered:

"Either curly hair or ability to make a trip around the world in my plane. Since the first is altogether out of the question, I'll have to strive for the latter. I expect to do it some day . . . and my camera is going to be my only companion."

Louise Lowell's American father and British mother both find expression in this girl of the twentieth century, who holds a record for daring equaled by no other of her sex. Yet in spite of it, she isn't a bit more formidable than that best chum of yours from the old high school days, who used to come into your kitchen and make fudge Saturday afternoons. She is just . . . human.

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From the Pittsburg Sunday Dispatch, Published at the Mt. Lebanon Examiner.

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The Seriousness of Youth

(*Continued from page 59*)

"Yes," Miss Roberts laughed, "it's hard, but it's fun, and, in a way, it gives one confidence. I work ever so much harder after I have had some mark of outside attention shown me. To be in demand creates self-confidence where it wasn't before."

"What type of work do you prefer?" I asked.

She appeared to be so dainty and so clinging, so fragile and so trustful, that I asked with a confidence on my part of a typical response.

"Outdoor work," she said; "daring, venturesome things!"

There you have it! The paradox of the artist!

Miss Roberts entered the pictures on her toes. She danced on. Her initial appearances were "extra" appearances for the old Imp company. On one such occasion she did a dance and the director was so impressed he ordered a close-up. The result of the close-up was a regular salary on the regular pay-roll as a very regular actress. "I looked so kiddish, tho," Miss Roberts chuckled, "that they had to pad me out to make me look my parts. Wasn't that funny?"

She has since played with Lyons and Moran in several comedies. "The Deciding Kiss" among others. She is now a Universal star and expects to run a gamut of many roles and many types. There is determination in her bright eyes and an agility about her whole small person promising much.

She talked most seriously on spiritism.

"I never was the least bit *queer*," she told me; "and I've never gone to mediums or séances or anything of that sort. I dont believe in them and I dont know anything about them; but I certainly *do* believe in the Dead Alive, because, since my Dad died—he was killed on an African expedition—he has come back to me several times, and talked to me just as he did when he was with us, and he has given me a great many, many writings."

"Writings?"

"Oh, yes. I just take an ordinary pencil and sheet of paper and things just write themselves in handwritings I have never seen before, and couldn't possibly create myself."

"Has he ever given you any special message?" I asked; "anything of a specific nature, that is?"

Miss Roberts replied in the affirmative. "My mother is terribly stricken, of course," she said, "and doesn't find it easy to believe that my Dad comes back. He knows that. And many times he says to me as clearly as can be, in writing and in words, 'Edith, make mother believe. Make mother believe.'"

"Doesn't it make you feel queer?" I asked. She looks like a timorous little soul.

She shook her head. "Just happy!" she said. "I've been ever so happy since I knew my Dad was still with us as he had always been. And another thing it's done for me is to take away the fear of death I used to have. I'm not a bit afraid to die any more. Not that I want to—dont misunderstand me. There's lots too much to live for, and I believe in perfecting the state I'm in before going on to the next one."

"But you dont believe," I persisted, "in the theatrics of the thing?"

"Oh, no. No, indeed. But there are theatrics in every science and art and religion, dont you think?

"We just have to hunt for the truth of things, I believe," she said, and she added, "and I believe, too, that we *find* 'em!"

Martha, the Beautiful

(*Continued from page 57*)

little girl got the chance, for it was a road show, and mother would not let me accept the part. And then 'Hop o' My Thumb' was brought over from England, and I tried for a part in that, and got it. I was the happiest girl in New York, and the stage has never lost its thrill for me from that day to this!"

"And what can you do best?" I asked.

"Nothing at all," she promptly replied. "Cant sing especially well or dance so very well . . . Suppose I can pose best—if you call that doing anything. Did all kinds of posters and magazine covers. My best stage work was in the 'Follies,' and I had two seasons with the 'Frolic.' Was a year in pictures with Max Linder, and did a couple of pictures with Fox. Went to the Coast last spring and had a splendid part with Thomas Meighan in 'Civilian Clothes.' Mother and I rented a bungalow and bought furniture and were just *crazy* about California . . . then only stayed six weeks, because I had this offer from Selznick. That was after I did 'Jekyll and Hyde.'"

"The most marvelous picture I've ever seen," I said.

"Really? I am so glad. Because I know it is the most worthwhile thing I ever did. Not that *I* did anything," she hastened to add. "My part was not much, and I was actually afraid to make the most of what I did have, for fear of overdoing it, and making it ridiculous. So I played safe, knowing it was one of the times when it was better to *under*act than overact. But just to have had a part in a production that will *live*, means more to me than to have had ever so big a part in some mediocre thing not worth remembering.

"Just now, however, I am sufficiently thrilled with my new Selznick contract. I mean to work very, very hard this year, make the very most of every chance and get a great deal of experience. And next year, perhaps, I'll be a star!"

Which would not be at all surprising. And if she is, it will be because she deserves it. Martha Mansfield is not the sort who is going to grab what does not belong to her, or what she has not earned. She has a vivid personality, surprising intelligence, and a consuming interest in her work—a combination that will not be defeated. And, even tho her name is spelled in letters of electric light in front of one or many theaters, a girl who has stood the test of being acclaimed the most beautiful and the most photographed girl in New York is not going to be easily spoiled.

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Shirley of the Land of Make-Believe

(Continued from page 45)

we may be doing him an injustice. I never saw that suit loud, I only whisper it." It seems that she found him.

We had a good laugh at the antics of the dog. When she had returned to her place in the window seat, I told her that I had loved her Jim Hawkins. It was a surprise to me. I hadn't been able to imagine a girl in the part when first I heard that she was going to do it, and then when I saw "Treasure Island" I realized that she was Jim, incarnate, serious, dreamy, whimsical; candid eyes and elfin face; tomboy and dreamer.

"I loved doing Jim," she said with sincerity, "I didn't wear any make-up; just a black line underneath my lower lid to cast a shadow on my eyes." She has very unusual eyes. They are a bluish-grey in color.

You would notice an appealing directness about the way in which she speaks. She is utterly and adorably feminine. She has never lost her ability to make-believe. In this respect she is different from the vast majority of stage children. Like Peter Pan, she will never grow old.

Shirley Mason, or Leony Fulgrath, to give her her own name, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1901. The youngest of three girls, she was little more than a baby when their mother decided that they should go on the stage. Their first engagement was secured thru the agency run by Mrs. Taliaferro. Leony's first important part was when she created the role of Little Hal with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man." Later she appeared as little Meeny in "Rip Van Winkle," and went on the road as "The Poor Little Rich Girl." It will be remembered that the latter part was created by her sister, Viola, and Shirley Mason was billed as Leony Dana. It was not until she went on the screen and committed one of "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in pictures, of course), that she was given the name of Shirley Mason. She selected it from a number submitted to her by the management, when it was decided that her own name would be difficult for the fans to remember.

It seems that Shirley was the tomboy of the family, and often tormented her sisters with her teasing.

"And, one day, I committed a crime! Do you remember the scene in 'Rip Van Winkle' where Rip calls the two children to him and they kneel in front of his chair? Yes? It was in that scene I committed my crime. When my cue came, I was chewing gum and forgot to take it out of my mouth when I went on. Of course, I realized at once that I had to get rid of it somehow, so when we knelt before Mr. Jefferson's chair I stuck it on his trousers. I realized what I had done a minute afterwards, and I would have given anything to get it back again."

"What happened?"

"Oh, I was given a good scolding!"

"Have you seen Mr. Faversham since you were with his company?"

"Yes, I saw him when he was making a picture for Famous Players." She spoke enthusiastically of his work for the screen. "But the funny thing about it was that we didn't speak at all. I was afraid to say anything to him for fear he wouldn't remember me. One day some one on the lot said, 'Why don't you speak to Mr Faversham?' He remembers you perfectly; he's just waiting for you to say something.' But I never could."

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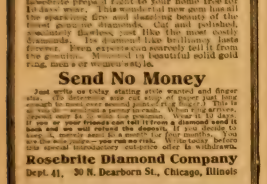

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California Chatter

(*Continued from page 88*)

ment of Will Wyatt. The present tour will probably be concluded in Los Angeles early next summer. Later, Mr. Walthall may be starred in "Ghosts" thruout the East.

The famous old Nat Goodwin pier, where the late Mr. Goodwin held so many social functions and which was his largest business venture, was the scene of a brilliant if somewhat bizarre sight the other evening. Men and women in correct evening clothes and gorgeous ball gowns promenaded in the cooling sea breezes and finally staged a swimming party, clothes and all. May Allison was the ringleader, and her cohorts in mischief were the supporting members of her company staging a thrill for "Are Wives to Blame?" in which Miss Allison portrays the part of an extravagant young wife. Robert Edeson came to California especially to appear in this picture, but has been persuaded by Bayard Veiller, Metro chief, to remain out here as a director.

I saw John Davidson dining at Marcell's the other evening with a charming little girl, and Grace Kingsley, the popular interviewer of the *Los Angeles Times*. Mr. Davidson, you know, made a great hit in the stage revival of Ibsen in Los Angeles.

Another well-known actor, whom I am accustomed to see in New York, is paying California a visit: Jimmie Morrison, of Vitagraph fame. He was entertaining a party at the beautiful Virginia Hotel, Long Beach, the other evening, and it seemed to me he looked more boyish than ever.

William Farnum has had a vacation of four months and is expected to return to work and California about January first, unless the Florida fish are unreasonable and refuse to be caught.

Out at Lasky's studio I saw the most magnificent set, I venture to say, that has ever been erected. It was built entirely of plate-glass and was intended to represent Cinderella's palace in an insert in Cecil deMille's "Forbidden Fruit." The cost of its erection was $35,000, and yet it will be shown on the screen only for a moment.

Lila Lee is to be Fatty Arbuckle's leading woman in his next feature. "The Dollar a Year Man," an original screen story by Walter Woods, which James Cruze will direct.

Recently the film colony of Los Angeles paid a tender tribute to the memory of its illustrious departed at a memorial service held on "Longacre," the largest of the Brunton studio stages. Over 800 actors packed the pews and listened to reminiscences of Bobbie Harron, Omer Locklear, Clarine Seymour and Olive Thomas, recalled in a splendid address by William D. Taylor. Others remembered in the services were Harold Lockwood, Eric Campbell, John Burton, Fred Mace, Lillian Webster and Charles Gunn.

A genuine reproduction of the famous Los Angeles plaza as it was in 1830, was erected for Douglas Fairbanks' latest United Artists' film, "The Curse of Capistrano." The set was built at Surland, in the San Fernando valley and was derived from old engravings and drawings belonging to Fernandez Pico, an old pioneer resident of Los Angeles.

Shirley Mason is the most recent star to give up hotel life in disgust. She and her husband, Bernard Durning, have rented a large home in Beverly Hills which, beside the usual accommodations, has sleeping porches, an aviary and a swimming pool. Viola Dana is living with sister Shirley.

Louise Lovely and her husband have purchased a new home on Cahuenga Boulevard.

The horse that is playing the title rôle in Vitagraph's production of "Black Beauty" has been insured for $50,000. Altho the horse is probably not valued at more than one-fiftieth of that amount, his death or even serious illness would necessitate the retaking of many scenes and the large insurance is a precautionary measure.

Kathleen Clifford, while playing a special vaudeville act at Hoyt's Theater in Long Beach, California, was billed as "Co-star with Douglas Fairbanks in 'When the Clouds Roll By.'"

One of the interesting families, or perhaps I had better call it partnerships, on the coast, is that of Myrtle Stedman and her son Lincoln, better known as Link. He was born when Myrtle was just a youngster, her stage début occurring later. Link has been her companion thruout her travels and is now playing in pictures himself. Remember the "fat" boy with Harold Lloyd in "High and Dizzy"?

Rupert Hughes has returned to New York, leaving behind him an original screen story which he named "Mr. and Miserable Jones." This is to be directed by E. Mason Hopper for Goldwyn release. Another famous author, Gouverneur Morris, has contributed an original story to the screen. This is "The Water Lily," now being directed by Frank Lloyd.

Cullen Landis is one of the admirable leading men who is proud to acknowledge that he is happily married and the father of a baby boy. Cullen's difficulty at present arises from the fact that he is so young looking no one will believe the boy is his —people insist that he is its big brother.

Bryant Washburn writes from London: "It's lovely here when it doesn't rain, but it hasn't stopped yet."

A Sea-Going Actor

(*Continued from page 81*)

tor. If fortunate enough to draw stellar rôles, he will become a star (providing the ability is in him).

When once you know John Bowers, you'll like him for his complete lack of affectation . . . for his quick decisions, his clear viewpoint and his great enthusiasm.

I left him, knowing no more than before I came of John Bowers, the actor, but a great deal more of John Bowers, the man.

As I started my machine and drove into the setting sun, I glanced perilously back for one more look at the *Uncas* . . . and I saw John Bowers put his arm about his dainty wife and help her into the cabin of his beloved boat, and the sun-kissed waters of Balboa lapped gently against the shining sides of the *Uncas*.

Eight bells, and all's well.

A lie has no legs and cannot stand alone without many others to help it; but it can run fearfully fast, and cover a lot of ground.

New Stars Dawn As Contest Closes

(*Continued from page 30*)

Beth Logan, tho but fifteen years of age, is an extraordinary type. She is slender and only five feet in height, yet she effervesces and sparkles like sunlight on running waters. It is expected that this charming young brunette will easily find a place on the silversheet.

Erminie Gagnon has a perfect complexion, beautiful eyes and a well-rounded figure. Tho all screen tests yet made of her are disappointing, as they fail to reveal all her beauty, it is still thought that she has a chance for success in such parts as are usually portrayed by Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge, with the possibility of out-shining even these favorites.

Tho each of these five girls seems lovelier than the others, yet Miss Langhanke is the choice of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, and it must be admitted that she has the greatest number of points in her favor. For each of these Gold Medalists we predict a glorious career on the screen.

Two delightfully beautiful children were among the first contestants—Dorothy Taylor, of 1322 Findley Avenue, New York City, and Ruth Higgins, of 20 Liberty Street, Morristown, N. J. They were given important rôles in "Love's Redemption," and are the Silver Medalists of the great Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. We were justified in our faith in them, as they played their rôles with ability and make a charming addition to the picture.

In fact, every member of "Love's Redemption" was carefully selected from thousands of applicants, and each deserves a place on the Final Honor Roll, and the award of Honorable Mention, which is hereby given them. They are: Dorian Romero, William R. Tallmadge, Arthur Tuthill, William Castro, Cecile Edwards, Katherine Langhanke, Lynne M. Berry, Ellsworth Jones, Norbert Hammer, Doris Dore, O. L. Langhanke, William White, José Santo De Sigue, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Effie Palmer, Alfred L. Rigali, Bunty Manly, Edward Chalmers, Carl Chalmers, Mrs. F. Mayer, Charles Hammer. Of the aforementioned, some are remarkable for beauty and others are "types." To Mr. Romero goes special praise for his splendid acting.

Girls came by the hundreds during the summer months, and each appeared so distractingly beautiful that it was hard for any judge to settle down to a decision. Mary Jane Sanderson, of Johnstown, Pa., came and had a camera test made, the result of which was so promising that she was requested by wire to return for another. We predict for her a high place among the screen luminaries.

Yvonne Bailey, of 14 McDonald Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bertha Keating, of Springfield, Mass., proved to be exceptionally good screen "types." They are too young to win honors in this contest, but they will stand a good chance in the next.

In this group there appeared a girl who seemed to be the exact "double" of Lucille Langhanke. Several tests were made of her and it was found that she had all the qualification a screen celebrity should have.

Elma McKinley, of 114 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City, and Eileen Elliott, of 707 Ritner Street, Philadelphia, Pa., came in the early fall and proved in the camera tests that they screen well and have a bright future on the shadow stage, tho the parts they can take will be limited because of their size and height. Both

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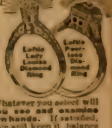

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I want to see him with his chest filled out like mine, with his arms and legs developed like mine, with his whole body developed like mine, with the strength that comes to him who has a body like mine, with the endurance that comes to him who has a body like mine, with the pep and vitality that comes to him who has a body like mine, with the courage that comes to him who has a body like mine, with the ambition that comes to him who has a body like mine, with the will to do that comes to him who has a body like mine, with the will to win that comes to him who has a body like mine.

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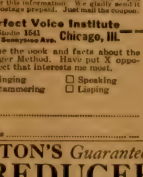

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The Inalienable Disciple

(*Continued from page 74*)

"It is a matter," he said, "of auto-intoxication."

Prior to "While New York Sleeps," he did seven different characterizations in the one production of "My Lady's Dress." Each was distinct. One, for instance, was that of a Calabrian peasant.

He went on to tell me that "My Lady's Dress" was a most interesting thing to do, the main theme of the story being the endless toil and detail involved in the ultimate production of one gown, such as evolved by some of the big modistes, and the general lack of thought exhibited by the average woman when it comes to buying such a gown.

I asked him if he thought the theme true—women extravagant, *et al*. He smiled. He is a diplomat.

He said that women, not having been trained to labor, naturally do not have a detailed sense of what labor involves.

I asked him whether he had ever wearied of the screen.

"No," he said; "perhaps it would be better for me if I had. I have taken it so seriously. It would doubtless be to my benefit if I had."

"You dont believe, then, in taking things seriously?"

"Intimately, yes. Generally . . . well, I should probably be far more famous and considerably wealthier had I been able to take and treat the whole thing lightly. However, I have my innate satisfaction, and that, I know, is best. I have not lost my sense of the finer values."

I asked him what Mrs. MacDermott had been doing since, as Miriam Nesbitt, she contributed to the screen in the old days.

"She has tak n up other pursuits," he said. "She had a ceased playing for quite a time, and was glad to give it up for other things . . . study, travel, all that."

I inquired as to whether she believed in both husband and wife being professional.

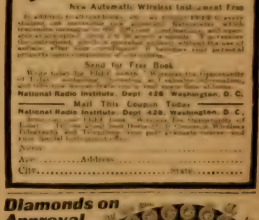
"I do not," he said; "one in the family is quite enough. So that the other is in accord and sympathy, that is all that is necessary, and far more delightful. As it is with us, I can go home from the studio and Mrs. MacDermott is not too tired to talk with me, or go out with me, seeking the refreshment I need. If she were working, too, I could not expect this sort of companionship from her.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDermott plan to go abroad once conditions become adjusted and the axles of the world system are greased and running smoothly again.

"I should like to live in rural England," he said. "It is all so charming and so leisurely and so old. Here in New York one does not live; one is not allowed to. Rather, one is hurried along, willy-nilly, outside one's own volition. I love the sense of things in the old world; old-established places and institutions, habits that have become traditions; the flavor of the old masters in all the arts.

"The screen, too, is becoming a vital thing in England. It would be delightful to make pictures there. I have no definite plans as yet . . . we shall see . . ."

I could picture Mr. MacDermott as the English squire riding about his lands, his hounds at his heels; visiting his tenants, attending chapel of a Sunday with Mrs. MacDermott on his arm. But then, too, I could see him as readily in almost any rôle life might choose to demand of him. His is the fine art of characterization, deriv tive of much reading and thinking, of w..e travel and the assimilation into the blood and brain thereof, of life lived along the broad highways . . .



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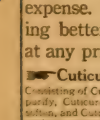

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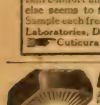

Motion Picture Stars

[illegible]

EGBERT BROS.
Dept. M. Santa Ynez & Temple Streets, Los Angeles, California

The Little 'Fraid Lady

(Continued from page 38)

before she cried out. "That is infamous! It is not so! It is not so!"

"What is this Giron to you?"

The question seemed to smite her afresh. Kisses of shame stung her pallor to unhappy life.

"He is my father," she said. It was a hard admission.

Denison would have been summoned again, no doubt, had not the shot rung out then and put an end to all proceedings. The Judge swayed . . . Giron peered into the throng the more keenly to see that his shot had told, . . . then turned the gun on himself.

Later, they carried him out. He had fired another shot, too . . . the fatal one that had killed Revenue Officer Kelly.

Cecilia crept back to the woods. More wounded than ever, she sought again their balm and unobtrusiveness.

Mrs. Barrett found her there.

"I cant come with you," Cecilia said, wistfully; "cant you see . . . they know, now . . . my father . . . the Judge . . ."

At the mention of the Judge, there was a lovely light in Mrs. Barrett's face. "The Judge *knows*," she said, softly, "that you need no background, Cecilia, being you. Do come, dear. Bobby wants you, too."

Bobby did. He and Cecilia and Omar proved an inseparable triumvirate. By day they wandered together in Cecilia's woods, and in the twilight they sat in the broad window overlooking the approach to the house, while Cecilia told him fairy tales she knew would never come true . . . and wondered whether . . . up that broad roadway Saxton Graves would ever come again . . .

One night he did.

Just before the evening star rose, pure and high over the house, Mrs. Barrett and Judge Carteret were in the living-room. The blend of their voices came out to Graves and Cecilia, sweetly and in unison. "It is so with them," Graves said. "I am so glad . . ."

Cecilia smiled. "I am glad, too . . ." she said. "I wish . . ."

"What do you wish, Dearheart . . .?"

Cecilia shook her head, her eyes dim.

Graves bent to her. "Do you wish," he said, "that the wonder might touch us, too . . . here . . . tonight . . . Could you believe if I should tell you . . . ?"

The evening star pricked the deep blue of the low-curved sky.

Cecilia looked up at him, her eyes arched across with rainbows of tears.

"Dont *tell* me," she murmured; "dont *say* . . . what is . . . so precious . . . I know."

WHAT EVERY SCREEN COMEDIAN KNOWS

By Frank H. Williams

That cross eyes are more greatly to be desired than a handsome countenance.

That a hard nut is more valuable than great intellect.

That after rehearsing a comedy scene ten or a dozen times, even the soft impress of the slap-stick hurts.

That a fancy way of doing a fall gets a man a lot farther than tripping the straight and narrow path with never a slip.

That, while not mentioning any names, there's one screen comedian who could make Doug Fairbanks look like a has-been, if he only had the chance.

That the most serious thing in the world is a comedy picture in rehearsal.

That it's a great life if you dont weaken.

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SHADOWLAND
for January

THE January number of SHADOWLAND has caught into its pages both footlights and shadows, bright ones, too, brighter than ever this time in celebration of the holiday season.

It is the prism that splits the white light of stage and silver-sheet into its many colored rays and gives you the rainbow of promise.

Pavlowa is one of the brightest of these colors. She is a whirling, sparkling, vivid ray, and when you have read what she writes for January SHADOWLAND about dancing, you will think you have never danced before, but that you *will* the next time.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, the author of "This Side of Paradise," is another whose personality and art are the subject of a story by Frederick James Smith, which is an additional bright ray from the prism. Whether an author thinks as he writes and feels the sentiments that fill the pages of his book is a question that Mr. Fitzgerald throws light upon.

The article on Norman-Bel Geddes, artist and designer of settings, is written in a delightfully interesting manner by Kenneth MacGowan.

Oliver M. Sayler gives a vivid pen picture of Moritzkin, the Russian dancer, who is becoming world famous for his power to entertain while his country struggles thru a lurid revolution.

Picture pages and terse comment on the best cinema productions and stage successes help to make the January number of SHADOWLAND the best magazine for the holiday season.

It brings to you those figures you have learned to love on the silver-sheet and above the footlights; in the most alluring color plates, in rotogravure and in story, charming, unique and vivid personalities hold one spellbound.

They weave themselves into a tapestry of romance and glow with the warmth of the season's greetings. The message of the holly and the mistletoe is in their radiance.

Ring out the old, ring in the new with the January issue of

SHADOWLAND

Pick the Job You Want

Explain how I can qualify for positions checked:

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Automobile Engineer $5,000 to $10,000	Shop Superintendent $2,000 to $7,000
Automobile Repairman $2,500 to $4,000	Employment Manager $1,000 to $10,000
Civil Engineer	Steam Engineer $3,000 to $4,000
Structural Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	Foreman's Course $2,000 to $4,000
Business Manager $5,000 to $15,000	Photoplay Writer $3,000 to $10,000
Cer. Pub. Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	Sanitary Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
Accountant and Auditor $2,500 to $7,000	Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
Draftsman and Designer $2,500 to $4,000	Telegraph Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
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DEPT. G-642

AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE, CHICAGO

Flying Pat

(*Continued from page 64*)

the purpose of wounding each other words that sting, taunts that cut, phrases that bruised. Then, white-lipped, Robert blundered out, slamming the door heavily behind, and Pat, weeping furiously, and sweeping back wild strands of rusty black hair with the back of her hand, fell a-packing, cramming delicate silk lingerie ruthlessly together with walking-boots and curling-tongs; lastly tucking in the big silver-framed picture of herself from the dresser. After which she backed the bag laboriously, and promptly unlocked it to take out the silver frame and replace it on the dresser.

"Maybe when he sees that, he'll be sorry," she thought, as she fastened the hooks of her traveling suit with stiff, trembling fingers; "when I've gone out into the world and have a career and a divorce and . . . and another husband! Yes, and . . . and *twins!* Maybe he'll wish then that he hadn't been a brute to the only single wife he had in the world!"

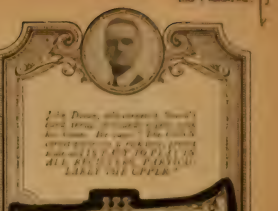
That night the Pullman for the West carried a small person with a very large fear buttoned under her jacket, a fear of Aloneness, of the strange people on every side, who did not seem to want to remain strange, especially the man in the pepper-and-salt suit and red satin necktie across the aisle.

"Might as well be chummy," this friendly person suggested ten minutes after the train had started, as he dragged his suit-case across to her compartment. "Never like to see a pretty gal lonesome; that's me! Adolph Q. Merklebaum, in the gents' underwear line . . . lemme interjuce myself. Pleased to meetcher!"

Pat cast an agonized glance around her. The strong scent which Mr. Merkelbaum affected gave her a sick feeling somewhere. Moreover, Mr. Merkelbaum's thick, freckled hands, whereof the nails glistened expensively, were imprisoning her own, with the stamp of a steam-wedge, "Come on, give us a smile, Sweetness," urged Mr. Merkelbaum's husky whisper.

The old lady who came to Pat's assistance and effectively routed the over-friendly drummer was the kind you see in old-home plays on the stage. She wore a bonnet, in this age, when even Grandma dons a hat; she wore mitts, and a Paisley shawl and a smile that showed two rows of nice, shiny store teeth. She told Pat that she reminded her of a niece in Bellows Falls, Maine, and not to worry a mite, because she'd keep an eye on her. Which she did faithfully until Pat, worn out with the day's events, fell asleep in her berth. She woke the next morning to find that the old lady's smile had been as false as her teeth, for she had helped herself to whatever she fancied in Pat's suit-case, particularly all the cash, and left the train at early dawn.

In Chicago, Pat took her wedding ring, platinum set with diamonds, into a pawn shop and received in exchange a green ticket and enough money to get back to her Robert. And in another day's time she found herself approaching the home she had left so dramatically; not in triumph, not even with the pathos of the errant wife staggering out of the storm to fall across her husband's threshold, but to tell the truth . . . feeling like a naughty small girl who knows that she deserves to be punished. She tried to hold on to her sense of having been abused and misunderstood, she tried to clutch at the disappearing skirts of Fury. "He behaved ahom-ina-bly!" she declared aloud, biting off the syllables viciously; then the tears



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Portraits of Your Favorites

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The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½"x8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	**Theda Bara**	**Clara Kimball Young**
Marguerite Clark	**Francis X. Bushman**	**Alice Joyce**
Douglas Fairbanks	**Earle Williams**	**Vivian Martin**
Charlie Chaplin	**William Farnum**	**Pauline Frederick**
William S. Hart	**Charles Ray**	**Billie Burke**
Wallace Reid	**Norma Talmadge**	**Madge Kennedy**
Pearl White	**Constance Talmadge**	**Elsie Ferguson**
Anita Stewart	**Mary Miles Minter**	**Tom Moore**

These portraits are *not* for *sale*. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent free.

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came. "He doesn't care whether I'm lost or n—ot," she wept. "I supposed he'd be drag—ging the riv—ver, and I dont believe he even knows I'm gone!"

There was no doubt that, externally, the house looked calm and contained. Not a window curtain was agitated; only a faint, lazy curl of smoke spoke of life within. It was the smoke that gave Pat her idea.

"A career!" breathed Pat, with a toss of the wild black curls, "he said he wanted me to have a career. Very well, on his own head be it!"

But it was in quite another part of Robert Van Nuys' anatomy that Pat's career made itself felt first. He attributed his indigestion to worry instead of the strange messes that began to appear on the table, and took a mournful, penitential satisfaction in the gnawing of conscience and stomach. "My little, proud darling," he groaned, as he took a pepsin tablet, "I was unjust, unfair . . . I was a brute! If I could only find her and apologize."

Even Powers, the butler, remonstrated. "You're fired," flamed Pat. The stove was very hot and her temper was a trifle scorched, as well as the steak. "Well? What are you standing there for . . . didn't you hear me say you were fired?"

Powers bowed majestically. "May I ask, ma'am," he inquired suavely, "whether you are speaking as Mrs. Van Nuys or as the cook, ma'am?"

Before Pat could find reply, the door was pushed open and the head of the policeman on the beat appeared. "Good avening to yez," smirked Dennis, following his head around the door. "I just dropped in to tell yez thot I'll be oof duty in wan hour, and if you're agreeable, we'll take in "The Masked Menace" at the movie thayter down the strate. Eh, mavourneen?" And he kissed Pat with gallantry, but without entire success, for the kiss landed on her left eyebrow, and the smoking steak, snatched from the stove, landed on his head at one and the same time. A moment later, in response to Dennis's agonized yells and the sound of breaking crockery and overturned chairs, Robert Van Nuys, correct and immaculate in evening clothes, appeared in the doorway, just as Pat, with the cook's cap jammed down over one eye dashed toward the same opening.

It was not a romantic meeting. Life is a poor director and stages things crudely, with none of Griffith's sense of fitness, none of Belasco's subtlety. Nor were the lines which they spoke, after Robert had drawn Pat to his waistcoat, dramatic, tho they came from the prompt-book of the heart. For, instead of "My love, my own," and "my husband . . . my all," said Robert, looking severely down at the disheveled small person before him:

"Well, you're a hell of a cook, Pat . . . I'll tell the world!"

Later, . . . after a bath and in her most becoming evening gown, Pat sat upon her husband's knee and blissfully patted his cheeks as she poured forth the story of her incognito, and in turn listened with satisfaction to his tale of his search for her. The butler, bowing in the doorway, interrupted the tender scene.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he asked respectfully, "but am I to understand that I am fired?"

Pat set the curls bobbing negatively. "You were fired," she explained; "but you are re-engaged, Powers."

The butler bowed himself away, while Pat turned back to lay her head on her husband's shoulder. "I fired him because he said that I was no cook," she whispered in his ear. "The very idea! After I fried doughnuts straight thru the war!"

Prizes Awarded Winners

The great Popularity Contest came to a close on September 30th, tho it seemed that the votes would never cease to come pouring in. Undoubtedly this contest aroused greater interest than any other popularity contest was ever known to do. The gift of prizes to the readers, as well as the decision as to who are the most universally beloved people of the silversheet, were the two factors that awakened such widespread interest.

There were many fluctuations in the relative popularity of the players, caused by tidal waves of votes that would roll in suddenly, swelling the position of some favorite. However, as the most popular women players, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Pearl White, have not swerved from the top of the list, while William S. Hart, Wallace Reid and Richard Barthelmess have drawn the most votes for the men. After persistent and conscientious effort in separating and counting the votes, we are ready to announce the players voted as the most popular by the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, also the names of those readers who are prize winners by reason of their ability to discern the direction of the winds of popular favor.

Mary Pickford, 171,112; Norma Talmadge, 107,405; Pearl White, 41,853; Mme. Nazimova, 23,319; Constance Talmadge, 17,560; Bebe Daniels, 9,534; Lillian Gish, 8,055; Viola Dana, 7,910; Mary Miles Minter, 7,862; Anita Stewart, 7,704.

William S. Hart, 146,418; Wallace Reid, 64,361; Richard Barthelmess, 39,449; Douglas Fairbanks, 19,204; William Farnum, 13,120; Eugene O'Brien, 11,552; Thomas Meighan, 8,510; Elliott Dexter, 7,603; Tom Mix, 7,564; J. Warren Kerrigan, 7,551.

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9th Prize—Pocket Axe
Luther Topham,
124 Halliday Ave., San Antonio, Texas
(175,000)

The Magic Carpet

By TED OLSON

I never roved in foreign lands, or heard the
sea-winds calling,
I never saw the breakers lifting high.
I never tramped a coral strand, or knew its
lure enthralling,
With palm-fronds black against an opal
sky.

I never "mushed" a husky team across a
frozen river,
Thru snowy wastes where lonely mountains brood;
I never watched the Northern Lights flame
high and leap and quiver,
While wolf-packs wailed across the solitude.

I never braved the kind of job that makes
a strong man nervous,
I never bunked with danger and romance.
I've had to miss the hero-stuff you read
about in Service,
Because, you see, I've never had the
chance.

But all the things I never did, the trails I
never traveled,
The glamourous scenes that I have never
seen—
For twenty-five or thirty cents I see them
all unraveled
In magic show across the movie screen.

I hit the dirt for ports unknown; I do some
wild wayfaring;
Vicariously I journey swift and far;
Till over languid tropic seas the Southern
Cross is flaring,
Or peaks gleam stark beneath the Northern Star.

I walk with airy poise and calm where
pirate hordes are busy;
I wave my hand—and empires rise or fall.
I move mid perils that would make the
stoutest heart turn dizzy;
But danger never worries me at all.

For Douglas Fairbanks thwarts my foes
with antics acrobatic;
Tom Mix's riding makes their whiskers
curl.
And thou the hero's path may seem most
risky and erratic,
I know that in the end he'll get the girl.

And when I feel the itching urge to pack
and hit the gravel,
I do not leave to be a wandering wait.
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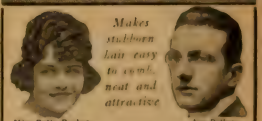

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[illegible] Ring

in an elevated eyebrow, the intensity he bespeaks with the gesture of a hand . . . these things speak for themselves.

As the master mind who devotes his life and five reels to wreaking vengeance on the District Attorney who convicted his brother, only to repent in the end, he was irretrievably handicapped. Of course, it was perfectly all right for him to repent of his long-borne and minutely planned revenge, but the spectator cannot help wishing he had found it in his heart to do it sooner.

CURTAIN—FIRST NATIONAL

"Curtain" is a good picture . . . it might have been a very good picture, we think . . . at any rate, it is logical and, until the last reel, adequate in every sense of the word. Then it falls down . . . there seems to be no downward action after the climax, and because of this, the story falls flat.

Just one other thing seems to beckon adverse criticism, and that is a title which reads, "Turn out the lights . . . I want to wait for the dawn . . . alone." It was superfluous and seemed to pave the way for the beautiful Katherine MacDonald to pose at the window. Personally, we do not feel that she needs any excuse for posing . . . her beauty is sufficient in itself . . . the title should not have been.

The story, by Rita Weiman, is colorful and possessed with the atmosphere of the theater. . . . one of the few stories which portrays the theater and the people of the theater as they really are, human . . . lovable.

It tells of Nancy Bradshaw, who, on the eve of her great success, meets a wealthy club man, who immediately determines to marry her. The author of the play, too, loves her, but she marries the club man; soon to realize that faithfulness is not numbered among his qualities. When she discovers that his business trips are subterfuges, behind which he hides his flittings, she takes her son and returns to the theater, and, we are led to believe, to the author, who has remained faithful to her even after her marriage.

It is one of the best productions Miss MacDonald has had in some time and undoubtedly possesses a popular appeal.

A Dryadic Dramatist

(*Continued from page 77*)

But here . . . I" he laughed and illustrated his point with a joke on himself.

It seems that some people Mrs. Grassby had known during her childhood in Kentucky, (for the benefit of Kentuckians she was born in Henderson and educated in Louisville, and before her marriage, was Lily Gerard Alexander), were visiting Hollywood for the first time. Soon after their arrival, they went to see Lily's husband in "For the Soul of Rafael." Immediately after the performance, one of the ladies went to an old friend of hers and of the Grassbys'.

"I'm so sorry about Lily," she said to this friend.

"Why?"

"She's married a perfectly horrible man. Of course, she cant be happy. He's absolutely the worst creature I have ever seen."

It took much arguing to convince her that Bert Grassby and "Rafael" were really very different.

"And even now," said Grassby, "she probably has her doubts!

"No," he went on, "this is a nation of beauty loving people. They dont want actors and actresses; they want good-

—Like a damaged product of the factory?

Look in the glass. See if what you see there is a full fledged man or a piece of damaged goods—a reject of society—woven around ignorance, energy lacking, ambition lost, a weak-kneed, trembling, hopeless, joyless mental echo here that life is not worth living, and the world looks dark and gloomy.

The guilty man shudders at the spectacle he sees in the mirror. You know what you are. Face to face with yourself what has made you what you are, if you are of the guilty ones.

Don't be a Half-Baked Misfit

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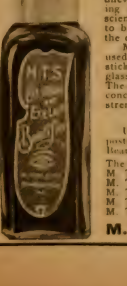

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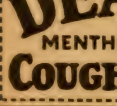

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looking men and women who want to exploit themselves. I never realized this so keenly as I did during a showing of "The Whispering Chorus." I dont know Raymond Hatton personally, but i cant remember when a performance has impressed me as his did in that picture. One scene especially, the one in which he was brought hysterical before the judge. I thought an exquisite piece of work. Imagine, then, how I felt when I heard a woman's voice in back of me saying: "Isn't he cute?" and her companion's answer, "No, I dont think he's a bit cute; he isn't the sort of fellow I'm crazy about at all!" "Well, I think he's cute," said the first. "He even looked cute in that scene." The man or woman who is good to look at is worth more money to the exhibitor, and consequently to the producer, if he never tries to be anything else."

The fact that he is successful as an actor is more or less incidental to Bertram Grassby's real ambition. He wants to write, not only for the screen, (he has written a number of scenarios, among them "The Son of the Immortals," in which he appeared and which was produced by Universal-Blue Bird. When I saw him, he was preparing the scenario for "Julie Bon Bon," a Clara Kimball Young picture, in collaboration with Lenore Coffee), and for the stage also. It was with this end in view that he began acting in the first place.

His first engagement was with Virginia Harned in "Anna Karenina." "I was just lucky," he said, "I got the part thru an agency." There were no particular "early struggles." He had some splendid notices on his work in "Anna Karenina" and from that time on everything went smoothly. And of all the varied experiences! Maxine Elliot, Bertha Kalish, musical comedy ("A Modern Eve" and "Havana") and vaudeville.

"Light on the vaudeville!" warned his wife, laughingly.

"Heavy the vaudeville," he answered, "I've never worked so hard in my life!"

It was while he was playing Pantages time in Los Angeles that he got his first moving picture offer. This came about because he was the exact type of a character in "The Circular Staircase," which was being put on by Selig. He was visiting the studio and the part was offered to him without the director, Edward J. Le Saint, being in the least aware that he was an actor.

"From Selig, I went to Universal. I was with Fox for over a year and then with Griffith, Ince, Goldwyn, Lasky and Clara Kimball Young."

Some of his recent pictures are "A Romance of Happy Valley," "Battling Jane" and "The Hope Chest" with Dorothy Gish, "The Lone Wolf's Daughter" with Louise Glaum, "The Woman and the Puppet" with Geraldine Farrar, "The Fighting Chance," and with Clara Kimball Young, "The Soul of Rafael," "Midchannel" and "Hush."

Something Different

(*Continued from page 73*)

with one great hand. "I am sorry, but you must stay here for the present. You will have a room in the castle. You will not be molested, and I will send you a woman. But you are my prisoner."

Three days later Alicia sat wearily by the window, looking away into the dusk, and trying vainly to arrange her ideas. This man had mocked her pride, had refused her freedom. He had even hurt her with his great crushing hands; and, worst

Motion Picture
CLASSIC
for January

A STANDARD and an ideal are necessary to make a magazine worth reading.

The standard of CLASSIC is beauty in art and value in subject matter.

The ideal of CLASSIC is to entertain, inform and brighten the thousands who read it each month.

To maintain this standard and to attain this ideal, the best work of artists, writers, and critics are obtained.

Each month there is something different, something better than before.

Forthcoming big successes of the screen appear in story form in CLASSIC for January. The note of human appeal holds the active interest, and most alluring illustrations please the eye and create in the reader anticipation for the photoplay. "Dead Men Tell No Tales" and "Cousin Kate," which is adapted from the Ethel Barrymore stage production, will appear in January CLASSIC.

"My Theda Bara" is a feature of universal interest, being the mother's simply worded story of the childhood, the capers, and the sentiments of this great celebrity of the silversheet. It is full of vivid mental pictures and is accompanied by hitherto unpublished photographs.

Read it and see the pictures. Also read between the lines and see the "mother" pictures.

CLASSIC is "right there" with the interviews, too.

Youth fairly sparkles from the pages of Frederick James Smith's interview with Constance Binney.

Beauty and vivacity lure you in Adele Whitely Fletcher's story of the personality and charms of Helene Chadwick.

And there is that good-looking Frank Mayo, whom Emma Lindsay-Squier calls "Fighting Frank."

"Blue Backgrounds" is about Monte, of course, told in Gladys Hall's bright style.

Louise Fazenda paints vivid pictures with rapid strokes and gives you "Screen Impressions." Compare them with your own and see how she "rings the bell" with every shot.

"The Answer Man" tells you everything that is not told elsewhere in the magazine.

All and more to be found in the January issue of

Motion Picture
CLASSIC

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crime of all, he had not made love to her, even once. She wanted passionately to hurt him. But she wanted something even more than that. She wanted him to kiss her.

Behind her the door opened, and she heard Don Mariano's level, emotionless tones; "Señorita, the revolution has been crushed. But you may not return to your traitor friends. I have made arrangements for you to sail for America tonight."

Her tongue was dry, but she forced it to speech: "And, Señor Vargas and his wife?"

Don Mariano shook his head. "What would you? It is war!"

She had a vision of the gross man, eating his dinner, served adorably by Rosa. The tears came. "I did not mean to ask anything of you again," she said slowly, "but I ask this. They will not do any more harm. Destroy the letter—the only proof of Vargas' disloyalty."

For a long moment he stared down at her, broodingly. And then, without speaking, he handed the letter to her.

Again their eyes met and held, his dark, desolate; hers very humble, very wistful. "Perhaps, someday, you will forgive?" the man said wearily. "It was necessary to keep you here. I make no excuses."

Alicia laughed, a strange, shaken laugh. "It was not necessary," she said. "You see, I took the wrong path . . . on purpose to see you!"

He took a step toward her, turned on his heel and strode from the room. Fifteen minutes later they were riding together thru the dusk in a silence that was not broken until they stood on the beach, with the boat waiting to carry her out to the ship.

"It is good-bye, then?" said the girl.

"I wonder!" the man answered, and, stooping suddenly, caught her hand, kissed it, violently, and then the darkness swallowed him and she was being rowed thru green water, tho it seemed to her that the weight of her heart must sink the boat.

On the night of the New Year's ball at Sherry's, Alicia refused Richard kindly, with finality and for the last time. She watched his correct broadcloth back disappear despondently. Richard left behind him a feeling of forlorn vacancy. She would be an old maid, undoubtedly, and join a literary club, and . . .

"Alicia, dear," her hostess was saying, "I want you to be very nice to Señor Mariano, and make him feel that there are some compensations to exile . . ."

Alicia could not speak. She stood looking up into the handsome face above, wondering whether it could be a dream. But dreams didn't have deep voices, nor lead one skilfully thru a dizzy, whirling maze of dancers to a quiet room, where they were suddenly, gloriously alone. No, surely, dreams didn't hold one close, close, and whisper, over and over, "Señorita! At las', my little Señorita!"

Later, came explanation. For saving Don Luis Vargas' life, the government had exiled him, and straightway he had sailed for America.

"You have lost your country for my sake!" Alicia quivered, "because I asked you to save my friend's life!"

But the Perfect Lover only laughed. "On'y my body is exiled, beloved," he said gaily. "My heart, it has found its home!"

Still she mourned his lost glories. "Think," said Alicia, "think! It will be very stupid for you here . . . no wars . . ."

Don Mariano looked down whimsically. "I think," said he, "I think that if I marry with you I will never feel the lack of wars and revolutions! It will be no dull business, per Dios! This marrying with you!"

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